

AB 39

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'Oh, here; and then him; but don't tell that story. I don't believe a-livin'. I know there it through the spyin' g I ain't quite so green: man half-horse half-sea and lives on the line!'

'You ought not to doubt it,' said Hewitt. 'Neptune is a confoundedly jealous fellow. He might, if he heard you, come and call you to account!'

'You know,' said Fairfax, 'that the line is his toll-gate. If he did n't choose to let ships go by they wouldn't be able to pass it!'

'What that little black line! It don't look bigger than a hair!' he said with incredulous contempt.

'That is nothing. It goes round the world and is stronger than a chain-cable,' said Rads-worth. 'He used once to stop every vessel that went by and make them pay toll!'

'So I heard the men say, but I thought they was gullin' me!' he answered beginning to believe.

'No they were not. But he don't take toll now of any vessels except they have people on board that never have crossed his dominions.—Then he comes aboard of them and demands toll,' said Fairfax; while Mr. Bedrick, the Captain and mate and the tars were seated or standing near by loitering and enjoying the joke.

'What kind o' toll does he take?' inquired the victim with earnest interest.

'Grog always,' answered Bill Bedrick. 'If there is n't any grog he then shaves and takes off the beard instead. He has a great fondness for beards, as you will allow should you ever be on board a vessel that he should visit?'

'I don't care to be. But I know you are all laughing at me,' he said half in doubt, half believing.

'Let Neptune himself say whether we are joking,' I called out suddenly in a loud tone; for I had been made chief manager of the 'play.'—As I spoke 'the watery god' made his appearance coming over the bows. To complete his character the old tar had fairly dipped himself into the sea, and now came in sight dripping with brine! The representation was perfect, and startled even Mr. Bedrick and the Captain, who had not before seen him. The 'god' came slowly aft, all eyes fixed upon him and upon the 'green hand' alternately. Behind him came two attendants, covered with sea weed from head to foot. To describe the look of consternation, surprise, horror and amazement that appeared upon his face would be impossible. He started back, became as pale as a sheet and trembled in every limb. He looked round to us for aid—for sympathy! He saw in all our faces well-feigned looks of fear and awe.

Neptune came slowly on with heavy tread and striking his trident (harpoon) upon the deck at every step. He came within six feet of us and then looking around sternly demanded the name of the brig that had entered his domains. Captain Pright replied promptly.

'Have you any seamen on board who have never before crossed my territories?'

'I have one only,' answered the Captain.

'You need not point him out. I know the faces of all that I once have seen. Here stands the nan. So, sir mortal, what is your name?'

'Seth Bliss,' answered the victim with a whine of the most pitiable apprehension.

'How old are you?'

'Twenty-three last hayin' time!'

'Have you ever been this far from home be-

glorious universe of constellations ing gaze. The southern cross for one glittered upon our sight with a thousand stars all unfamiliar to our vision. The clouds began to rise above the horizon and fill our minds with wonder to have passed from one globe to another ever we gazed upon new heavens, and so strange, so wonderfully beautiful.

The usual custom of paying a tax upon crossing the line, was by no means in the present instance. The idea that something might be done to kill the dullness of calmness revived us all. The tribute to the sea-green beard, is paid only by the 'green ones,' that is, those luckless wights who have never before 'crossed the line.' As the hour approached that the quadrant told us we should be upon it, all was preparation among us. There were none in the cabin or steerage who had ever been across the line, save the mate and the mate; and as we paid our tax ourselves, we combined to be a 'green one' among the others.

The Abolitionists and their haggard and desolate faces were in an adjoining room. They were so much about war; and they were likely to be settled with the

A SING!

BY

A WENTWORTH.

A single star w... are light on high,
In silent beauty the monarch of the sky;
I thought of thee, my absent,—thine eye of kindling light
Seemed to my soul reflected in that lone star of night.

For in my thoughts thou reignest, thou teacher of my youth,
And still my heart is keeping the lesson of its truth;
I think of thee, my absent, I bow in love to thee,—
Star of my early worship, art thou thus true to me?

Long thou hast been a wanderer where softer voices breathed,
And rosier lips beguiling, with brighter smiles were wreathed;
And chide me not, my absent, if that sad star above
Hath less a glory for me, since I distrust thy love.

If wandering from the compass, or false to me thou art,
Unlearn what thou hast taught me, this lesson of the heart—
If faithless to the covenant we plighted when we met,
Who taught me first to love thee, shall teach me to forget.

The while I thought on memories, in lone oblivion hid—
A gentle voice beside me my sad reproaches chid;
And thou, my own, my absent, wert kneeling at
Our hearts again united, in love by absence tried.

WESTERLY, R. I.

SHEDDING

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WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us aye, wha ance where twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith—
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish! it's a for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze.
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' aught to blame;
And aye when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and tak' my rest;
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Hae I joy? it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

The Association for saving young ladies' pecks from the profanation of male lips, report that they have prevailed on several girls to rub a poisonous material on their cheeks which will make any lip sore in two minutes after it has touched it. The experiment has not yet had a fair trial, as these young ladies, being members of the society, are not remarkable for their attractions, and on one occasion, a young man even remarked that when she married, her husband could set up the vinegar business, as she would turn sweet cider sour by looking at it.

Agreeables.

To open your pocket-book to show a young lady how rich you are, and have your tailor's bill drop out, not receipted.

To sleep in a steamboat near the boiler, and over hear the engineer warning his men not to carry too much steam, as he doubts whether that boiler will hold out to the end of the trip.

To ask a lady's pardon for touching her with your elbow, and hear her reply—"Get out, you brute!"

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of Louisiana. When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they are perfectly satisfied.

DEFINITE INFORMATION.—"Well, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?" "It did not weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it *wouldn't*."

PHILOSOPHY.—Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

During a season of great religious declension, an aged deacon was asked whether the church to which he belonged were united. "Ah, yes," replied the good man, with emotion, "for we are all *frozen together*."

Solomon says that he don't understand 'the way of a man with a maid.' If he did not understand it, after serving so thorough an apprenticeship at the business, surely we may be pardoned for our ignorance on the subject. There is one thing that always puzzled us. A girl unaccustomed to the ways of the world, when kissed by a man, seems at first surprised, looks very serious, and afterwards fixes her eyes upon him thoughtfully as if she expected to hear him make an offer of his hand and heart. They seem to expect that something more is to follow, and that the kiss was not valuable to the kisser for its sake. Can it be possible that the women don't know they are sweet?

"Ma," said a juvenile grammarian of the feminine gender yesterday, when she returned from one of the public schools—"Ma, mayn't I take some of the currant jelly on the side-board?"

"No," said the mother, sternly.
"Well then, ma, mayn't I take some of the ice cream?"

"No," again replied 'ma.'
It was not long, however, before the young miss was found 'diggin' into both.

"Did I not tell you," said the maternal parent, in a somewhat angry tone "not to touch them?"

"You said no twice, ma," said the precocious girl, "and the schoolmistress says that two negatives are equal to an affirmative; so I thought you meant that I should eat them."

The mother sat down upon the sofa, and said that the talent some people's children had for learning was astonishing!—N. O. Pic.

"Seize upon Truth where'er 'tis found,
On Christian or on Heathen ground."

Texts for the Thoughtful.

The harmony of a lute, though touched by an Orpheus, will grate on the ear if the head be out of tune.

A discomposed stomach receives the most delicious ragout with reluctance and convulsions.

He who dreads giving light to the people is like a man who builds a house without windows for fear of lightning.

What a beautiful lesson is taught in these words of Sterne:—"So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected."

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Universal love is like a glove without fingers which fits all hands alike and none closely; but true affection is like a glove with fingers which fits one hand only and sits close to that one.

Never engage to perform what requires another person's co-operation; you can only answer for yourself.

Let us expect nothing from chance; but all from our activity and industry, and the blessing of God.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another than this; that when the injury begins on his part, the kindness begins on ours.

No man is so poor but he can have a liberal spirit; and no man is so rich but he can have a mean one.

"It is one thing to possess information, but quite a different matter to impart it. A lecturer may be as deep as the 'Bay of Portugal,' and yet if he should be as dry as a limekiln in his manner, his hearers will come away no better pleased than if they devoted an hour to the inspection of bricks and mortar."

Caution is the basest of our faculties, it is simply inertia and dead weight; yet it is the ballast of the mind, in proportion to which, it is safe to carry sail.

Two things are generally received with disgust, though administered with good intentions; truth and physic.

It is easier to bring up a dozen children right, than to reform one grown blockhead.

Crockford, keeper of a gambling hall in London, being accused by a father with having "ruined his son," boldly replied, "I know it; I ruin a man a day! I live by it!"

Too GRATEFUL. A man whose house was recently destroyed by fire, publishes a card, in which he thanks his fellow citizens for making an unsuccessful attempt to save his furniture, and expresses a hope that he may soon have an opportunity to reciprocate the favor!

MODESTY.

Methinks the rose
Is the very emblem of a maid;
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes; when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars.

A HOOSIER who wished to astonish a Yankee, gives the following description of the fertility of his favorite State. Of course, the Yankee gaped under such a dose.

"Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you. If a farmer in our country plants ground with corn and takes first rate care of it, he'll get seventy-five bushels to the acre, and if he don't plant at all he'll get fifty. The beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull up a full sized one; and then it leaves a hole so large that I once knew a family of five children who all tumbled into a beet hole before it got filled up, and the earth caved in upon them, and they all perished. The trees grow so large that I once knew a man commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away on one for about ten days, he thought he'd just look round the tree, and when he got round on t'other side he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks, and they'd never heard one another's axes."

"Why, our land is so rich—why, ye never seed anything so tarnal rich in your life. Why, how d'ye 'spose we make our candles? ha?"

"Don't know," says the Yankee.

"We dip 'em in the mud puddle," says the Hoosier.

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION. Elder Knapp occasionally gets off a good thing, notwithstanding his bad ones. During his recent stay in this place, he was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, and remarked that we could find no example for these in the scriptures. The prayers of our Saviour were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the waters, to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got half through, he would have been fifty feet under water!—Dover Telegraph.

THE SUICIDE.

When William sent a letter to declare
That he was wedded to a fairer fair,
Poor Lucy shrieked, "To life—to all—adieu!"
And in the indignation of despair,
He tore the letter and her raven hair,
She beat her bosom, and the post-boy too;
Then to an open window flew,
And madly flung herself—into a chair.

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Dream on—but sometimes of that better land,
Whose gate an angel guards, but opens wide,
When one who seeks to join the sinless band
Is welcomed by the rush of music's tide.
Such dreams the peasant and the king may share—
A common heritage of faith and prayer.

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Dream on, pure hearted child and hopeful youth,
And thou, advanced on passion's wild career,
Thou, hoary head, begirt with love and truth,
Dream on! a glimpse of Heaven is left you here.
O, hallowed gift, that steals the barb of care,
And bathes the spirit in diviner air!

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When wearying of thine heaven-appointed task,
And fainting for refreshment such as earth
Hath not to grant thee—could thy spirit ask
More for its hour of grief, its day of mirth,
Than a swift journey to the land of dreams,
Where peace lies brooding on the hills and streams?

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Dream on! long, flowery vistas stretch away,
Through which light fairy forms to music glide;
The air is full of perfume, and the play
Of balmy airs that left the mountain side
To fan thine Eden, comes refreshing all,
As twilight dew on thirsty blossoms fall!

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Dream on, and make thy vision-world so bright
That weary thought shall flee there for repose,
And for a season bathe its wings in light,
Golden and soft, yet blushing as the rose!
Our earthly skies wear not so rich a hue
As those the painter's fancy brings to view.

'Tis Mary whom I most do love,
Now witness this, great Jove above.
If you, sweet lassie, will consent to be
My bride, a bonnie lad I'll prove to thee.

Yankee Mode of testing Courage.

It is well known that in the time of the old French war, much jealousy existed between the British and Provincial officers. A British Major deeming himself insulted by General, (then Capt.) Putnam, sent a challenge. Putnam, instead of giving him any direct answer, requested the pleasure of a personal interview with the Major. He came to Putnam's tent and found him seated on a small keg, quietly smoking his pipe, and demanded what communication, if any, Putnam had to make. 'You know,' said Putnam, 'I'm but a poor miserable Yankee, that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must perceive that if we fired with pistols, you have an undue advantage of me. Here are two powder kegs; I have bored a hole, and inserted a slow match in each! if you will be so good as to seat yourself there, I will light the matches, and he who dares to sit the longest without squirming, shall be called the bravest fellow.' The tent was full of officers and men, who were heartily tickled with the strange device of the 'old wolf,' and compelled the Major by their laughter to squat. The signal was given, and the matches lighted. Putnam continued smoking quite indifferently, without watching at all the progressive diminution of the matches—but the British officer though a brave fellow, could not help casting longing and lingering looks downwards, and his terrors increased as the length of the matches diminished. The spectators withdrew, one by one, to get out of the way of the expected explosion. At length the fire was within an inch of the keg; the Major unable to endure longer, jumped up, and drawing out his match, cried out, 'Putnam this is wilful murder; draw out your match I yield.' 'My dear fellow,' cried Putnam 'don't be in such a hurry, they're nothing but kegs of onion seeds!'

THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

A western volunteer, recently returned from Mexico, gave the following graphic account of the battle of Monterey to a crowd of eager listeners:—

"Thunder!" said he, "you may talk about your yearthquakes and sich; but I can tell you what, boys, one real, ginewine scrimmage, like we had at Monterey, is worth all the Fourth of Julys that was ever nocked into one. Thar ain't nothing in creation like it. Gettin tite on brandy smashers makes a man feel pretty considerable elevated for awhile—it's very inspiin for a man of lively imagination—but if you want to feel taller than a shot-tower, bigger than an elephant, and stronger than a jackass—if you want to feel like you could pull up a tree by the roots, and sweep all creation into kingdom cum with the brushy end—if you want to see further, hear better, and holler louder, jump higher and step further and quicker than you ever did in your life—all you've got to do is jest take a hand with old Zack at them infarnal Mexicans, and be ordered up to the pints of their lances and bayonets, like we was at Monterey."

"Did you feel skeer'd, Bob?"

"Skeer'd, the thunder!" says he, "I didn't have no time to feel skeer'd. To be sure, I felt a little skittish when I seed we was gwine to have it, sure enuff. Perhaps I did feel a little weak in the joints when I seed the officers unbuttonin their shirt collars and the men throwin away their canteens and

haversacks, as they was marchin right strait up to them ar works, whar the greasers was waitin for us, every devil with his gun pinte and his fingers on the trigger; I know'd they was gwine to let us have it, and I felt monstrous uneasy till it cum.—But when it did cum—when I heerd the balls whistle round my hed, and see the dust fly from the pavement whar they struck—when the whole street was in a blaze of fire, and the men was droppin round me like nine-pins after a ten-strike—when the roarin of the cannons, the rattlin of the muskets, the spellin of the horses and the shouts and groans of the men was all mixed up, so I couldn't tell one from t'other, I never thought of nothin but gettin at the cusses what was behind the walls and rubbish, in the houses, on the roofs, and in the cellars, givin us perticular goss."

"You did n't feel 'fraid none then?" ax'd a little feller, who had n't shut his mouth or took his eyes off the speaker for ten minnits.

"'Fraid, the mischief! How could I!—Was not old Zack thar, on his old milk hoss, prancin around 'mong the platoons and columns, givin his orders like nothin was the matter? Ah! boys, game like his ketchin just like the measles and one look from old Zack, when he's got his dander up, would make a woman fight like a wild-cat. He's the man to fight volunteers. Thar's no need of a standin army when he's in command, for he'd make the greenest volunteers that ever shouldered a muskit stand agin the whole Mexican nation, led on by all the ginerals they can muster. The boys know he don't never surrender, and they don't think of sich a thing themselves."

"Was n't you monstrous glad when yer time as out, Bob—so you could go home?"

LONG BEARDS.—The editor of the Philadelphia North American discourses thus in favor of wearing the beard unshorn:

"History, Sculpture and Painting, all unite in teaching the great moral truth that the beard was held in ancient times as the inviolable and sacred seal of manhood, and that the greatest indignity that could be offered a patriarch of the race in those 'glorious times and olden,' when men were men, and women women, was to interfere with the beard. As a symbol of exuberant power the beard adds gravity, dignity and softness to the face, which, shorn of its natural covering, and trimmed after the fantastic whim of barbers with their torturing paraphernalia becomes raw, harsh and angular, and presents instead of the natural and pretty smoothness of the female cheek, rather the appetizing appearance of a grated turnip."

So, it will be seen that the beard and its appendages are the gift of Nature; and that the charge of grotesqueness belongs of right to those who sacrifice the emblem of their natures to a false and ridiculous edict of fashion. The true doctrine, we are glad to see, is at last beginning boldly to show its honest, manly face; and the time will soon come when barbarous custom shall cease to reap unprofitable crops from the human countenance."

THE IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A SNAKE.

A son of Erin once described a snake in this manner: "He is a venomous baste; he has nather hind fore legs nor fore hind legs; he has an eye like a chicken, and goes crawling through the grass, and when you see him, you are sure to run like blazes."

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to the owners, acquainting them that he had received but little damage, having only one of his hands wounded in the nose.

Eloquent Extract.

'Generation after generation,' says an eloquent writer, 'have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as we now are.—They passed away like vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attraction for our offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stifled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind on its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and the worm. And it may be for some short time that we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the place in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.'

Watermelon Extravaganza.—"How much do you ask for that melon?" said a cute dapper looking chap, to a sturdy dorky, who was mounted on a cart before one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia, a day or two since.

"For dis big un? why, massa, I reckon he's wuf ree levies, I does."

"Is it ripe?"

"O yes, massa, he ripe sha. I dun plugs um dough, if you sus so."

"With that the dorky out with his ject-knife, and was making the first incision in the melon, when it gave a long, deep, piercing—"O!"

"What do you stop for?" said the gentleman.

"I tot him holler, I did."

"Come, cut away, and see if it's ripe."

He gave another poke with his knife, and this time the melon shrieked out, "Oh murder! you kill me."

Before the last word was out, the melon went tumbling to the ground on one side of the cart, and the dorky on the other, bellowing "O de Lord! O de Lord ob Heavens!"

Picking himself up, he half scrambled, half ran a few paces from the cart, and turning to behold the fragments of the melon, continued,

"Whew, dis nigger nebbel stans dat, it holler murder," while Wyman, the celebrated ventriloquist, walked quietly away, amid the shouts and roars of the bystanders.

How Marshal Soult purchased his Picture Gallery.

'People reproach me with having stolen pictures in Spain, but I bought them, sir—bought them!'

'Indeed!' said the listener, with an incredulous elevation of the eye-brows.

'Yes, I bought them, sir!' returned Soult.

'There, for instance, is Murillo, the famous *paralytic*—it cost me two monks!' 'Two monks!' ejaculated the listener. 'Yes, two monks—two as fine, fat, sleek, oily men of God as ever you laid eyes on.'

'But two monks for a picture?' exclaimed the astonished listener.

'Yes, I gave two monks for that picture, sir!' said Soult, and it was in this way that the bargain was made:—(take some more of the Burgundy.) One evening, after having been pushed rather hard by Wellington and his red-coated rascals, I and a great number of my men took up our quarters in a convent. We made the lazy monks give us a good supper, and plenty of good wine, and then went off to bed. Next morning when the men were mustered, it was reported to me that some twenty or thirty of my grenadiers had been found with their throats cut—the good monks had just severed their wind-pipes as they slept, and sure enough, the poor fellows were as dead as slaughtered sheep. Well, I immediately had all the monks drawn up, and said to them: 'you infernal vagabonds, I can't afford to lose my grenadiers in this way, and to convince you of the fact, I intend hanging every one of you!' Such a wail of despair I never heard followed by piteous supplications for pardon. After frightening them well, I consented to pardon them and only to hang the same number of them as they had killed of our men—it was twenty odd, and they were to draw lots. The doomed lot were soon set one side, the ropes knotted around their necks, and my men were just about stringing them up, when two of the victims declared themselves to be the Abbot and his assistant. 'Sorry I can't oblige you, gentlemen, but really (fill your glasses,) I must hang you.'

'Mercy, oh, save us!'

'Can't do it, gentlemen, you really must swing with the rest!'

'Listen,' said the Abbot, 'we have hid Murillo's *Paralytic*—take it as a ransom, and let us go.'

I thought this was a fair enough bargain, let off the two dignitaries, and up went the rest—thus giving the two monks for the Murillo. And yet people will say that I didn't *buy* my Spanish gallery.'

The Connecticut! O! how my heart fills with recollections of early friends and home; of kind parents that now are sleeping in their grass-green graves—of dearly-loved brothers and sisters that have since gone to join them in heaven. Yes, how all those recollections crowd upon my mind as I write the name of that noble river, and how memory carries me back a few years to the time when I wandered upon its banks with my young companions, a wild and laughter-loving school girl, and gathered flowers and wove garlands to crown our queen of May, little dreaming of dark sorrows that sometimes come upon the young and happy, fitting them for an early grave. But those days have fled, and carried with them many of the pleasures of life; yet is there much to love in this bright world of ours, and let us live and do good to our fellow-creatures, remembering that trials are sent us for our good, and so improve them. But I have wandered far, for I propose to give a tale of my own native State, founded upon events that occurred in that period of our country's history, the mention of which should cause the bosom of every American to thrill with gratitude to those noble souls who shed their best blood for their country's good.

It was at the close of a sultry day in summer that a solitary horseman might have been seen urging his jaded steed through an avenue shaded by tall chestnuts that led to an old-fashioned, though comfortable looking mansion, situated in the then small town of H—. He was dressed in the uniform of the American Light Infantry, and a glance at his fine open countenance and high, broad brow, was enough to satisfy the beholder that his was no ordinary character. After dismounting and securely fastening his noble horse, he was about entering the house, when he was met at the door by a woman of perhaps forty years of age, clad in homespun garments, with a calm, mild countenance upon which was traces of recent tears. She extended her hand to George Graham, and her tears burst forth afresh.

'Where is Isabel?' exclaimed George; 'speak, Mrs. Lindsley, and tell me what is the matter.'

She led him in silence to an apartment in a retired part of the house, and there upon a couch, pale and almost lifeless, lay the form of the young and lovely Isabel Lindsley. She was insensible of all surrounding objects, and life seemed hanging by a thread.

George looked upon the face of his dearest earthly treasure in silence, but his frame shook with suppressed emotion, and then turning away, the strong man wept.

He had met Isabel about a year before the commencement of the war, and struck with her beauty and high intellectual endowments, he had sought and won her love, and they were betrothed. But when the cry for liberty was sounded through our land, feeling that his country had the first claim upon him, he bade farewell for a time to love, and enlisted under her banner, and bravely did he do his duty up to the time of the commencement of my narrative, when having obtained leave of absence for two days, he had hastened with bright visions of a joyful meeting to the dwelling of Isabel, to find her stretched upon a bed of sickness.

All that night he watched by her bedside, and when morning dawned he could scarcely be persuaded to leave her to seek a little rest. That day the physician, who lived some miles from there, came, and to their unspeakable joy, declared the crisis past, and that with the greatest care Isabel might recover. And what joy filled the heart of George, when, with a look of love, her deep blue eye rested upon him, and with a feeble voice she breathed his name. And when after one or two days she could converse with him, his happiness was complete, and then, for the first time, he remembered that his leave of absence had expired, and his brain reeled and his heart sickened as he thought of his probable fate. But calling all his natural courage to his aid, he prepared to take his departure for the camp. Merely saying that he must return, he bade farewell to Isabel and her mother, expecting to see them no more; and hastening to head quarters, placed himself under arrest. It is needless to say that he was tried and condemned to be shot.

Sorrowful were the faces of his comrades as the day approached that was to be the last on earth for the brave George Graham, for they all loved him like a brother, and deep was their grief, for all knew the cause of his offence. But sorrow would not stay his doom, and the day dawned on which he was to bid farewell to earth. The several regiments stationed in that place were drawn out, the bright muskets of those appointed to send his spirit before its Maker gleamed in the bright sunshine, as if in bitter mockery of that proud, undaunted youth who stood there, with an unruffled brow and tranquil eye, meeting the gaze of the host that looked upon him, and waiting for the signal to be given to launch his soul into eternity; and if a thought did cross his mind of that bright and beloved being for whom his life was to be given, or of his widowed mother dependent on him for support, he buried it in his heart beneath a calm exterior, and stood prepared for his fate.

One minute only remained for him on earth, when the sound of a horse coming at full speed was heard, and the next instant a cry of pardon; and then went up from those long lines of soldiers one long, loud, heart-felt shout of gladness.

Isabel, hearing of George's situation only two days before, and knowing that it would do no good to give way to despair, had immediately started for New York, where George Washington, the commander-in-chief of the army, then was, and after telling her story, sought and obtained a pardon for her lover.

Upon the banks of the beautiful stream named in this sketch, and in the State bearing its name, now stands a noble mansion, once the residence of Col. George Graham and his lovely wife, Isabel, and still occupied by their descendants, who could probably give a more interesting account of those events so imperfectly narrated here.

Marlboro', March, 1847.

ORIGINAL.—Somebody tells the truth in this way:—

'The steed called lightning, (says the Fates) Is owned in the United States.

'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse:

'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse.' Boston Chronicle.

COMPLIMENT.—Capt. Stephen Carmick, of the brig Pedraza of New York, has been presented by the Queen of England, with a magnificent gold medal, for 'saving the lives of 4 British subjects at sea.'

1825
8th mo

Shipt Mares Dr. Sunday acc
Menthem stitcher

for 80-3 to Candell & 2 Port 34

" 1 Jointer Coppers Shops 21 15
Cash

for 1 small Crocker Larning Wood 1st 50

for 1 Table Clock 2nd

3 cane Cante 7th 37

28 of Jan Clock 13 Sails 19

Isaac stitcher Dr. Cash

8th mo paid Freda Solgang
hallan of ne him 54 47

Shipt Mares Dr. Cash

and 1/2 Cord Wood pack flour 200

Shipt Mares Dr. To Cash

paid Freda Jones 22

Do To Drif 1 62

Do Snows bill 4

Do Hall for saving woods 8 54

Brown & Peckham 2

Cash for Jonal Garmer 10

and paid Boston's bill for Gun

\$9.25 for Brown 75 of Peckham 75 3 75

Cash paid Richardson 5

Clundget & D Tish 5 15

Skinner 3

Copper Patch for shoe hammer

lost from stage 25

Shipt Mares Dr. 70 16

By cash recd of The Reduteletto 2

Menthem stitcher Dr. Cash

paid Heartsham for hat 5 00

Expense Dr. Cash

paid for ashes 8th 50 for Corn 6th 50 15

THE GENEROUS HOST.

THE FIRST OFFENCE.

In the cheerful dining room of my bachelor friend Stevenson a select party were assembled to celebrate his birth day. A very animated discussion had been carried on for some time as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or lenity. Various were the opinions and numerous were the arguments brought forward to support them. The majority seemed to lean to the side of "Crush all offences in the bud," when a warm hearted old gentleman exclaimed, "Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offence's being treated with injudicious severity, than from the contrary extreme. Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity even in word or deed;—that would certainly be mistaken kindness—but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offence committed, perhaps, under the influence of temptation—temptation, to that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed the way in such a manner as to render it irresistible. For instance, a lady hires a servant; the girl has hitherto borne a good character, but it is her first place; her honesty has never yet been put to the test. Her mistress, without thinking of the continual temptation to which she is exposing fellow creature, is in the habit of leaving sums of money, generally copper, lying about her usual sitting room. After a time she begins to think these sums are not always found exact as she left them. Suspicion falls upon the girl whose duty it is to clean the room every morning. Her mistress, however, thinks she will be quite certain, before she brings forward her accusation. She counts the money carefully at night, and the next morning some is missing. No one has been in the room but the girl; her guilt is evident. Well, what does her mistress do? Why, she turns the girl out of her house at an hour's notice can not in conscience give her a character; tell all her friends how dreadfully distressed she declares there is nothing but ingratitude to be met with among servants; laments over the depravity of human nature; and never dreams of blaming herself for her—wicked?—yes, it is wicked thoughtlessness, in thus continually exposing temptation a young, ignorant girl—one, most likely, whose mind, if not enveloped in total darkness has only an imperfect, twilight knowledge whereby to distinguish right from wrong. At whose door, I ask," continued he, growing warmer, "will the sin be, if that girl sinks into the lower depth of vice and misery? Why, at the door of her who, after placing temptations in her veritable path, turned her into the pitiless world, deprived of that which constitutes her only means of obtaining an honest livelihood—her character; and without an effort to reclaim her—without affording a single opportunity for retrieving the past, and regaining, by future good conduct, the confidence of her employer."

"There is, I fear, too much truth in what you say," remarked the benevolent host, who had taken no part in the conversation; "and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the early part of my life, which, as it may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing, I will relate."

There was a general movement of attention, it was a well-known fact that no manufacturer in the town of ——— was surrounded with so many old and faithful servants as our friend Stevenson.

"In the outset of my business career," said he, "I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and, according to the rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my service, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible, until sufficient time had been given to form a correct estimate

of his character. This young man whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family. He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him. After he had been a short time in my employ, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith. My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but, as, on this occasion it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so. Therefore calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting-house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct. Great was my surprise and concern, to find that there was a considerable deficiency.

"From whom," said I, "did you receive this money?"

He replied, "From Mr. ———," naming my confidential clerk.

"It is strange," said I, looking steadily at him. But this money is incorrect, and it is the first I have found it so." He changed countenance, and his eye fell before mine; but he answered with tolerable composure. "It is as I received it."

"It is in vain," I replied "to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavor to cast suspicion upon any one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think that the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly confess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty; restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavor, by your future good conduct, to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you." The poor fellow was deeply affected: in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being intrusted with it himself, the idea had flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded. "I cannot now," he continued, "prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me; time alone can show that it has not been misplaced." He then left me to resume his duties.

Days, weeks, and months passed away, during which time I scrutinized his conduct with the greatest anxiety, while at the same time, I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness; and with delight, I observed that, so far, my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention—the utmost devotion to my interest marked his business habits; and this without any display, for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable. At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored that, on a vacancy's occurring in a situation of greater trust and increased emolument than the one he had heretofore filled, I placed him in it; and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I acted towards him. Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow creature from a continued course of vice, and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society; but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend. For years he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous honesty, was so well known, that "as honest as Smith" became a proverb among his acquaintances. One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and, upon inquiry, learned that he was detained at home by indisposition. Several days had elapsed and still he was absent; and upon calling at his house to inquire after him, I found the family in the greatest distress on his account. His complaint proved to be typhus fever of a malignant kind. From almost the commencement of his attack, he had, as his wife (for he had been sometime married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave little hope of his recovery. For some days he continued in the same state; at length a message was brought to me saying that Mr. Smith wanted to see me, the messenger adding that Mrs. Smith hoped I would come as soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

On entering the chamber I found the whole of his family assembled to take a farewell of him they so tenderly loved. As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and, taking my hand in both of his, he turned toward me, his dying countenance full of gratitude and affection, and said "My dear Master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you that I may give you the thanks and blessings of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it, that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years, the blush of shame will never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father. 'Oh, God!' he continued, 'Thou who hast said, 'blessed are the merciful,' bless him. According to the measure he has meted to others, do thou mete unto him.'" Then turning to his family, he said, "My beloved wife and children, I trust you without fear, to the care of that heavenly parent who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' And you, my dear master, will I know, be to them as you have been to me—a guide, protector, and friend."

That," continued the old man, looking round upon us with glistening eyes, "though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life. As I stood by the bedside of that dying man, and looked around upon his children, growing up virtuous, intelligent, and upright, respecting and honoring as much as they loved their father; when

A FUNNY GENTLEMAN.—Somebody in an exchange print, certifies that he wants to recover a lost "wallet, belonging to a gentleman made of calf skin."

"Hold your tongue for a fool, my dear! Sure, then you're going to speak yourself," was the reply of the Irish wife.

"You measure me by the rod," said a schoolboy to his master. "Yes and by the foot, too," was the reply, accompanied by a movement that raised the boy at least an inch.

set out in life, to temper justice with mercy." Such was the story of our friend. And I believe there was not one in that company who did not return home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow creatures, as far as he possessed the power, to extend to all who might fall into temptation that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling "that it is more blessed to save than to destroy."—*Cham. Jour.*

such joy as we imagine theirs, did I rejoice over poor Smith, as I closed his eyes and heard the attending minister in fervent tones exclaim, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, ye saints the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I

An exchange chronicles the marriage of Mr. Thomas S. Hawk to Miss Jane Parrotte. This realizes the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together."

Adams and farewells, are a sound unknown, when I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him kindly awaiting the inevitable

Nantucket Nenth M^o 1825

1825 Sundry Debt Dr. Expense
 9th ~~James Bunker~~ 1 Bushel Corn 75
 Fred Jones
 1 Bushel Corn 75
 150

9th Ship Marcha Dr. To Cash
 amt paid for unloading
 sudden & moving ship } \$ 3.54
 paid C Folger enty theath } .25
 Cph paid S Bell 187.50
 P do do do 187.50 378.79

Ship March Dr. To Cash
 paid R Huffsays bill 5

30th have my m^o Dr. Stock & 5
 for 8 Gattans S. & P.
 80 Cays

Fred R Jones Dr. To Cash
 paid him 20.

30th James Bunker Dr. To Cash
 Check on a/c 25

John Clark Dr. To Cash
 advanced him 28.98

10th Dr. Cartwright & Mitchell Dr. Cash
 Remitted her 10-3-1825 2180

Cash Dr. Cartwright & Mitchell
 for amt of Drift 4.00 2220

Interest Dr. Cash
 Discount on the above Drift 45.92

Expense Dr. Cash
 paid James Coleman's bill 11.70
 Fredk Stebbins Joseph 7.00

C. H. Stock & Co Dr. B. Glenn
 for 25 Enty 66.00 20.85

From the Nonpareil.
A SLIGHT SKETCH, LIMNED FROM
LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it, are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew;
Like the small tribute of humanity.

[N. P. WILLIS.]

The delicious morning which is glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our most gifted countryman, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, 'in the days that are gone.' I well remember how the sense of that morn's exceeding loveliness burdened my heart with a sweet weight,—and how at last, flinging aside the dull book which I had attempted to study, I caught my light sun-bonnet, and bounded out of the house, which outward bloom and beauty had suddenly rendered prison-like. I then turned my steps towards a fine old mansion, the home of a very lovely girl, who had been endeared to me by years of constant and intimate intercourse. Of late there had been formed a new tie to bind our hearts—she had become the betrothed of 'one of ours,' a favorite cousin, and the engagement was a joyful event to all concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glidest before me, in thy soft, ethereal loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of lily-like grace, tall and fragile,—

'With thy young head's shining bands,
And all its waving curls of gold,'—
with thine eyes of softest violet and thy cheek of delicatest rose-bloom.

'I must think of thee
Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long,
A young, glad creature, with a lip of song,
An eye of radiance and a soul of glee—
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June.'

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an exalted, yet a most loveable character—an embodiment of intellect, manliness, faithful affections and fervent piety. He was a young student of Divinity—had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of a year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared!—'Twas passing strange—our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circles gossiped about the matter, for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide of our village flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit.—William Gordon had called the night before, to bid us adieu, as he was to be absent for many months, and I thought his betrothed might need a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work, as usual, and but a slight tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long brown eye-lash, told of the painful parting which had just taken place.

'When will William return?' I presently enquired.

'In May—little less than a year.'

'And then?'

'And then we are to be married—so hold yourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid.'

The summer passed—a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil, with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love, on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on a night visit to a dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm—took cold—ah, does not my reader anticipate the mournful consequence? Her mother and eldest sisters had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was on her blue-veined brow, and the very voice of the grave sounding in her hollow cough which shook her fragile frame. We knew that she must die, and she, unlike many consumptives, knew it also; yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote him that she had been ill—was still suffering from debility; but that he must not be troubled about it, nor painfully surprised by her changed appearance, when he should return in the spring. Not one word of the dread, last parting before them—of the grave, which might

'Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,
To repose in his bosom, his beautiful bride.'

At length May came round again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to the earth by the great and unlooked-for affliction which awaited him,—yet he drank the bitter cup, for his God had led it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth—growing more and more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place. Annie's friends readily assented, but so to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the marriage.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side, as she was half-reclining on a couch; the hectic flush was more startlingly bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day, and as he thought how very near might be the dark wing of God's dread Angel, he took her wasted hand in his, and said—

'Oh, my Annie, let me call you *wife*, before you leave me! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in Heaven. Refuse me not, love!'

'Oh, William, William, urge me no longer,' she replied, it 'must not, cannot be. I am the bride of Heaven, you must not be my husband, and hear me, dearest, you must no longer be near me—your love is precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of angels, heard in my dreams of Heaven. We must part, now—for every hour renders you dearer, and how can I leave you at last!'

With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for a pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for His presence who 'is love.'

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and

'In close heart shutting up his pain,' resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned, and was gone! Annie buried her face in her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of prayer and grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessity of the sacrifice she had made. Presently she heard a well-known step—William had returned. His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly—

'If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart, before I go—I will give me strength.'

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbing like a child, she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their hushed spirits, as the fountains of the soul's great deeps were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last he raised his eyes heavenward, and those lips moved in whispered prayer—he unwound his arms and would have risen, but Annie moved not—she was clinging to his breast! A smile of joy irradiated his mournful face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief,

'Are you not stronger, dear William?'

'Ah, I fear not, my love.'

'That is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours.'

'Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength!—I must never leave you, Annie.'

'Never!'

The morning of the wedding day had come and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guileless of ribbons or lace. I wished to twine in her hair, a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's—but she gently put it from her.

'What, no ornaments?' I enquired.

'None,' she replied, 'but yes—if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair.'

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils, and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek!—When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side, and supported her.—She smiled sadly, as she whispered,

'You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid.'

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church,) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and of heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew absolutely adorable.

At the last, she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We hid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose-tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be, last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On

when I am gone! And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayerful, all saint-like submission and child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the spirit of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend, to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused—her heart had ceased its beatings! His brow became convulsed, and his voice was low and

her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood. Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured, 'Pray, once again, my beloved—it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight; but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us now.—Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her doling father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat

It was morning—a morning born of bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing, it seemed 'Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth, And melting in a covenant of love.' Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast

the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart, and returned again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud, very like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that second bridal, when she was wedded to the dust—and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hasteneth, and unfading clime where ever liveth the rose of love, in the bloom of immortality—in the sunlight of God's smile.

I, too, am afar from her grave, but I know almost to a day, when that rose-tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say—another bud is unfolding over her rest—how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze!—and at evening, how the starlight trembles round it, and how sweetly sleeps the cool dew-drop in its glowing heart!

RAMBLES ABOUT HOME.

NUMBER III.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

I know not why it is, but very many of the most interesting traditions of our fathers seem to lie almost forgotten, and sunk into oblivion. Of this number is the one which I am about to relate; which, strange as it may seem, the historian himself has overlooked; and thence the more need that I should preserve it.

My story begins a little before the Revolution of 1776. It is necessary, before I proceed, to mention the celebrated Molly Pitcher, whose name, in my younger days, was in every mouth throughout the county of Essex, and incorporated with all the songs of the child to be lisped from the cradle. Of all renowned fortune-tellers, her career was perhaps the most brilliant. This profession she probably inherited from her grandfather, John Dimond, who followed it for many years at Marblehead, where her father, Capt. John Dimond, lived as late as 1770, and where Mary Dimond was born in 1738.

Though of very respectable connections, she married a poor man in 1760, whose name was Robert Pitcher. After their marriage they lived in a little low hut at the foot of High Rock, in Lynn, then a street almost unfrequented except by her own visitors, of which she had during the course of her life many thousands. Nor were these of the ignorant classes alone, or those in which superstition would seem to be most prevalent; but the learned and the wise came, and that, too, from all parts of the world, for her fame was not confined to this continent. "The rich and the poor, the ignorant sailor who believed in the omens and dreams of superstition, and the intelligent merchant, whose ships were freighted for distant lands, alike sought her dwelling; and every youth who was not assured of the reciprocal affection of his fair one, and every maid who was desirous of anticipating the hour of her highest felicity,"* all these repaired to her little hut to receive instruction.

The evening of a delightful summer's day of 1773 had just cast its shadows over the eastern side of the hill, when Moll Pitcher, as usual, seated herself in the centre of her little room, upon a stool which she appropriated alone to herself. Let no one suppose, however, that she looked like the haggard gypsy, Meg Merrilies, or even like the Grecian Pythoness, in the temple of Apollo, for she was nothing more nor less than a real woman. Some thirty-five years had served to wrinkle her brow with a mark of care, and a tinge of sadness and melancholy had overcast her features, which, in earlier youth, had doubtless possessed a full share of loveliness and beauty. The long dark hair of her head hung down with a studied neglect over a high and intellectual forehead, while a black and piercing eye served to add an air of intelligence of which few could boast. Thus she sat, gazing upon the floor, pensive, as if to ravel out the hidden mysteries of the future, when Rose Peverly entered and seated herself by the door, in front of the fortune-teller, who looked up as she entered, as if to welcome her into her humble cottage.

Rose sat for a moment as if to collect her thoughts, while a tear sparkled in her deep, blue eye, and grief filled her tender heart. Something like nineteen summers had this Rose blossomed, and every season had added only beauty to a form uncommonly well-proportioned, and to a face which the most skillful artist could not have flattered. There were, indeed, no wreaths of brilliants entwined in her light, brownish hair, slightly

tinged with a golden yellow, but her locks hung down over a swan-like neck, while the exquisite delicacy of every feature only served to show the spirituality of its possessor. Her cheeks were a little flushed with the exercise she had just taken, for it could not have been the blush of pleasure which added the color to what, at other times, seemed as white as the teeth they covered.

The gypsy, perceiving her grief, determined to let her commence her own story. Rose began, in a tone which told the sorrow that brooded over her mind,—

"What! O! what shall I do? what will become of me?"

Molly rose, examined her head and features, asked her age, and then retired, without saying a word, to an apartment by herself, to review her horoscope. Shortly after, she entered the room again, and beckoned her to follow her, which she immediately did, and, passing through the house, they ascended a small cliff which overlooked the whole town, and commanded a broad and extensive view of the heavens. Here they paused, and the fortune-teller, pointing to a particular part of the firmament, said,

"You see that star yonder?"

"Yes," said Rose, "but what of that?"

"Ask no questions," said the priestess. "Now though you do not understand those mysterious movings of the heavenly bodies,

yet, my daughter, the whole map of your fortunes lies spread out before me, and let me tell you it is chequered with fears and difficulties,—"

"O, yes, that is the lot of every mortal," said Rose, interrupting her, "but tell me all, tell me all, and let me know the worst."

"My daughter," continued she, still looking steadily at the stars, my daughter, you will be crossed in love, have sorrows in life, and an early death. You will be worshipped for your beauty, and"—hesitating, and looking with her keen and penetrating eye upon Rose, "and I see your trusting and confiding heart is too finely strung to endure the deception and folly of men. Trust not their plighted faith, trust not their vows, for they will only bring sorrow and sighing."

"And what proof am I to have of this?" asked Rose, drawing a deep sigh, as if she already felt the prediction was too true.

"Proof? It is the undoubted indication of the stars, and think you I would deceive, standing, as I do, with my eye on heaven; I, who like yourself am mortal, and subject to sorrow and trial?"

As she uttered this last expression with unusual animation and an awful emphasis, Rose could not refrain from a shudder, yet dared not ask her to explain farther. Standing for a moment without speech or motion, in the elevated and animated position in which she spoke the latter sentence, she continued:

"Yet fear not! There is still a power above the stars which may still shape your destiny in a different course. It is for you to rely upon the guiding hand of Providence. It is"—and she raised her long and powerful arm to make an emphatic gesture, as if filled with the spirit of inspiration itself, while Rose shrunk almost terrified before the priestess, "it is for you," she continued, "to have faith in Him alone who can overrule the course he has once marked out. Believe me, and depart in peace!"

Placing in her hands a piece of silver as a compensation, Rose left the sage priestess, Molly Pitcher, and after she had proceeded a short distance, and was partly out of sight, she ran nimbly down the hill, not from the lightness and joy of her heart, but the darkness of the evening had now grown deeper, and perhaps she feared to walk to her home alone. The sad tale of her future destiny, however, weighed too heavily upon her mind to suffer her to fear greatly, and she continued on for more than a mile, when she arrived at her father's house. Silently and softly she stole away to her chamber, without saying a word to the family, and there she gave herself up to sorrow and heaviness of heart. She could not sleep, and, as the first grey light of morning dawned, she rose, even before the rest of the household, and wandered out, she knew not and cared not whither. This strange proceeding began to alarm her parents, for her father was still living, though in somewhat humble circumstances, and a search was instantly made, many of the neighbors also joining in it—for all loved Rose for her mild and kind disposition, and because she always threw such an air of happiness into whatever circle she moved.

We must now look for a moment to the other side of the picture.

Several months previous to the opening of our scene, a young gentleman of good name and respectable connections, whose name, I

25

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Jacob

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...was Wayland, had taken up his residence at Lynn, and, though not in the direct vicinity of her father's house, yet near enough to become acquainted and associate with Rose. We have already alluded to her confiding and unsuspecting disposition, and her feelings were easily enlisted, by the open and free generosity of Wayland, whereas, he might not have looked forward to such a result, and perhaps, too, his pride of birth and family forbade him to think of ever uniting her fortunes with his own. Whatever might have been the case, Rose cherished a love for him which it seems was not fully reciprocated. This grieved Rose, and she could not divine the cause, yet he paid her those attentions and little civilities which she, perhaps, mistook and misconstrued. Matters stood thus, till at length it began to be whispered about that Wayland had another lady in view as his intended wife. This was soon known to be the fact, and it was confidently asserted in the presence of Rose. It was too much for her sensitive heart to bear. Her feelings were too warm and ardent, her nature too confiding to endure so severe a shock. She could not believe even the evidence of her own senses, and when the whole truth did at last become impressed on her mind, she felt that she had nothing to live for, no one to care for her, and a melancholy sadness weighed down her spirits.

It was at this juncture that she determined to consult the renowned fortune-teller, and gain what information she could relative to her future destiny in life. We have already seen to what these predictions tended.

But few knew the cause of her melancholy, and some even began to fear she might be slightly deranged. Now it was that Wayland himself began to feel conscious of the wrong he had caused her, and as it was perhaps unintentional, so he felt deeply guilty.

The news rapidly spread abroad that Rose Peverley was lost. It reached even the ears of Wayland, and he was instantly on foot, and the most zealous in the search. The woods seemed to be filled, and loud shouts rung and reverberated from cliff to cliff, and from glen to glen, but no one could hear or see anything of Rose. Deep and heartfelt was the grief of her mother, for her soul was bound up in her only child, and that child so worthy of her love and her affection. Noon came and went, and still she was not found, and not the slightest trace could be discovered of her concealment. At length the shades of the hills and the trees grew longer and longer, and the sun sunk lower and lower, and the shouts became fainter and fainter, and night itself began to set in, and yet the lovely and beloved Rose came not. What should be done? Most of those who had volunteered so freely in the morning left the woods, and many assembled around the dwelling of Mr. Peverley to compassionate the sad and sorrowing mother.

All now had left the search except the lonely Wayland. He still threaded the thick-shaded forest, but even he was striving to find his way out of what seemed to him almost inextricable. At length he came to the margin of the wood, and found himself upon a lofty cliff, and but several rods from a steep descent of an hundred feet. Imagine his surprise when he beheld Rose sitting quietly upon the edge of the cliff which overlooked the whole town, with a broad and magnificent prospect of the ocean, and Nahant, and the harbor of Boston, with High Rock nearly a mile to the east, and Swampscot a little beyond it, all spread out before the eye, forming a prospect of unparalleled loveliness. He stopped for a moment to deliberate what course to take so as not to surprise her, and thus perhaps render her situation perilous. She had already caught a glimpse of him, however, as he approached from the thicket, and before he had even stepped out fairly upon the ledge.

As he approached so as to enable her to recognize Wayland, she started up and turned about with a look of scorn that caused him to start back in surprise. No language can describe her utter abhorrence of one who as she thought had so basely wronged her.

Her dress was neglected, and her hair dishevelled and hanging in its natural little ringlets over her forehead, the veins of which seemed to start out into blue, swollen lines, while her cheeks and neck glowed like scarlet red. Her eyes flashed fire, and every feature seemed changed from its wonted mild

gentleness, into hatred, contempt and withering scorn. Her attitude, her gesture, her look of defiance, all united to give her an appearance terribly beautiful. The energy of her passion made her truly sublime.

"Wayland!" said she, as she rose to her full height, and stamped upon the rock, and raised her hand clenched in madness, "Way-

land! you have deceived me. I scorn your aid. You have wronged and broken a tender heart! Stop!"—as he began to advance to explain himself—"advance another inch, and I throw myself upon the rocks below! You have robbed me of happiness and peace! I wish not for life! Go tell your loved one that Rose is no more! Go bid her live in your love, and fondly caress her as you have caressed me! Begone! I scorn you from the bottom of my heart! I scorn to live in your presence!"

Seeing her agitation, and fearing that she would execute her threat, he rushed on to seize and rescue her, but in an instant, she leaped from the cliff and fell rolling down among the rocks and the ledges below. Wayland was shortly at her side, but it was too late. Her mangled limbs were still warm, but life had fled, and her journey was ended. Thus, like loving Sappho of old, she took the lover's leap, and found a balm to heal the sickness of the mind. Like Sappho's, may her name be remembered and transmitted to the latest posterity. It is needless to say that Wayland immediately left the town and joined the wars of the revolution. It is said, too, that her father and mother lived but a few years after, and perhaps the grief at her loss hastened their departure.

The Rambler climbed to the top of this romantic and beautiful ledge. It is one hundred and thirty-three feet above the sea, and one hundred feet in height above its base. Lying a little to the west and north-west of Lynn, it commands a full and free prospect of that place, with its churches and cottages. It is called, as it probably will always be, "The Lover's Leap." RAMBLER.

Oak Dale, 1847.

Anecdotes of Birds.

A Rare Bird.

There is in this city a bird of the talking species, which has made rapid progress in the art of speech. It is the Mino, a native of Sumatra, in the East Indies, and is but little more than a year old. It may be seen at the hair dressing room of Mr. Babcock, in Washington Street. Stepping in there yesterday forenoon, we were accosted by a voice speaking in a familiar tone, "*How dye do?*" We looked at Mr. B. and the gentleman who was in the chair submitting to the process of shaving, and who were the only persons in the room, and were perfectly satisfied that the voice came from neither of them, when the same voice repeated, "*How are you?*" and in a moment more it said as distinctly and as politely as could be spoken by half the human family, "*Good morning.*" We now thought it time to look after our invisible friend, and espied him in a corner behind an open door, just as he was repeating, "*What are you going to do?*" and in a minute after, "*Where do you think of going?*" He then repeated several of his first salutations, and being in a talking mood, went through with a variety of phrases which he had learnt on his voyage, such as "*Ship ahoy?*" "*Hollo Joe,*" "*Let go that—*" naming some sea rigging which was wholly unintelligible to any one but a sailor.

He would also attempt to "box the compass" and repeat "*West, northwest by West*" with great distinctness. He had also learnt other phrases from the sailors, and we were rather startled to hear him speak up abruptly, "*What in the d—l you doing?*" Besides other common sentences, such as "*Whose dog is that?*" and "*What o'clock is it?*" He will imitate the creaking of a rudder, the rush of wind through the rigging in a gale, and the cackling of fowls.

The name given to this really wonderful bird is *Jerome*. It is almost the size of a carrier pigeon; its plumage is a brilliant purple, and aside from its remarkable gift of the power of speech, is a most beautiful bird. It is said to be exceedingly difficult to obtain one of this species, as a very few will stand the hardships of the voyage. *Jerome* is continually improving and making additions to his stock of phrases. He would, with his present acquirements, be considered by bird fanciers cheap at \$100.—*Salem Gazette*.

A Remarkable Crow.

There has resided in a house in Eyemouth for the last three years a very singular rook or common rook, which might truly be called the mocking bird of the poultry yard, for so exact was he in his imitations of the cries of the various domestic birds with which he associated, that no one could tell them from the

large game bird of that species, either taking it for a challenge or an insult, or perhaps both, flew upon him, and, strange to tell, tore out his tongue, the offending member of the brook.—*Berwick (Eng.) Advertiser*.

seen except the latter named gentleman in black, sitting with great composure, and evidently much satisfied with his own extraordinary vocal powers. But alas! poor fellow, his last act of mimicry cost him his life. While imitating the crowing of a cock, a

originals. Many a visiter at his owner's house was startled and amazed at hearing proceed from below his chair, the quack, quack, quack of the duck—cackle, cackle of the hen—the calling together of the chickens—the cooing of the pigeon—and the caw, caw, caw of the crow—when all the time nothing could be

Curiosity Gratified.

The reader must imagine the corner house of a row of separate cottages, which were fronted by a terrace, and was altogether a good site for observation. From one of the bedroom windows of this residence appeared the face of Miss Betsy Busybody. She was a spectacled spinster of some forty-eight years of age to the spectator, although her own chronology was either absent, or of some anterior date. It was rude of her young visitors to question her about it; they would grow old themselves some time. She might have been married fifty times over, but had never found the man she liked. The girls were so bold now-a-days that there was no bearing them. It was well for them to get married, but she was content to be as she was.

In thus noting some of the virginal vagaries of Miss Betsy Busybody, we do not mean to scale disrespectfully the nunnery walls of old maids in general. Too much blasphemy has been uttered against old maids. There are many of the vestal sisterhood who keep religiously burning the sacred fire of the gods. There is many a nephew and a niece who have plenteous causes fervently to bless the maiden aunt. There is many a married sister whose best nurse and friend is the plain unwedded one. But Miss Busybody was not one of these. She was in these respects alone in the world; and this solitude, instead of bringing her nearer to God, had soured her disposition against God's creatures.—She had, however, an old crony and gossip, in the shape of a laundress, Mrs. Blanch, a widow.

As Miss Betsy Busybody looked out of the window, Mrs. Blanch approached, and they were soon seated in conversation together, in the snug little parlor.

"And have you found out any more about the lady in the first floor of the but-terman's?" asked Miss Betsy.

"Very suspicious person, marm," answered the laundress. "Blind almost always down. Never see her face at the window, except may be for a minute."

"And the gentleman. Can you make out his name? I always see him with my glass. He calls every day, between one and two."

"Every day, marm, as witnesses my own eyes. Nobody knows nothing of him."

"And the boy who leads his horse about. Have you questioned him?"

"Yes, marm; tried him times and often. And the young rascal—beg your pardon, marm—only grins, and pushes up his eyelid with his dirty finger, 'Anything green there,' says he, with a wink of the other eye; and that's all I can get out of him, howsumever."

"Very suspicious, indeed," ejaculated Miss Betsy, showing the whites of her eyes.

"And how does that widow at the terrace get all her new dresses, Mrs. Blanch."

"Heaven knows, marm; and the old gentleman with his own cab, and the green livery."

"But the lady—person, I should say—Mrs. Blanch, in the buttermen's first floor, she does excite my curiosity."

"Aye, marm, she'll turn out no good; my word for it. She'll leave in debt all round, as sure as my name's Bridget."

After some further conversation of a like nature, the cronies separated. Mrs. Blanch had not departed long, however, before a gentleman's servant, in plain dress, knocked at the door, and leaving a brace of birds, a hare, and a note, hastily went away. The note read as follows:

FREE TRADE CLUB, October, 3, 1846.

MADAM—Accept the enclosed, and allow me to invite myself to the honor of dining with you, at five o'clock to-morrow. A recognition will excuse this intrusion.

Madam, yours truly,
AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Betsy Busybody.

Much surprised was Miss Betsy Busybody at this epistle. In vain she worried her brain to think whom it came from.—Was it old Caleb Curry, who was near making her an offer some thirty years ago, and who had since been in the Indies? Was it the old bachelor who showed her over his garden at Broadstairs, and as she stepped over a flower-pot praised her ankle? Was it her spencer-habited widower, who once ogled her over the way? No; it was an old acquaintance. Who could it then be? Some of her father's friends, perhaps, who recollected her when a child. However, the dinner should be prepared to-morrow. Everything of her best should be out—the diaper napkins, the finger-glasses, and those deep-cut decan-

ters, and a bottle of her father's old claret, and one of his prime aged hock. Busy enough was she all the next day, until the dinner-hour arrived.

As it approached no guest appeared. It struck five—no guest had arrived. It was a quarter past—the game would all be spoiled. In a panic of punctuality she ordered it on the table, and its savory smell was diffused all over the room. She seated herself, still hesitating whether to cut or not. At the minute that a slice of the breast would have been delicately carved for her own particular palate, a knock and ring were at the door. It opened, and the servant, quickly followed by the visitor, entered the room; the former presented the following card to her mistress:

MR. CLEMENT CAVENDISH,

Surgeon, &c. &c.

From the card, Miss Betsy Busybody glanced to her visitor, and how great was her confusion, when she recognized in him one who might indeed be termed an old acquaintance, in the shape of the gentleman who so regularly visited the fair lodger at the buttermen's. The matter was

evident. The lady was an invalid. This was her medical attendant. His notice had been attracted by the observations of herself and by the inquiries of her agent and laundress, Mrs. Blanch, and this dinner was the punishment intended for her. The color of confusion covered her, but she had the presence of mind to motion her unexpected visitor to a seat, and to commence the duties of the table. The good viands not least, but also the easy manners of her guest, made the meal pass off less disagreeably than might have been expected, and the dessert had not long been introduced, before the servant announced that Mr. Cavendish was called for on professional business. He left simply saying—"Good bye, Miss Busybody, many thanks for your good dinner: I am happy that we have made correct acquaintance." He needed not to have made a longer speech, she fully understood the visit. The affair was, however, noised about by the servants, and our heroine thought it right to leave the neighborhood. She departed, however, a better woman than she had entered it, for she went away eschewing Mrs. Bridget Blanch, Dame Gossip, and Madame Scandal, her former visiting acquaintances.

It would be well if all our misunderstandings like that of Miss Busybody and Surgeon Cavendish's, could be made up over a good dinner, as theirs was. They would thus pass over much more pleasantly and quickly than they now sometimes do. Extend this view nationally. More roast beef—less rebellion: more plum-pudding—less plundering: more sauce one way—less sauce another.

"Gone to Pot."

The captain of a vessel lying in the river, wishing to give his crew a treat on a rejoicing day, left two sons of Hibernia to take care of his ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog, but cautioned them against firing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they promised, but after enjoying a hearty dinner, together with the perfumes of liquor, one of them proposed to have a shoot to themselves, which the other objected to, as it would make a great noise—but the most fertile in invention said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and setting himself across it, held the pot by the ear to prevent its flying off! He then requested his messmate to shoot *easy*—but the alarm was heard by the captain and crew who hastened on board and inquired the reason of the alarm—"Murphy and me," answered Pat, "had a mind to have a bit of shoot to ourselves." "Where is Murphy?" replied the Irishman, smiling and scratching his head, "did n't you meet him now? *Faith he's just gone ashore in the iron pot.*"

UPERANNUATED HORSE TO HIS MASTER,
*Who had sentenced him to die at the end of
Summer.*

And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door!

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house me in this hospitable shed:
It glads me more to see my master's face,
And linger on the spot where I was born.

For oh! to think of what we have enjoyed,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
Then from the jocund morn to eve employed,
My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danced on down along,
Since first to thee these wayworn limbs I gave;
Sweet smiling years! when both of us were young;
The kindest master, and the happiest slave!

Ah, years sweet smiling, now for ever flown!
Ten years, thrice told, alas! are as a day!
Yet as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear that age away.

For still the older times are dear to thought,
And rapture marked each minute as it flew;
Light were our hearts, and every season brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

Ah, call to mind how oft near Searing's stream
My ready steps were bent to yonder grove,
Where she who loved thee was thy tender theme,
And I thy more than messenger of love!

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,
And throbbed alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee to thy fond one's arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up every tear?

And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door!

But oh, kind Nature! take thy victim's life!
End thou a servant, feeble, old, and poor!
So shalt thou save me from the uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WORK-HORSES ON SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath day, the poor man walks
Blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks
As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
From his week's toil released;
And jocund is each little boy
To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
Where the grass grows rich and high,
A no less merry Sabbath band
Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts! that go all week
With loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
Hard work and cudgel'd bones;

But now let loose to roam athwart
The farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,
Some look like brothers dear;
Others are full of flings and kicks,
Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
With hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide,
And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 't was to see,
On this bright Sabbath-day,
Man and his beasts alike set free
To take some harmless play;

And how their joys were near the same—
The same in show at least—
Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
Be like in sufferings too,
And we can not be right or just,
To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
All things to bind together,
And make the humble brute to man
A patient pleading brother.

Oh, if to us *one precious thing*,
And not to them is given,
Kindness to them will be a wing
To carry it on to heaven!

R. CHAMBERS.

An Enthusiastic Lover.

Were I lord of the thousand isles
That deck the rolling sea,
To purchase one of thy sweet smiles,
I'd yield them all to thee.

Were I the glorious orb of day,
And thou a portion fair
Of earth's bright realm, that 'neath me lay,
My beams I'd shower there.

Were I the lovely Queen of night,
And thou a lonely star,
I'd veil my face, and quench my light,
Thy beauty not to mar.

Were I a rolling, roaring flood,
And thou a gentle stream,
I'd vanish to the realms of night,
To let thy current gleam.

Were I the world, below, above,
With all its beauties rare,
To gain thy precious, lasting love,
I'd make thee, *empress* there.

Since I of all this gorgeous wealth,
Nor right nor title claim;
Ah! what is left for wretched me,
To offer, or to name?

A widow's mite received the praise

And what next?

A gentleman riding near the city, overtook a well dressed young man, and invited him to a seat in his carriage. "And what (said the gentleman to the young stranger) are your plans for the future?" "I am a clerk," replied the young man, "and my hope is to succeed and get into business for myself." And what next?" said the gentleman. "Why, I intend to marry, and set up an establishment of my own," said the youth. "And what next?" continued the interrogator. "Why, to continue in business, and accumulate wealth." "And what next?" "To retire from business, and enjoy the fruit of my labors." "And what next?" "It is the lot of all to die, and I, of course, cannot escape," replied the young man. "And what next?" once more asked the gentleman. But the young man had no answer to make; he had no purposes that reached beyond the present life.

How many young men are in precisely the same condition? Their plans embrace only this life—what pertains to getting wealth and enjoying life. What pertains to the world to come, has no place in all their plans.—*Traveller.*

The Dominion of Pain.

BY LAMAN ELANCHARD.

In all that live, endure, and die;
In every vision of the brain;
On Love's fond lip; in Pleasure's eye,
The hermit's pulse, the warrior's vein;
In hearts that pause and plunge again,
Frail victims of the passing hour,
We find thy far dominions, Pain,
We trace the footprints of thy power—
Though some are washed away by tears,
Whilst some survive the march of years.

Who cannot weep was never blest;
Would all were woeless that have wept;
Would all that heaves might be at rest!
And sleep might come to those that slept!
My soul hath long its vigils kept
O'er sense of pain and dreams of death,
And knows not why its course hath crept
Thus idly on for feverish breath—
While hour by hour it longs to sleep;
I feel it doomed to watch and weep.

Courtship of a Bashful Clergyman.

The Rev. John Brown, the well-known author of the Self-Interpreting Bible, was a man of singular bashfulness. In token of the truth of this statement, I need only state that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half passed away, and the Rev. gentleman had got no farther forward than he had been for the first six days. This state of things became intolerable; a step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. "Janet," said he, as they sat in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted for six years an' mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet; d'ye think I might take ane, my bonnie girl?" "Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper wi' it;" "Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing."

The blessing was asked—the kiss was taken, and the worth divine perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed:—"Oh, woman! but it is *gude*—we'll return thanks."

Six months longer made the pious couple man and wife, added his descendant, who humorously told the tale, and a happier couple never spent a long and useful life together.

Quaint Epitaphs.

EPITAPH ON ONE JOHN MILLS, AN HUNTSMAN.

Here lies John Mills,
Who over hills
Pursued the hound with hollow;
The leap tho' high,
From earth to skie,
The huntsman we must follow.

ON A WAGONER.

Here I lie, no wonder I'm dead,
For a broad-wheel'd wagon went over my head.

ON MR. MORE.

Here lies one more! no more is he;
More and no more; how can that be?

ON LORD KILDARE.

Who kill'd Kildare? who dared Kildare to kill?
"I kill'd Kildare," quoth Death, "and dare I
whom I will."

ON A SCOLDING WIFE.

Here lies my wife, poor Molly, let her lie,
She found repose at last, and so do I!

Of Him, who owneth all;
Her little pittance was as great,
As that from palace-hall.

'T is of the sum by each possessed,
That off 'rings should be made;
And He is worthy to be blessed,
Whose scanty mite is paid.

My heart is all possessed by me,
My gentle one and fair!
Yet I'll bestow my all on thee—
And make thee empress there.

Beef Steaks and Bad Grammar.

There is, says the Boston Chronotype, a highfaluting waiter in the new eating-house on Congress street, and the following dialogue occurred there a few days since, between the waiter and an old country chap:

'Waiter, I say, is my chicken broiling?'
'No, sir; the cook is.'

'But I didn't order the cook; he is too

How Jedediah was Sucked in.

"Is 'e 'squire tu hum?" inquired an elongated individual yesterday, who pushed his head into the Recorder's office. It being about the dinner hour none of the officials happened to be "tu hum;" but a couple of cits., who were lounging inside, invited him in, and inquired his business.

"Well," says he, in a beautiful nasal, "my business aint much, but du tell me which is the 'squire?"

"He is at dinner, sir," answered one of the pair, "but if you have anything very urgent we will send for him."

"Well, I aint got much in partickler," answered the eastern man; "but jest this mornin' a fellar from the 'jinin' State of Illinois, played me one of the alfiredest mean tricks I've hearn on lately."

"What was it like?" inquired the listener.

"Well, it wan't much like anythin'," says he, "but an all created suck in. Where is that 'squire?" he burst out again; "I'll hev the mean critter jerked into a jail ef it costs me a dollar!"

"What did he do?" persisted the questioner.

"Well, 'twan't much of anythin' except a sell," said he; and then, breaking out again, he exclaimed: "O, Jedediah Dexter! that anythin' cute as you're allow'd tu be shud be draw'd in tu sech a trade by a yaller lookin', ague shakin', corn raisin' sarpint as that fellar."

"Was he a Sucker?" inquired the gent.

"Well, he want much else," said the afflicted mourner, "and the fullest grown one I've seed lately, cuss his pictur!"

"But you have not told us what his offence was," continued the other.

"No," said he, "I aint, and what's wusser a derned sight, I'm ashamed tu—all cre-at-ur-es that shud a been so teetionally green! I swow," says he, starting, "I b'lieve I won't tell it—I'll jest let the mean varmint slide. It won't bear tellin' on. Why, ef they shud heer it down at Connecticut, I couldn't never show myself at any futur' thanksgivin' in them latitudes—they'd holler meat at me jest as quick as they'd clap eyes on me."

"O! come," shouted both listeners, "you are not going to leave without enlighten us, now that you have raised our curiosity."

"Well, I guess it won't hurt you much ef you dont heer it," said he, and he was about to move, when one of his auditors informed him that he should stop and lodge his complaint, for that evidently some wrong had been committed, and if he kept silent and allowed it to pass unpunished he would be conniving at the evil, and thereby make himself liable.

"Is that the law, you?" inquired the written complainant.

Both listeners signified the affirmative to his query.

"Well, I don't want to go agin law much," says Jed., "so you kin hev the hull upshot this in a minit, and you'll allow it is mit mean. A Illinois fellar this mornin' walke into my shop, where I'm marchindisin' alongside on the market, and got tu dickerin' some butter with me for groceries and other notions. His pots of the cow's grease were dreadf'ly nice on top, and tasted like new milk arter spring grass—it jest tuck me all of a heap, and I bargain'd for all the critter had, and sot tu sellin' him the little fixins in exchange. He looked so eternal soft, and sawneyed round so alfired green, that I didn't once hev a dreamin' of the critter's bein' tricky; so the trade was did up mity short, and he travelled. Well, jest a minit sence I turned a pot eou tu sell a customer some, and I swan tu man ef two-thirds on it wan't an *Ingin meal dump-lin'!*"

A burst of laughter here broke from his auditors, and as they appeared to keep on at it, instead of sympathising with Jed., he raised himself proudly up under his load of injuries, and moved to the door.

"Ah! ha, ha, ha!—*Ingin dumplings*, ah, ha!" shouted one of the convulsed listeners, as Jed. was retreating.

"You neen't take on so," says Jed.; "for ef he don't think of his sins when he swallows that tea I sold him, then I'm mistaken in the yarb. It's perfectly awful on a man's bowels, specially when he aint used to it;" and amid a shout of laughter Jed. disappeared, congratulating himself on at least bein' even!

KNOTTY. Caleb Whitford, of punning notoriety, once observing a young lady earnestly at work, knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing?

"Knotting, sir," replied she. "Pray, Mr. Whitford, can you knot?"

"I can-not, madam," he answered.

It is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorder; and half cured when we do.

Epitaph on Teague, O'Brian, in Bally-poreen church-yard, Ireland. Written by himself a short time before his death with the smoke of a candle, and which he called a "wicked-pace" of writing:

Here I at length repose,
My spirit now at AISE is,
With the tips of my toes
And the point of my nose,
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

Victory or Death. A story is told of a worthy lad from "old Edgely," S. C., who was recently doubting whether or not he should volunteer for Mexico. One of the flags waving in his eyes somewhat discouraged him.—"Victory is a good thing," said he, "but why put Victory or Death?" "Put it *Victory or Cripple*," said he, "and I'll go for that!"

A SCENE AT THE PARIS TRIBUNAL.—Machimel, the individual in question, would be the happiest man on earth, were he not the unhappiest. Summoned before the tribunal for misconduct and abuse of his wife, he defended himself as follows: "Before marrying, I was a bachelor, and then nothing troubled my existence; but, since then, everything has changed; my wife is so malignant that she crosses me in everything. When I have my hat in my hand my head is bare, and she says I shall catch a cold in the head; when I am covered, she says I am clownish. In fine, the other day, just before returning home, I was out, it rained, and I was drenched; then I said, to complete the homeopathic treatment, I must drench myself inwardly; so I drank several glasses and found the bottle empty. I renewed the experiment and returned home. My wife opened her eyes wide upon me, and said,

"Why were you not at home?"

"Because I had gone out."

"You are green," she replied, "or rather red in your face."

"But," I said, "if I am red I am not green; let me sit down."

Necessary to say to your honor that we have but one chair, which was a very fine one before it was spoiled. If I am in it, my wife cannot be there too, that's clear. So, not understanding me, she was determined to sit down, and then commenced the struggle, during which we rolled on the floor, and she scratched me. Then, I confess, I forgot myself, and slapped her, and applied my foot, not to her head but lower down.

Madam Machimel explained the affair in another way. Her husband got fuddled almost daily, and had wasted all the furniture of their home by his ruinous habit. The day in question, he could hardly walk, and wanted to seize the only article of their furniture, the single chair in question, to make way with it. The unfortunate Madam Machimel, in striving to oppose it, received a kick by way of thanks for her efforts.

Machimel.—If it was a kick it was not a tribute of gratitude, but I was not master of my movements, since I fell down myself.

The President.—You get habitually intoxicated.

"Never in the morning."

"But always in the evening."

"When I drink."

The tribunal condemns Machimel to three days imprisonment.

Machimel.—The devil! Were it not for that villainous prison, I might take a walk and refresh myself!

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

TO E—.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Farewell—Sister, fare-thee-well!

May no evil e'er betide thee,
And may Heaven ever guide thee,
And thou goest to dwell.

Farewell! Sister, fare-thee-well!

Think of me when thou hast sadness,—
And, in all thy hours of gladness,
Don't forget thy joys to tell.

Farewell! Sister, fare-thee-well!

Fare-thee-well through life for ever,—
And though distance may us sever,
Think thy sister loves thee well.
Farewell! Sister, fare-thee-well!

On an evening preceding Thanksgiving, not many years ago, two students left the Colleges, with the most *foul* intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine, fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag, ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the Doctor himself had just left his house, with the

view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching immediately crept away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows: "Are you ready?" "Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible. The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed, "Here's old Prex,* will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag. "Here's marm Prex," said the all unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?" "Yes," again responded the Doctor. "Here's son John, will you have him?" "Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the Doctor's family and chickens. The old man then walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down and streaked it for the colleges. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one, it must have been to Dr. Nott. Expulsion, fines, and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts, until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from the President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the rogues and said: "Young gentlemen, here's old Prex, and Marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens—"to which will you be helped?" The mortification of his students may be imagined.—*Springfield Republican.*

All's well that ends well.

Two friends, who had been separated great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did? He replied that he was very well, and was married since the last met.—"That is good news, indeed," "Nay, not so very good, neither, for I married a shrew."—"That is bad, too. Not bad, neither, for I had two thousand pounds with her."—"That is well again."—"Not well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot."—"That was hard truth."—"Not so hard, neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."—"A—that made you amends."—"Not so much amends neither, for I laid out my money into a house, and it was burned."—"That was bad, surely."—"Not so bad, neither, for himself, not Fabius Maximus, that was the was insured for double the cost."—"Indeed that was very fortunate."—"Not so very fortunate as you may imagine, for the principal underwriter immediately ran away."—"How very unlucky."—"Not so very unlucky, for he took my wife with him; moreover his partner paid the amount of insurance."

Forgive your Enemies.

The following beautiful lines from the Persian poet, Hafiz, are quoted by Sir William Jones, in his eleventh dissertation to the Asiatic Society:

"Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;
Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side;
Mark, where yon tree rewards the stony show'r
With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower;
All nature calls aloud; shall man do less
To heal the smiter, and the railer bless?"

He adds: "The beautiful Arya couplet, which pronounces the duty of a good man, even in the moment of his destruction, to consist not only in forgiving, but even in a desire of benefiting his destroyer, as the Sandal tree in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it."

"C-c-cause if them *Illustration* could ge-get at you they'd give you a th-thundering licking for calling 'em s-such b-blasted names!"—*Bee.*

"STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT"—Two servants who had lived many years together with an old gentleman in Northamptonshire, were one evening sitting by the kitchen fire, when the bachelor said to the maid, "Hannah, you and I have lived many years together, and been very comfortable; master gets very old and shaky, and can't last long; and when he dies we shouldn't like to part: so, suppose, we be married. We've saved a bit money apiece, and when master's gone should do well on a bit of land. What sayest, yes or no, at once?" Hannah replied, "No, Peter, I'd rather not." Peter said no more about it. The next night the same parties sat in the same place. After a little time Hannah said, "Peter, I've been thinking about what you said last night, and have altered my mind." Peter answered in three words, "so have I."

A Chapter from Joe Miller.

There happened, when Swift was at Lar cone, in Ireland, the sale of a farm and stock the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during the auction, just as a parcel of poultry had been put up. Roger (Swift's clerk) bid for them; he was overbid by a farmer by the name of Hatch. "What, Roger, wont you buy the poultry?" exclaimed Swift. "No, sir," said Roger, "I see they are just *a'going to Hatch.*"

Two Irish laborers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?" "No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life."

An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came back, some of his companions asked how he liked Scotland. "I will tell you now,"

said he, "I was sick all the while I was there; and if I had lived there till this time, I had been dead an year ago."

The proverb says, "that idleness covers a man with rags." An Irish schoolmaster thought the sentence might be improved; in consequence of which, he wrote for his pupil, "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one asked the other how he could afford to undersell him everywhere as he did, when he stole the stuff and made the brooms himself?—"Why, you silly dog," answered the other, "I steal them ready made."

Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his prophecies, when by his solicitations and compliance at court he got removed from a poor Welsh bishopric to a rich English one, a reverend dean of the church said, that he found his brother Lloyd spelt prophet with an F.

One telling Charles XII., of Sweden, just before the battle of Narva, that the enemy were three to one: "I am glad to hear it," answered the king, "for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away."

Marcus Livius, who was governor of Tarentum when Hannibal took it, being envious to see so much honor done to Fabius Maximus, said one day in open senate, that it was bad, surely, for himself, not Fabius Maximus, that was the cause of re-taking the city of Tarentum. Fabius said smilingly, "Indeed, thou speakest truth, for hadst thou not lost it, I should never have retaken it."

A busy impertinent, entertaining Aristotle the philosopher one day with a tedious discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. "No, really," replied the philosopher, "you have not interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you said."

A brave Dutch captain, being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit against the French, with forces that were unlikely to achieve the enterprise, the captain advised his colonel to send but half so many men: "Why so?" said the colonel, "to send but half so many men?"—"Because," replied the captain, "they are enough to be knocked on the head."

UNDOUBTEDLY.—The boy stuttered badly, and the father was by no means a good reader. The old gentleman, however, was fond of reading the Old Testament aloud, and he often gave some curious pronunciations to the long list of proper names in the book of Numbers. One day the boy put a stop to it. "F-f-father!" said he, "d-de-don't you f-f-feel afraid?"

"Why?" asked the father.

Mercury thinks, should stay in doors w the wind is shifting.

1825—

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for drift across off

48975

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desch

1025 50000

676 Stock Co. To. Dr. 1000000
Cash

paid Shew for 1165

676 Stock

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JANUARY 9, 1847.

Thos. Mearns Dr. To. 6

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16

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Groceries, Backus Dr To Cash

Am't. Check on a/c

William Cadwin Dr, To L^d H^l Stock

For 21 1/2 lb candles @ 35c & box 30c

11 30

Wm^d Jones Dr, To Cash

Camb on a/c check

10

Express H. C. Cash

Jan 1^{er} 1800

15

George Jones Dr L. R. Jay

for Order for flour 1660

6 25

Crocker Backus Dr J. Clark

Check on a/c

6

Expence Dr. to Cash

for Check

30 70

G. E. Gardiner: (Dr) To Cash Stock

1 gallon oil

75-

Shup Marthas Dr To Cash

Check to S. R. Mutchers 50 25

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THE FIRST BRIDAL

GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

NEW YORK, November 20, 1847.

A POEM, BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I cannot better commence my letter, this week, than by a delicious little poem, from the graceful pen of Bryan Procter, or Barry Cornwall, as he prefers to call himself. The effusion now first sees the light in America. I will not tell whence I obtained it—though I dare say it will be found out. The source is not a secret one, though by no means accessible to the general reader. What a pleasant musical flow, what happy harmony of thought and language, in the following verses!

THE LINDEN TREE.

Here's a song for thee, of the linden tree,
A song of the silken lime!
There is no other tree so pleaseth me,
No other so fit for rhyme.
When I was a boy, it was all my joy
To rest in its scented shade;
When the sun was high, and the river nigh
A musical murmur made.
When, floating along, like a winged song
The traveller bee would stop,
And choose for its bower the lime-tree flower,
And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star stole forth, afar,
And the gnats flew round and round,
I sought for a rhyme beneath the lime,
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah! years have fled, and the linden dead,
Is a brand on the cotter's floor;
And the river creeps, through its slimy deeps,
And youth—is a thought of yore.

Yet they live again in the dreamer's brain,
As deeds of love and wrong,
Which pass with a sigh and seem to die,
Survive in the poet's song.

It gives me pleasure to see a little gem of this kind sparkle first and only in the bright diadem of the Saturday Couriers.

THE LAST LEAF.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he pass'd by the door,
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has press'd
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

And now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

PARAPHRASE

Of the following Extract from a Letter written by a Young Lady to her Female Friend:

"If you have the most remote idea that it will ever be seen, consign it to the flames as soon as you read it, and watch the progress of the fire as it destroys each word, and compare the disappearance of the last syllable to the last breath of the friend of your childhood, who now addresses herself to you."

Let not another than thy faithful eye,
Rest on this secret, consecrated page,
Read for thyself, then lay it safely by,
Unseen, to catch the gathering dust of age.

But if you think that any one beside
Might, peradventure, find it where it lay,
Consign it to the flames,—we may confide
In them as confidants that ne'er betray.

Then give it to be burned, however dear,
And while it perishing shall feed the fire,
Watch it as word on word shall disappear,
Till the last burning syllable expire.

And this compare to Friendship's latest breath,
That will, like holy incense, heavenward rise,
On thee invoking blessings, e'en in death,
From Pomegranate throned supreme in yonder skies
Boynton, V., Oct. 1847.

AN IRON SARPENT!

Those who frequent, from pleasure or business, our wharves, are often witnesses to very amusing occurrences among the many specimens of humanity that abound along the city front; and in particular, at the various steamboat landings. The other day, while waiting the arrival of the New York boat, our attention was attracted by a convulsive start and exclamation from one of those black editions of the genus homo, (that Mrs. Child took so great an interest in,) who was snugly sunning himself against a pile of boxes, with a Southern exposure, and lazily watching the different vessels passing up and down the river. Suddenly there came within his line of vision in the water, one of those (as he in his simplicity supposed) monsters of the deep that so often appear in the neighborhood of Nahant; a glance at the singular appearance and unparalleled speed with which the stranger was approaching, was enough for the frightened darkey, and with a bound that would have done honor to Gabriel Ravel, he cleared the heap of boxes and made for Walnut street, overturning in his course several apple-women and newsboys, leaving behind him a confusion of newspapers, apples, cakes, etc., and their respective owners each consigning him to lasting quarters, the very reverse of Icelandic, without regard to politeness of diction. At the corner of Walnut he was brought to a standstill by being grasped in the arms of a sable friend of Herculean frame, who, resisting the almost superhuman efforts of the other to release himself, asked—

"What de debil is de matter wid de nigga?"

"De sarpent! de sarpent!" gasped the poor fellow in his agony of terror.

"What?" exclaimed the ebony Hercules.

"Dar!"

Just then the long black bow of the new and peculiarly constructed iron steamer Stephen H. Gould darted out from under the stern of a ship lying in the stream, at a rate of speed not less than thirty miles per hour.

"By Golly! de sarpent sure enuf!"

And away like frightened buffaloes they both went up the street. They were fairly matched; the little darky had activity, while his huge friend had strength and immense stride, and each held his own until out of sight. Fortunately nothing obstructed their run and in a short space of time, perhaps miles were between them and the dreaded monster, which was quietly lying at the wharf taking in her coal to enable her to steam it to New York, where her work is to be added, when she is expected to look little more "ship-shape."

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

HOTSPUR AND HIS BRIDE.—E. Leutze—Phillibrown.

"Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katharine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago."

MAGDALIN.—D. Huntington—Finden.

"With dancing hair and laughing eyes,
That seems to mock me as it flies."

PORTRAIT OF ANTHON.—C. L. Elliott—Cheney.

ALNWICK CASTLE.—D. Huntington—Greatbach.

"What tales, if there be tongues in trees,
Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here;
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier."

THE MOTHER.—D. Huntington—Phillibrown.

"Come to the mother when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath."

THE HOUSE TO LET.—F. W. Edmonds—C. Burt.

"The song of knocker and of bell was over;
Upon the doors two chimney sweeps reposed,
And on the floor my dazzled eye beam met
These cabalistic words—'This House to Let.'"

THE PARTED FRIEND

On the Death of Miss Matilda Da

From a bright hearth-stone of our land,
A beam hath passed away,—
A smile,—whose cheering influence seem'd
Like morning to the day,—
A sacrificing spirit

With innate goodness fraught,—
That ever for another's weal
Employ'd its fervid thought.

That beam is gather'd back again
To the Pure Fount of flame,—
That smile the Blessed Source hath found,
From whence its radiance came,—
That spirit hath a genial clime:
And yet, methinks, 'twill bend
Sometimes, amid familiar haunts,
Beside the mourning friend.

Yet better 'twere to pass away,
Ere evening shadows fell,
To wrap in chillness, and decay,
What here was lov'd so well,—
And strew unwither'd flowers around,
When the last footsteps part,
And leave in every nook of home,
Sweet memories for the heart.

L. H. SIGOUR

A little longer, but a little longer,
And earth, with all its griefs, its joys, and cares,
Its anxious thoughts, bright hopes, and gloomy fears,
Its beauty and deformity, its burdens for
The pent-up, struggling soul, its aspirations
For a holier clime, its jarring passions
And its "gushing sympathies," (for even such
Are found upon its rugged way) its loving hearts
And vile, unhalloved ones, and all it has
Of beautiful and good, and bright and pure,
And the dark stains upon its loveliness—
Shall pass away.

Then let us meeker bear its burdens,
Struggle on more patiently amid its sorrows,
Enjoy with purer, more heartfelt delight,
Its blessings, and with eyes upturned to Heaven,
And hearts longing more earnestly for its
Enduring joys, await "The Master's" mandate.

Nantucket Dec^r 9th 1825

Cornell Jones Dr. To Cash
= check on a/c 20

Ship Mace Dr. To Cash
paid D P Macy
bill of 1 lb tor 2 86

brocker Backus D
1 lb flour of W. Hays 8 25
1/2 lb oil 37 1/2

Isaac Edger 4th
99 lb Candles 34 33 1/2
3 1/2 25 75 34 1/2
Dan^l Mitchell
29 lb oil 52

Cash Dr. To Cash
12th 13th for amt of Dan^l Mitchell 4th 13 15 33

Candle H. Hock Dr. To Cash
paid E Pease line hoops 9 42

Expense Dr. To Cash
paid Town Tax 49 47

Isaac Mitchell Dr. To Cash
1/2 Dan Iron Hoops 2nd Hays 59

Ship Mace 4th Hays passage
for freight 200 Copper 20 5 1/2
paid Barilla Bunker old Canvas 10
Potter 5

for amt of 2nd Hays passage 3 50
N Bedford

for 2nd Hays passage 5

Ship Mace
for 100 Bungs 75

Ship Martha
for Saml Raymond 40 33

TO A LAN' TERRAPIN.

Guid mornin' frien', ye'r early creepin',
Wi' head erect aboot ye'r peepin':
That steady gait ye always keep in!
Ay, sure an' slaw!
Faith, the time ye tak for sleepin'
Is unco sma'

Yer crawlin' pats me a' in mind
O' crawlers o' the human kind.
How monie crawlers do we find
'Mang sons o' men,
Wha's thoots are to the earth inclin'd
E'er to the en'.

I've heard my rever'nd grannie say
That monie a weary mile ye gae,
An' monie a doozen eggs ye lay,
Ye queer auld beast,
Wilk gies the snake, ye'r mortal fae,
Fu' monie a feast!

Hah! ye've shut yersel' up tight,
Yer daft to be in sic a fright
At seein' sic an' unco sight
As my queer face,
Gang on yer gaet, I'm na the wight
Wad harm yer race.

But, aiblins now for fun or fame,
I'll carve the initials o' my name,
Upo' yer hard, sleek, glossy wame,
So dinna fret ye;
Wilk done, na ither right I claim,
Than doon to set ye.

Now fare-thee-well, for I maun leave thee,
I ken my absence winna grieve thee,
Wi' jinglin' Scotch I'll na mair deave thee,
A' ither too;
Sae ance for a', I freely give thee
A lang adieu!

P. S. Say, are ye bund to seek that place*
For wilk there's been a "steeple chase,"
If so, good sooth, ye'll mend yer pace
That vera certain;
Maybe, ye hae o' friends a brace,
Behint the curtain.

There meet again, if e'er ye should,
Yer brither crawlers i' the mud,
Gie my respects to a' the brood,
In a' savannahs,
Show them my pass, 'tis quite as good
As Santa Anna's.

* Vide the Naples mission.

A SEVERE REBUKE.

An aged and venerable gentleman, (the Rev. Dr. J—), some time since took passage in a stage a Philadelphia, with a number of young men. They topped at Mrs. K—'s to breakfast. The young men soon finished their repast, and shouted—

"Hurra, the stage!"

The driver hastily completed his, mounted the box, and sung out, in chorus—

"The stage is ready."

Meantime, Dr. J— had swallowed but one cup of coffee and a piece of toast. The young men, becoming more impatient and vociferous, the Doctor stepped to the door, and impressively addressed the driver—

"Driver, you have no objections, surely, to let an old man, who has lost most of his teeth, and consequently eats very slowly, have a few minutes longer to finish his meal?"

"Certainly not," replied the driver.

"Thank you, sir," said the Doctor; "I'm glad to find there is one gentleman in the company."

The young men were abashed and silent, and the Doctor finished his breakfast in peace.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A certain general of the United States army, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin him.

"What, is Silver-tail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer. "Do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the general.

"Skinning the horse, yer honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, yer honor, but thin ye see it tuk 'bove half an hour to catch him."

"Catch him! fire and furies! was he alive?"

"Yes, yer honor; and you know I couldn't skin him alive."

"Skin him alive!—did you kill him?"

"To be shure I did; you know I must obey orders without asking any questions!"

SAVING A PENNY.

M. B—, of Frankfort, who is married to an actress, and is also engaged as a writer for a journal called *La Neuille de Conversation*, was lately sent for by the principal editor.

"My dear sir," said the latter, "some one has sent me five louis on condition that I write an article against your wife. There is the letter—read it."

M. B— having perused the letter, said, with the utmost gravity—

"Well, five louis is too much to throw away; and as nobody knows a wife's faults so well as her husband, give me the money, and I will write the article."

The bargain was made; and in the next number of the journal a most severe article appeared against the lady.

WHAT THE FACTS WERE.

A lady at —, whose friends had arrived unexpectedly, got up an impromptu dinner party, and was compelled to send to the nearest pastry cook's for some large tarts. All went on well, until the lady, unluckily wishing to show off, by pretending not to know what was at her own table, pointed to the dish with an air of great dignity, and inquired—"John, what are these tarts?" Whereat John, in the innocence of his heart, looking at the tarts in a commercial rather than a culinary point of view, briskly replied, "Fourpence a piece, Ma'am."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON ELOQUENCE.

Mrs. Partington, the venerable and tender-hearted friend-in-law of the editor of the Boston Post, speaks in the following just terms of praise of a temperance lecturer, to whose eloquent appeals she had just listened. "Dear me, how fluidly he talks. I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every nerve and cartridge of my body—verdigrise itself couldn't be more smooth than his blessed tongue is."

FAMILY REUNIONS.

I could tell you all about it; how the old homestead is (at least once in a year,) the scene of a happy gathering of all the family members—how the good grandame and gram'ther call around them a merry group of descendants—how the old folk renew their youth, for the nonce—how the boys and girls rollick and shout and laugh—how the long family table groans beneath its load of smoking poultry—how the rousing pumpkin pies and big puddings disappear before the appetite prepared by the previous fast—how all are full of joy and gladness—and how every body is in the best possible humor with himself and his neighbor especially, and of the whole earth generally. I could do this, but I haven't time; and so I will only tell you "a story"—*apropos*.

THE THANKSGIVING STORY.

Away down in "Coony Hollow,"—you know where Coony Hollow is—it is the valley through which flows the famous "Salt River," so well known among politicians.

Well. Away down in Coony Hollow, long time ago—there lived as worthy a landlord as ever put carver into a mutton-haunch—liberal to a fault, was he—kind, generous, hospitable; but he was unfortunate in having thrust upon him, in an evil hour, a "boarder," who had well nigh devoured him of his substance.

He was a good-hearted man, was this landlord—obliging and friendly—and for the world, he could not personally offend any one! His "boarder" had a tape-worm, poor fellow! he couldn't help it—but such an EATER! Well might he fix upon the West (where provisions were plenty) for his abiding-place! He was known for fifty miles the country round, as the "great pie-eater!"

We stopped (a "nice party" of us) at this hotel, where we observed the disgusting voracity of this man, and heard the meek landlord remark, "It's orful, gentlemen, orful—such gormandizing!" We proposed to our worthy host a plan to rid him of the monster.

"No, gentlemen, it can't be done. Everybody is acquainted with him; he has 'eaten out' the best half of the town; the rest know him. It's no use!"

"Leave that to me," said the most *knowin'* 'un of the party; and it was resolved that it should be "tried on." In the event of failure to start the glutton, we were to pay the expenses; if our plan succeeded, the landlord was to foot the bill, and "stand treat."

It was *Thanksgiving Day*. A sumptuous dinner was served, and the roast turkeys and accompaniments were "numerous" on the occasion. It was agreed that an enormous pumpkin pie should be built, in a huge earthen platter, and when the monster called for pie, it was to be placed before him with a ladle! His custom was to devour three or four ordinary pies, after *dining*, every day, and we believed this hint would drive the animal out.

Seats for five at table opposite the proposed victim, were turned down for our party, and every thing passed along just as we would have it. The pie-eater gorged himself with sundry turkeys and fixins', and called for *pie*. The table was cleared for a considerable space in front of him, and Edward, the waiter, placed before him the platter, (two feet in diameter,) filled with pumpkin and pastry. A large spoon was handed him—his eyes dilated—his mouth watered—his cheeks glowed—but at it he went, and to the utter astonishment of the crowd, he bolted the entire contents, concluding by carefully licking the spoon!

"Edward!" said he, as soon as he could get breath, "bring me another pie, Edward!" and the servant turned to the side-table, and handed our friend an ordinary pie.

"Oh, that ain't no manner o' use" said the glutton; "bring me another o' the big 'uns!"

"All gone, sir!" said Edward; and as the "boarder" thrust the pie into his mouth with a sigh of disappointment, the party left the dining-hall!

The bill was paid, and shortly afterward we were on our way down the river—our *knowin'* friend's face elongated full "a feet!"

I never see *Thanksgiving Day*, when I do not think of that voracious PUMPKIN PIE-EATER!

Yours, THE YOUNG 'UN.

Nantucket 12th Mo 16th 1825

1825

12th Mo 16

James Bunker Dr To J. T. Loomis
amt drawn from them
1 Bushel Turnips 68 89
75

" Charles H. Stock Dr To J. Bunker
amt of his bill 66

" Matthew Mitchell Dr To C. H. Stock
for part of J. B's bill
above charged stock 22

Scudder & Tallis

To James Dr. C H Stock

for 30 g of oil 65 19 50
Fred Jones 1 Bushel Corn of J. Jay 80
3/4 Bushel Turnips 75 2 62

Crocker Backus

4 13 Turnips 75 3 00

Wm. Hadrum

2 13 Turnips 75 1 50

George & Reuben Collier

8 Bushels Turnips Dr to Cash 4 50

Wm. Stubbins

34 3/4 lb Corn 25 85

Box 30

Cash & Co. Cashm^{ing} J. Mitchell

for amt of Draft 10th Mo 26th 600

Dec 2nd Mo 26th

Isaac Mitchell Dr to Stock

10th Mo 26 35 gallon oil 65 22 50

Cash Dr To Macy Bunker & Macy

for drftd Dec 14th 1022

Crocker Backus Dr to C H W

order on J. T. Loomis 4 -

10th Mo 26 Macy Bunker & Macy Dr to Cash

amt received by J. T. Loomis 1000

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Away, away the rosy wine,
I will not take a sup,
For wreathing serpents round it twine,
And there's poison in the cup.
Mix not for me the flowing bowl,
For in the fumes that rise
The withering shades of death enroll,
And he that drinks it dies.

Say not 'twill yield a potent charm
To soothe a mind distressed,
And with its generous virtues warm
To hope, and joy, the breast.
I ask it not when pleasure's gush
Hath filled my soul with mirth,
Nor when stern fortune seeks to crush
My spirit to the earth.

The pure and crystal draught for me,
From spring, or lake, or stream,
Dancing along so bright and free,
Beneath the sunlit beam.
The draught that gives the body health,—
Contentment to the mind,—
Blesses with intellectual wealth,
And leaves no sting behind.

A BULL.—A merry party, in an English country town, were bantering poor Teddy about his countrymen being so famous for bulls.—“By my faith,” said Teddy, “you needn't talk about that same in *this* place; you're as fond of bulls as any people in all the world, so you are.”—“Nonsense!” some of the party replied; “how do you make that out?” “Why sure, it's very aisy, it is; for in this paltry bit of a town you've got more public houses nor I ever seen with the sign of the bull over the door, so you have.”—“Nay, Teddy, very few of those; but there's some of 'em, you know, in every town.” “Yes,” said Teddy, obstinately sticking to his text, for he had laid a trap for his friends, “but you've more nor your share, barring that you're so fond of bulls, as I say: I'm sure I can count half-a-dozen of 'em.”—“Pooh, nonsense,” cried the party; “that will never do: what'll you bet on that, Teddy? You're out there, my boy, depend upon it; we know the town as well as you, and what will you bet?”—“Indeed, my brave boys, I'll not bet at all; I'm no better, I assure ye,—I should be worse if I wur.” This sally tickled his companions, and he proceeded. “But I'll be bound to name and count the six.”—“Well, do, do,” said several voices.—“Now, let me see; there's the Black Bull.”—“Yes, that's one.”—“Then there's the Red Bull.”—“That's two.”—“And the White Bull.”—“Come, that's three.”—“And the Pied Bull.”—“So there is; you'll not go much further.”—“And then there's—there's the Golden Bull in—what's it street?”—“Well done, Teddy; that's five, sure enough; but you're short yet.”—“Ay,” said a little letter-carrier, who sat smirking in the corner, “and he *will* be short, for there isn't one more, I know.”—“And then, remember,” continued Teddy, carefully pursuing his enumeration, “there's the Dun Cow.” At this, a burst of laughter fairly shook the room, and busy hands kept the tables and glasses rattling amidst boisterous cries of “A bull! a bull!” Looking serious at all around, Teddy deliberately asked, “Do you call that a bull?”—“To be sure, it's a bull!” exclaimed several voices at once.—“Then,” said Teddy, “that's the sixth!” Here an unavoidable defeat in the direct was converted into a victory in the antipodean, by the cleverly-obtained admission of the vanquished party themselves.—*Irish Diamonds.*

CHILDREN TO LET.—The letting out of children to beggars, to make up a show, is a regular trade in London.

WISE COUNSEL.—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, “Be sure, my dear, you never marry a *poor* man, but remember, that the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else.”

LORD STANLEY, a few nights ago, alluded to Lord Brougham as “the noble lord who had just taken his seat,” but chancing to look round, and seeing the ex-chancellor jumping about like a cricker, begged pardon, and said he meant his noble friend who “never took his seat.”—(great laughter.)

A Moral and an Example.—We have the following instruction for the ladies from Punch. It is a mode of managing *bad* husbands, but works *both* ways:

“How,” said the young ladies, “can we put the invisible hook in their noses?”

“Listen, said Mrs Griffin, and you shall have a moral and example. When that wasp, now on the window, entered the room, you all flew at it with all kinds of violence. I wonder it did not sting you. Now, in future let it have its little bout and make its noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip, but be as quiet as the statue of Diana, until the wasp seems inclined to settle. Then do as I do now.”

Whereupon Mrs. Griffin dipped the feather end of a quill in a casket of sweet oil, softly and tenderly laid it over its black and yellow body when down it fell, turned upon its back, and buzzed and stung no more.

“There girls,” said Mrs. Griffin, “see what kindness, what a little oil does.—Now hear my moral and example. When a husband comes home in an ill humor, don't cry out and fly at him; but try a little oil—in fact treat your husband as you would a wasp.”

A KENNEBECK SKIPPER ON BOARD A STEAM-BOAT.

Our correspondent, Falconbridge, tells a pretty rich joke that came off at the dinner table, on board the magnificent coast steamer Admiral, during F.'s tour to the British provinces last summer.

Among the usual heterogenous mass of passengers come up from the Provinces, on the Admiral, was a *genovine* “Down East” skipper; likely he had never seen a real steamboat before, of the speed, finish, and power of the Admiral, and it furnished the old chap with wonder, awe, and delight the whole voyage. The skipper was rigged up in his “fancy togs,” pepper and salt trowsers, vest and coat, and the whole suit appeared to be a monstrous scant pattern, if they were ever actually made for one of his *heft*, or they had awfully shrunk in the first wash! The buttons, set on at the root of the coat tail, behind, doubtless for the purpose of denoting the line of demarcation, 'twixt body and tail, were planted within a brief interval of the shoulder blades and collar bones. The old chap had a multitude of questions to ask everybody, especially the officers of the boat. Sticking his head down the hatchway, beneath which the firemen, all reeking with sweat, were jamming in the coal under the boilers, he hailed.

“I say, yeou, down there? Ain't it all fired hot in front of that ar range?”

“You'd better come down and see,” was the response.

“I shan't! See you dern'd fust.”

Then off he'd move to stir up somethin' or somebody else.

“Get pooty snug beairth here, I reckon,” said he to Kemp, the head engineer, as he thrust his old hat, head and shoulders into the engine room. “Spouse yeou get pooty good wages. Mighty loud smell of grease in here. Spile a good many clothes, I reckon, umph?”

“Good many,” said Kemp, “won't do to wear fine clothes here.”

“Here's sixty teon in here. I say yeou, ain't you afeered o' bein' blowed up some time or other?”

“Oh! no, we get used to it,” responded Kemp.

“Oh! shoh! get eout! tell me that now?”

“Fact, sir! Blowed up last trip going into Boston.”

“I wan't to know! Wall, blast these steam jiggers, I don't like 'em, that's a fact. But I say yeou, did anybody get smashed up or scalded?”

“Several,” said the engineer, “one man sitting on that box just where you are, got his thigh broke, and —”

Before Kemp could finish the sentence, a fireman turned off a cock below, and “phe-e-e-e-vor!” spurted off the steam beneath the engine room, and a pair of pepper and salt breeches, and a pendant coat tail, vanished out on deck.

The skipper *let on* he knew a heap, and bored everybody, not even exempting bluff old Captain Rodgers, from his multitudinous questions and observations. “Down East” was a cabin passenger, too, he was.

That incomparable bell-ringer of the boat rung down for dinner. Superb ones they set too, and was soon despatched by the vigorous crowd, including the rum old skipper, who would insist on wiping his mouth and fingers on the side of the table cloth, eating his peas with a knife, then stab it into the butter, gouge his fingers into the bread, and all such diabolical innovations upon the established formula of the travelling *cognoscenti*.

Capt. Rodgers presided at the head of the table, among the fair sex. Charley Spear (clerk) at the foot. Surrounded by the b'hoys, old skipper planted himself about the centre. Dinner off, desert on, skipper “sat” to get his half dollar's worth, crowded on to the fruit and pastry until it was probable a case of apoplexy would inevitably occur on that boat before she reached Portland. Apples came on as a finale. Skipper had several under his ribs. When he seemed full, clinching another great green one, he squared round, and sung out to Capt Rodgers, who just then, relaxing his old weather beaten honestface into a complacent smile, while cajoling with the ladies—

“I say yeou, Captain, there?”

“Speaking to me, sir?” slow and dryly responded the Captain.

“Sure I be,” continued the imperturbable skipper, “yeou hain't got a penknife or nuthin' in yeour trowsers, hev you?—I feerd to eat any more uv these apples with the peel on—*might give a feller the gripes!*”

About a quart of buttons, hooks, and eyes, and boot heels, were found under the table, when the present company had retired! Charles Spear, Esq. voted the skipper his and Falconbridge's jackknives the same eveaing; and it was really whispered that old Capt. R. was seen to smile.—*Bost n Mail.*

A captain in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. “How so?” asked his friend.

“Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped.”

“Joe, what makes your nose so red?”

“Friendship.”

“Friendship! How do you make it out?”

“I've got a friend who is very fond of brandy, and as he is too weak to take it strong, I've constituted myself his *taster*.”

A little girl, observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed: “La! ma, there's a goose with corsets on; it walks just like sister Sally.”

Nantucket Twelfth Mo 21st 1825

1825
12th Mo 21st Ship Martha Dr To Carh
for amt paid speci
3 Dnephoap

150

Phoebe Sluzy Mc Stock

23.3

34

Canals

375

34

20.50

2 By

39

80

21 15

Mathew Mitchel New ap Dr To Old etc
for amt paid B Swam
Carried to New ap

Mathew Mitchel Old ap Dr To New
etc & Canals taken from old
Carried to New ap

601 14

Wm Padda oet

2 1/2 oil

75

Canals Sluzy Stock Dr To Job Macy

22

for amt to his Box

55 50

Job Macy Dr To Stock

24

186-3

40

Canals

34

03.49

1 1/2 B Dimeys

35

1.12

64 61

James W Macy

1 Gallon oil Dr Sluzy Cleman

75

1 1/2 oil Dr Self

112 1/2

Sluzy Stock Dr To Job Macy

25

for 8 Box 0.25

2 Canals to Cadan

13

2 1/2

Walter Cure

27

1 1/2 oil Dr Jan

75

Oliver Candan

1 1/2 oil Dr May

75

Crocker Backus

Cash

3

0

To 1/2

3

6

Mathew Myrick

1 1/2 oil

75

WHO ARE THE RICH?

Who are the rich?—the favoured few
Whose hands their dazzling treasure hold,
With luxury deck their halls, and strew
Their paths with gold?

No; for the wealth so proudly got,
Is borrowed all:—the fatal bond
May grant it to the grave, but not
An hour beyond.

They are the rich whose treasures lie
In hearts, not hands—in heaven, not here;
Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,
And mercy's tear.

No borrowed wealth, no failing store;
These treasures of the soul remain
Its own; and, when to live is o'er,
To die is gain.

Who are the poor?—the humble race
Who dwell where luxury never shone—
Perchance without one friendly face,
Save God's alone?

No! for the meek and lowly mind,
Still following where its Saviour trod,
Though poor in all, may richly find
The peace of God.

They are the poor who, rich in gold,
Confiding in that faithless store,
Or tremble for the wealth they hold,
Or thirst for more;—

Whose hands are fettered by its touch,
Whose lips no generous duty plead;—
Go, mourn their poverty, for such
Are poor, indeed!

GEMS OF POETRY.

The following beautiful sonnet, from the Italian, is taken from an old volume of the Examiner, when under the editorship of Leigh Hunt.

PROVIDENCE.

Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that at her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will.
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still:
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 't would have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or, in denying, grants.

BLACK SNOW IN THE ISLE OF MAN!—Several provincial papers record the fact of black snow or black rain having fallen about a fortnight ago, in various parts of the country. We are assured, upon good authority, that the same kind of rain or snow has fallen in several parts of this island. In some instances it discoloured the clothes of several parties who had sent them to the country for the purpose of being dried, after washing; in others it discoloured the fleeces of various flocks of sheep in and near to the mountains: and in others, it was observed to fall black upon the snow, which then covered the ground.—*Mona's Herald.*

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-scented flowers—
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare.
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers,
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
Attired in sweetness, is not sweetly driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

FELIX AFTER THE FAYVIR.

Yesterday morning we had occasion to pass down Ttchoupitoulas street. In a grocery store, about mid-way between Race and St. Mary's market, we happened to see a native of the "green isle of the ocean," who was giving the proprietor of the store his experience, so far as the yellow fever was concerned. Felix—we'll call him so, for he seemed to be very happy—was reading the remarks of the Delta on Friday morning last, in regard to the "Leontidas" letter hoax, and his countenance was radiant with pleasure. He was dressed in a pair of coarse blue trousers, a blue flannel shirt, and a pair of brogans. The hair had been shaved from the back of his head, and the marks of the cups were plainly visible on his neck.

"Felix," said the proprietor of the establishment, who, by-the-by, is a sandy-haired, good-looking fellow, with a bright blue eye, and a heart as big as his own head, "did ye ever have the yellow fever?"

"Is it the fayvir ye mane? Oh, be the powers, as the cow said to the lady whin she was about pluckin a daisy, it's a beauty. I had it lovely, sur, and God bless the docthors, say I, that attinded me."

"How did they treat you, Felix?"

"Oh, they blisthered and poulticed me.—Thin they cupped—cupped, did I say? be gor, I belaiwe they saucered me! There was one small man, sur, who had a pair ov gold spectacles on his nose, who wanted to have me take what he called a mushtard bath; thin there was a broad-showldered man, wid a big shtick in his hand, who dolitely tould me that av I didn't have a quart or so ov blud let out ov the back ov me neck, that I'd be a coorpse in the coorse ov a day or so."

"Well, and what treatment did you submit to Felix?"

"Thratemint! Sur, I submitted to all kinds of thraitment; and had it not been that I had a constitooshun like a jackass, I belaiwe the "thratemint," as they call it, would have put me under the sod."

"How did you feel, Felix, when you were first taken?"

"Fale, sur? Be me sowl, I fild as if there was a blacksmith with a hammer bangin away at the back ov me neck, an a could piece ov ice soakin into me warm brain. Thin me legs! oh, mother ov Moses; the starch was all out ov thim, sur, and they wur as limber as rags. As for me stummack, as the ould lady said, who stuttered whinver she thought of vomiting, it spoke for itsilf. Oh, I thought I had Jonah's whale inside ov me, and Mister Moorse's tiligraph in full motion in my bowels."

"How din they proceed to cure you, Felix?"

"How? As the blind man said when he wanted to pick up a pin from the flure, I'm not exactly sartain as to that point. They leeched me, sur, an the leeches, had luck to 'em, sucked as if wur half-starved infants an I was their mother. Thin the poultices, en the baths, en the dhrinks hot an could, an the fayvir, the shiverin, an all the other beautiful sinsations of the lovely disase, made me fale as if me time was come an I had no money to pay for the same."

"How did you get cured, Felix?"

"That's more than the likes ov me can till. But this I can take my affydvait to. One mornin, whin the two docthors was quarrelin as to which was the best way to kill me, there was a gig come up to the doore, and a man as big as Brian Borihme jumps out. He had a piece ov a stump ov a segar in his mouth, an at first I thought he was the sheriff coming to saize my body. He looked at me as fierce as if I had done him mortal injury, and catchin hold of me hand, he said in a gruff voice, 'What's the matter with you?' 'It's the fayvir I have,' sez I. 'You're a poor man!' sez he. 'I am,' sez I. 'You be d—d,' sez he; and wid that he gave me some stuff that cured me in a day or so."

I saw him this mornin ridin by in his gig, and sez I to him, 'God be wid ye, sur, for your kindness to the poor!' He politely tould me to 'go to h—l, to pay him for his sarvices if ever I was able, and in the manetime, if I wanted a dollar, to call on him an I could get it'."

"Don't you know the name of the person?"

"Begor I was too sick to ask him for his name, but his face, though it's as ugly as that of the devil's second wife, is in me own heart, and there it will stay till the eyes ov me soul are blind. He's a big, heavy-built man, sur, don't seem to care a d—n what he says; bnt he's kind to the poor, and saved the life of me beautiful self. Some one tould me his name—it's a hard name, but may the colored gentleman below fly away wid me if I can remember it."

Poor Felix scratched his head—he couldn't remember the name of his benefactor, but the warmth with which he spoke showed that he would never forget his kindness.

"LOCAL." On the morning of Commencement day, cries of "murder," "help," &c., were heard issuing from a house in Chapel street, greatly to the alarm of the neighbors, several of whom immediately rushed in to ascertain the cause, when lo, and behold! the lady of the house was discovered with her husband across her lap, on whom she was inflicting a regular *spank-ado*, for some breach of family discipline, and who was making the welkin ring at the top of his voice, for assistance. Really—the order of nature seems perverted in this town! One man runs away with a nursing child, and a woman *spanks* her husband within an inch of his life! What are we coming to?—*New Haven Register.*

"I keep an excellent table," said a lady disputing with one of her boarders. "That may be true ma'am," says he, "but you put very little upon it."

The Sunday Atlas says that Horn wants to know why a woman steering a boat, when requested to put the "helm hard-a-port" is like the name of a celebrated country? Because it's *Port-a-gal*.

PLEASURES AWAY.

"Pleasures away! they please no more.
Friends! are they what they were before?
Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them are their wings.
The dance? 'tis what the bear can do;
Music! I hate your music too."
When e'er these witnesses that Time
Hath snatched the chaplet from our prime
Are called by nature (as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow,
And will be heard and noted down,
However we may fret or frown.)
Shall we desire to leave the scene,
Where all our former joys have been?
No!—'twere ungrateful and unwise;
But when die down our charities
For human weal or human woes,
Then is the hour our day should close.

1826

11th 1st Canoe Hous Hook No 6 Back
 Jan and for his Rent
 12 m 31st 1825 55 "

Rachel Swain & Co Stock

for 30 Bays Canals 910-3³³

302⁵²

30 Bays 20

900 3 11 52

Charles Carter

2 Bays

31-2

31-2

63 10 34

Matthew Barker & Co Regd & C Myrick
 for order on them 40 "

Sundry Accts & Co per Hadam

Matthew Mitchell

for Sundry p list 4⁸⁸

Mano

for do 5⁸³

Expens

for Sundry 90 80 01^{1/2}

Remit 1826-1827 90-65^{1/2}

William Hadam & Co Cash

1824

to Cash 42⁰⁰

Cash for Camb 1⁷⁵

1825-1826

Cash and acct

for Hadam

43 75

46 90

50 54

141 19

Sundry Accts & Co per Jan 5⁰

Grace Mitchell

for Sundry p list 11⁶⁵

Epinal House

for Sundry 20⁰⁰

Expens

for Sundry 59⁶⁴

Remit 1826 1827

91 29

Jam^s W. May

1 g oil

35

Epinal Backen

1 g do

25

Matthew Myrick

for Sundry

£

150

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill: a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface.
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate for man:
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span:
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.—Anon.

every with a good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites of a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a pea hen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as a scale of fish; she must mourn for her husband just like a she camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju

On sending a number of maids yet enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still

apples, which of them will bring he wished to destroy her.

"She," replied Kookju, "who,

After a few days he thought he had found means of attaining

He sent for her and asked her to determine the true

worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve

her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she

intended, as a wise woman, merely to warn him

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan

would promise her implicit obedience to her commands for four

days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time.

On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him, and said,

"Confess, oh, Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth a

much as this joint of meat. The Chan was so struck with the

truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his own

son, and permitted her to remind him to use his Left Eye!

THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS ENGAGED.

All persons are aware that as soon as a young lady becomes engaged, she's an altered being. We might almost say that she ceases to preserve her identity, for by this simple process we have known a romantic young lady to become sensible, and the matter of the young lady becomes romantic.

We will now show you, fair readers, how you can tell whether a young lady is engaged or not.

First, there will always be a very strong report of it, one-third of which you may fairly believe, especially if your sisters have heard of it from her maid while she was "doing" her hair.

When you have fully and philosophically established in your mind what quantum of belief, &c. report deserves, you may proceed to work, without delay, by paying a visit boldly at the house where lives the young lady herself.

Knock softly. You ask "is any one at home?"

"Only Miss Higgins, sir," says John, with a knowing wink, not meant of course, for you to see.

The next moment you are shown slap into the parlor, and there find Miss Higgins and Mr. Brown sitting opposite one another at each end of the fire. Now observe whether the chairs appear to have been hurriedly separated at your appearance, and mark if the lady's fears appear flushed. It depends entirely on your own management whether your future manœuvre shall advance you a step in your line of evidence. Much, of course, must be left to circumstances, and much to your own peculiar genius. A snob would cry out, "Hallo, what's here!" and observe the degree of blushing on either side, consequent upon such an exclamation. It is best to sit down, and without appearing to do so, remark particularly what ocular telegraphs pass between the two parties. If the gentleman obstinately sits you out, of course that goes down as additional evidence.

The next time you meet the "poor fellow" in the street, put on the most friendly tone imaginable, shake him a dozen times by the hand, saying, affectionately, "My dear fellow, I congratulate you, upon my soul, I do. What a lucky man you are; &c. &c. Hereupon, if the poor devil protests that he can't understand you, with a falter in his voice, and a semi-smile struggling at the corners of his mouth, set him down as trying to humbug you.

These signs add to your former presumptive evidence, and so you come at last to the conclusion that the lady is engaged.

We will now give you a few more signs. The lady, if before she was shy towards yourself and other young gentlemen, now talks to you in the most easy manner possible when he is away—when he is present she answers to any question you may put, "yes" or "no," as the case may be.

Again, mark her walk—she preserves a sort of staid, sober tragic gait. She spends her time learning to make pies, &c. Again, she is ever knitting slippers and purses. However others may be astonished when you receive a small piece of cake "done up" with a white seal—go on with your coffee, and say "You knew it all along ago."

A Household Hint.—In these days when our fashionable ladies give up darning stockings and patching sheets in favor of making dainty patchwork to cover chairs and lounges, it may be well to mention a novelty in the way of fancy house-wifery which may possibly captivate the imitative propensity of some of our fair readers. The Portsmouth Journal mentions a way of making carpeting at ninepence per yard, which runs as follows: Sew together strips of the cheapest cotton cloth, of the size of the room, and tack the edges to the floor. Then paper the cloth as you would the sides of the room, with any sort of room paper. After being well dried, give it two coats of varnish, and your carpet is finished. It can be washed like canvas carpets, without injury, retains its gloss, and, on chambers or keeping rooms where it will not meet rough usage, will last for two years as good as new.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked the price of the short tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else but the Chan's left eye.

The report of this singular and daring I have heard in my solitude that thou most forevest the noble and before him, and asked:—

"On sending a number of maids yet enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still

apples, which of them will bring he wished to destroy her.

"She," replied Kookju, "who,

After a few days he thought he had found means of attaining

He sent for her and asked her to determine the true

worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve

her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she

intended, as a wise woman, merely to warn him

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan

would promise her implicit obedience to her commands for four

days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time.

On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him, and said,

"Confess, oh, Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth a

much as this joint of meat. The Chan was so struck with the

truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his own

son, and permitted her to remind him to use his Left Eye!

"Prince," replied Kookju, "I beg you do as follows:—sell

all your cattle except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price

for it except the Chan's left eye."

The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she

—bade him.

Nantucket 1st Mo 11th 1825

1826

1st Mo Ship Martha Dr To Cash
Spauld copper duff 550.
do Higgins 35.75 585 75

Ship Martha Dr To G & R Coffin
for Boat 50 00
To M Parkham for paint 7

Ship Martha Dr To sundry acc
to H Stock
for 309 1/2 lbs old cast @ \$1.10.
Baac Mitchell \$340. 45
for 393 lbs 11 gal New @ \$1.40 550. 60
211 lb 26 gal shooks @ 90¢ 190. 63
David Woods 1081 70
for his bill of Tea & Sugar 35
50 lb Tea @ 42¢ 21 100 lb Sugar @ 8¢ 8
Cash for cooper flour & Bread 3 50

Expenses Dr To Rachel Linn
for sundry p Linn Linn
Mar 1824 to Dec 20 1825 198 90

Sundry Accts Dr To Matthew Barber
Expense
for sundry p Linn to Mar 4 1826 500
Canale House 5.46
for do 1044
Rendered Mar 4 1826

Sundry Accts Dr To Wm Padon
Matthew Mitchell
for sundry p Linn 481 1/2
Canale House
for do 5.83
Expenses
for do 80 21 1/2
Canale House Stock 5
for do 63 11
\$ 15397

Modern Romance.

A German Tale.

The Germans are a very quiet people, and have one very singular trait in their national character—they love to be astonished. They are fond of listening to very mysterious stories, and of throwing a cloud about what is perfectly clear. Their criminal records in particular are full of romance, and seem to us like the annals of a previous century. The annexed account, which we find in a late number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, is German to the very life. We have some doubt whether the worthy burghers of Leipsic would unravel the mystery connected with the story if they could, as that would greatly lessen its interest.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 28th of February, 1812, that a gentleman presented himself at the door of Mr. Schmidt, an affluent merchant of Leipsic. Being admitted to an interview, he informed Mr. Schmidt that he was from Hamburgh, where, not finding affairs favorable to his objects, he had come to see what could be done in Saxony; and, describing himself as especially recommended to Mr. Schmidt's good offices, he requested that gentleman's advice with respect to the most advantageous mode of laying out his money.

In the course of this conversation, which lasted upwards of half an hour, Mr. Schmidt opened his desk, and took from it a bill to the amount of one hundred dollars, which the visitor begged leave to inspect. Having done so, he restored it to the owner, who, whilst returning it to the place whence he had taken it, suddenly sank to the ground, deprived of consciousness. On recovering his senses, he cried to the stranger to assist him; but the stranger was gone.

When Mr. Schmidt arose from the floor, which he did with much difficulty—for his head was bleeding profusely—he saw the chairs standing about in confusion, and his desk open, and a moment's examination showed him that bills to the amount of three thousand dollars were missing.

By this time his cries had summoned to his aid Vetter, the landlord of the house, and his wife, who, having bound up his bleeding head as well as they could, the unfortunate man, to whom indignation and despair lent strength, rushed into the street, and making his way to the sheriff's office, there lodged information against the stranger, giving the best description of him he could. Notices were immediately sent to all the banking houses in the city, together with the numbers of the missing bills; but quickly as this was done, it was too late. The house of Frege and Company had already cashed them.

On learning this, Mr. Schmidt returned home, took to his bed, and, after an illness of some duration, died from the consequence of the wounds in his head, which the surgeons declared had been inflicted with considerable violence, and by a blunt instrument.

Before he expired, he reiterated, upon oath, the above particulars, adding that he did not know how or why he had fallen, nor whether the stranger had struck him or not. An idea seems to have prevailed at the time that he had sunk to the ground immediately after taking a pinch of snuff from the stranger's box; but this fact was not positively established. Of the appearance of this ill-omened visitor he could give very little description, except that he believed him to be about forty years of age.

The account given by the bankers was, that between the hours of ten and eleven on the day in question, a stranger had presented himself requesting cash for the bills, which he duly received, partly in gold, and partly in silver. As far as they had observed, he exhibited no appearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On the contrary, he had not only counted the money and inspected the various coins with great deliberation, but he had returned some of them, requesting others in their place. With respect to his appearance, both they and Vetter, who had seen him in Mr. Schmidt's office, agreed that he was well-dressed, and had much the air of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to the discovery of the assassin. The murdered man was laid in his grave; and, after causing much terror and excitement amongst the inhabitants of Leipsic for a time, the story sank into oblivion, and

was forgotten, or at least ceased to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of February had come round again, when one morning a rumor spread through the city that a fearful murder had been committed on the person of an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt. It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a house hard by. The girl declared she had not been absent five minutes, and that, on her return, she was met in the entrance-hall by a clergyman, who asked her if she were going out, and whether she should be long. She told him she was now returning: whereupon he went quickly forth at the street door. The girl then ascending to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice crying, "Hanne! Hanne!" and on entering the apartment, she discovered her lying in one corner of the ante-room, with her head bleeding. She told the maid that a stranger, who had brought her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had struck her down. On being asked if she knew him, she said she had never seen him before, to her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood, proved, on examination, to be addressed to Madame Kunhardt, and purported that she should give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was dated Hohenlohe, 24th January, 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with blood, and from one spot the coloring of the wainscot seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr. Kunitz, who resided in the same house, said that, just before he heard the maid crying for help, he had seen a middle-sized man, in a dark frock coat and black cap, going out at the street door. His coat was marked as if it had been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger; the more so as the maid said that the same gentleman had called two days before, and inquired for her mistress, but had gone away on learning she was engaged with company. The coachman's wife also, who lived in the lower part of the house, had seen the stranger on that occasion, and at his request had directed him to the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She having business that way herself, had followed him up stairs. Just, however, as they reached the door, Hanne opened it to let in the baker, whereon the stranger turned down stairs again, saying it was a mistake, and went straight out of the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the alarm became very general: people grew extremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and several persons came forward laying claim to the honor of having already been favored with the attentions of this mysterious stranger; amongst the rest, the wife of Dr. Kunitz, and a Demoiselle Junius, a lady of considerable fortune. But on both of these occasions circumstances had been adverse to the success of his object.

Presently a rumor began to circulate that the maid had been heard saying that she knew who the assassin was, and that he was a clergyman whom she had often seen whilst living in her last place, with a certain Dr. H——; whereon being called upon to name him, she fixed upon a gentleman, who was immediately arrested; but on being confronted with him, neither she nor any of the witnesses recognized him as the person whose morning visits had become so notorious. This mistake, however, directed attention to another clergyman, who was in the habit of frequenting her late master's house; and Dr. H—— remembered that a friend of his, named Tinius, had slept at his house on the night preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt; had gone out about eight o'clock in the morning; and had returned at nine, after having read the newspapers, and bought a book of a person named Rau, which he brought in with him.

Dr. Tinius was a man on whom no shadow of suspicion had ever rested. He was minister of Posenna, an eloquent and far-famed preacher; an author, amongst other things, of his own biography; a man of deep learning; and one of the greatest book collectors in Germany.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed, suspicion attached itself to Dr. Tinius; but in so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so eminent a man was concerned, great caution was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured to accuse him, they carried the maid Hanne to Posenna. Tinius, who happened to be just stepping out of his house, turned pale at the sight of her. She declared he was the man, and he was forthwith arrested, and carried to prison.

80 75-
13 25
12 50

Nothing could equal the surprise of the citizens of Leipsic at this discovery, nor their horror when further investigations brought to light many other attempted assassinations, besides the successful one of Mr. Schmidt. When we say *brought to light*, we mean to say, produced a universal persuasion that the, till now, respected Dr. Tinius was the criminal; for to this day, although so many years have elapsed since these events occurred, they are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr. Tinius still lives, residing at a place called Zeitz, under surveillance. Nor does there appear much reason to hope that the secret will be cleared up by a deathbed confession, old age having hitherto brought with it no appearance of remorse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded from his clerical office, a ceremony which appears to have been conducted with great solemnity, and given over to the civil power; after which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investigation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate the law, and thus prolong their own lives, forms a very remarkable feature in the criminal records of the country, and appears to indicate something extremely defective in the judicial process: in short, the difficulty of obtaining a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we find numerous instances of trials extending to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt could exist as to the guilt of the parties arraigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr. Tinius, has any reasonable motive for these extraordinary assassinations been discovered: the one most commonly suggested is that which romance has attributed to Eugene Aram, namely, an inordinate desire to purchase books. Others believe him to have been actuated by a diabolical hatred to mankind more especially to the prosperous portion of it.

He had had two wives, neither of whom lived happily with him; and there were not wanting persons who declared that he had always inspired them with an inexplicable repugnance; but this feeling had never been heard of till after the crime.

Dr. Tinius endeavored to prove an *alibi* but with very indifferent success; and it goes far to establish his guilt, that several letters were found in his house of a like nature to the one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and addressed to various opulent people in the city, evidently intended for the same atrocious purpose. A hammer, with the handle shortened, so as to be conveniently carried in the pocket, was also discovered; and it was thought that the wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head had been inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features in this affair, are the numerous letters he wrote to his friends—respectable men, generally clergymen—whilst he was in prison, and the investigation was pending. Letters, coolly requesting them to hide this, destroy that, and swear the other which, whilst they furnish the strongest proof of his guilt, betray at the same time either the entire absence of all moral perceptions on his own part, or else a conviction that these honorable men were in the condition themselves. These letters referred to certain matters connected with the murder of Mr. Schmidt, as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

The murder of Mr. Schmidt was supposed to be the first successful crime of this bold assassin; though, doubtless, not the first attempted. And a bold enterprise it certainly was: in broad daylight, in a frequented street of a populous city, to introduce himself into the office of an affluent and well-known merchant, and rob him of his life and his money with so much adroitness, that the people in the house heard no disturbance; and with so much self-possession, that he was able immediately afterwards to present himself at a banking-house, and not only coolly demand cash for the stolen bills, but count the money and select his coin with a degree of deliberation and repose of manner that would have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had any existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been quite so much at his ease after the murder of Madame Kunhardt. Circumstances there had been less favorable; and if booty were his object, he had been disappointed. The maid Hanne, to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he looked very pale; as did also the cook at Dr. H—'s. She said that when he returned home that morning his face was ashy white, and his step unsteady; and that when he entered the parlor, he stood for

some minutes with his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the Bible. She had remarked the same symptoms of agitation at table whilst he laughed and joked, and exerted himself to appear cheerful and disengaged; and although, during his several examinations, the system of obstinate denial he had adopted was never shaken, yet there were moments wherein he betrayed an irrepressible confusion, which he endeavored to mask by pretending a violent fit of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself chiefly in writing and corresponding with his acquaintance. When he was released under surveillance, his former congregation, disliking to receive him amongst them, subscribed a sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile elsewhere.

He is described as a middle-sized man, of pale complexion, and black hair, which he wore combed straight down on each side of his head. He was generally wrapt in a blue cloak; and thus he went about paying these fearful morning visits, with his mysterious snuff-box and deadly hammer in his pocket, biding his opportunity.

The following remarkable passage was found in his autobiography, written *previous* to the occurrence of the events above narrated, and which fully shows his guilty feelings. "The fact that it is not customary to publish the histories and motives of living persons, is sufficient to exonerate me for having omitted to treat openly on these subjects. The picture which I now paint is for posterity. The colors will remain unfaded, and the drawing correct. Many men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and their words and deeds have pronounced judgment upon them; and be it longer or shorter, we shall one day stand before the great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all that is hid in darkness be brought to light. Meantime, I wait my justification in patience, being so much accustomed to calumny, that it has ceased to affect me—especially since I observe that it is not *my* honor, but their own, that my enemies injure. To suffer for righteousness' sake is pleasing in the eyes of God and man. I will hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto the death, and rest my hopes on the promise of the dying saint—"So, my son, shall the Lord fight for thee."—*Chambers's Journal.*

A School Anecdote.

One of the most amusing school anecdotes that we have heard recently, (says the Boston Bee), occurred a few days ago, at the — School, in Roxbury. A lad, whom we will call Peter, for the sake of a name, playing truant from that school, and, wishing an excuse the next day, altered over an old note, which had been used for the same purpose on a former occasion, by expunging the old date and substituting the present. The master immediately detected the trick, and in the presence of the school impressed upon him the dangerous character of such frauds. He then told Peter he would leave him in the aisle for half an hour to reflect upon it, and be his own judge as to the punishment due the offence. The half hour having elapsed, the whole school was called to the "third position"—the attitude of attention; and the teacher said—

"Now, sir, you yourself are the judge in this case; what is your decision?"

Peter hesitated a little: then, hanging his head, pronounced, in a whining voice, the following impartial verdict—

"Why, as it's the first time, I think you'd better let the poor fellow go!"

The Ladies' Casket.

PRAYER FOR AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

Father in Heaven!

Behold he whom I love is daily treading
The path of life in heaviness of soul;
With the thick darkness now around him spreading,
He long hath striven,
O, Thou most kind, break not the golden bowl.

Father in Heaven!

Thou who so oft has healed the broken hearted,
And raised the weary spirit bowed with care,
Let him not say his joy hath all departed,
Lest he be driven
Down to the abyss of dark despair.

Father in Heaven!

O grant to his most cherished hopes a blessing,
Let peace and rest descend upon his head;
That his torn heart, thy holy love possessing,
May not be riven,
Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed.

Father in Heaven!

O may his soul be stayed on thee; each feeling
Still lifted up in gratitude and love!
And may that Faith, the joys of Heaven revealing,
To him be given,
Till he shall praise thy name in realms above.

[From the Delta.]

The Infant Slumberer.

SLEEP, pretty baby, with thy soft cheek pressing,
Like rose-leaves newly gathered, on my arm,
And one white hand thy golden curls caressing,
Half hid within a nest of ringlets warm;
Dimly beneath the ivory lid is gleaming
The dove-like beauty of thine azure eye,
Thy red lips murmuring in their happy dream-
ing,

Thy breath as balmy as the south wind's sigh.

The glorious beauty of the opening rose,
Breathes not more eloquent of bloom than thou,

Hushed in thy calm and infantine repose,
And youth's glad sunshine lighting up thy brow;

Yet, slumberer, I who have passed weary years,
And seen life's brightest hopes fade, one by one,

Can shadow forth thy future by my tears—
All thou'lt experience while thy life-sands run.

And little one, though now you softly slumber,
A time will come no gentle sleep can close
Thine aching eyes, when hot tears without number

Will dim their brightness, banish their repose;
When those soft cheeks, where ruddy hues are sleeping,

Will learn to blanch with sorrow and with care;

Whose roses will decay 'neath tear-drops, steeping
The glowing beauties that are mantling there.

A time will come for thee, my little friend,
When woman's trusting heart will in thee waken,

And a new beauty with thy life will blend,
From woman's earliest dream of passion taken;

And thou wilt learn to curb each gushing feeling
And hide them in thy bosom's holy shrine,
And by that altar of thy spirit kneeling,

Guard from all eyes thy secret, deemed divine.

Yes, quiet sleeper, you will drink in words
Sweeter than music to your willing ear;
Will yield your heart, to have its tender chords
Swept by a hand you trust will hold it dear;

That heart will sound forth gladly, as a lute
Touched by a skillful hand, whose careless play

Will break those tender strings and leave them mute,
To perish by its harsh neglect away.

And, pretty babe, you will learn to prize
The chains which we must bear, the rosy link
Forged by the beams that flash from love-lit eyes,

With flowers that bloom on life's deceitful brink;

Yet, after, when you wake from love's first dream,

And find those flowers withering 'neath your eyes,

What you would give for Lethe's fabled stream,
To free thine aching heart from its fond ties.

But, oh! sweet child, forgetfulness is not
For us—we cling to that which pains us still:
Love once, love ever! is a woman's lot—

Her destiny, and not her own sad will.

Heed well, then—dash the glittering cup away
From thy pure lip, though it be crowned with flowers,

'T were well for thee if thou could'st always stay

Pure, passionless, as in thy childhood's hours.

LELLA.

The Last Interview.

HERE in this lonely bower, where first I won thee,

I come, beloved, beneath the moon's pale ray,
To gaze once more, through struggling tears upon thee,

And then to bear my broken heart away;
I dare not linger near thee as a brother;

I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
How could I hope my struggling thoughts to smother,

While yielding all the sweetness to another,
That should be mine!

But faith hath willed it; the degree is spoken;

Now life may lengthen out its weary chain,
For, rest of thee, its loveliest links are broken;

May we but clasp them all in Heaven again!
Yes, thou wilt there be mine, in yon blue Heaven;

There are sweet meetings of the pure and fond;

Oh, joys unspeakable to such are given,
When the sweet ties of love, that here are riven,

Unite beyond.

A glorious charm from Heaven thou dost inherit;

The gift of angels unto thee belongs;

Then breathe thy love in music, that thy spirit
May whisper to me, thro' thine own sweet songs;

And though my coming life may soon resemble
The desert spots, thro' which my steps will flee

Though round thee, then, wild worshippers assemble,

My heart will triumph if thine own but tremble
Still true to me.

Yet, not when on our bower the light reposes

In golden glory, wilt thou sigh for me;
Not when the young bee seeks the crimson roses;

And the far sunbeams tremble o'er the sea,
But when at eve the tender heart grows fonder,

And the full soul with pensive love is fraught,
Then with wet lids o'er these sweet paths thou'lt wander,

And, thrilled with love, upon the memory ponder
With tender thought.

And when at times thy bird-like voice en-
trances

The listening throng with some enchanting lay,

If I am near thee, let thy heavenly glances
One gentle message to my heart convey;

I ask but this—a happier one has taken
From my lone life the charm that made it dear;

I ask but this, and promise thee, unshaken,
To meet that look of love—but oh, 'twill waken

Such raptures here!

And now farewell! I dare not lengthen
These sweet, sad moments out: To gaze on thee

Is bliss indeed, yet it but serves to strengthen
The love that now amounts to agony!

This is our last farewell—our last fond meet-
ing;

The world is wide, and we must dwell apart;
My spirit gives thee now its last wild greeting,

With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating
And heart to heart.

Farewell! farewell! Our dream of bliss is over,

All, save the memory of our plighted love.
I now must yield thee to thy happier lover,

Yet oh, remember, thou art mine above!

'Tis a sweet thought, and, when by distance parted,

'Twill lie upon our hearts, a holy spell;
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have started,

And I—alas! we both are broken hearted!—
Dearest, farewell!

AMELIA.

Jan 11 1861
1861

90 20
75

1826

2nd 11 Isaac Pilger to C H Stock

3 Boys Randa 25

33-3

34-1

93 34

3 Boys

30

Sundry

to C H

Macy By Macy

for 3/4 of Cent in Draft 8.79

Balance of Interest 21.21

for 1/2 of 22.50

for 1/2 of 41.21

Commission on Draft 5.00

2nd 16th

Isaac Mitchell

for orders on Wood &

Delapacke for 1/2 of 30

Obadiah Marshall to C H Stock

for 3/4 of 24.45

by 30 30 10 75

Epaphroditus Backin

18 1/2 of oil

40

Samuel Mitchell

2 of 16 Sam Cary 80

100

Edward Macy

By 1/2 of 100

50

do 1 Mitchell

50

Sundry

2nd 20 Edward Macy to Sundry

Expended

for hide

3.08

for Payable

for acct for of H Backin

due 4th 20

87 75

91 00

Obadiah Marshall to Cash

paid him balance for acct

47 47

Friendship.

There is a sunlight in the summer's sky,
And it glows on the bush and brake,
It sends its rays o'er field and flood,
And deep in the silvery lake;
It sleeps on the quivering aspen leaf,
And kisses the murmuring rill,
But when it falls on the floweret's cheek
It awakens a deeper thrill.

So Friendship in the human soul,
Like the sunlight, bright and warm,
Wakes life and bliss in the heart's deep cell,
With the power of some magic charm;
It hushes to rest the trembling fear,
It quickens the life-blood's flow,
And deepens the bloom on beauty's cheek,
With its whisperings, sweet and low.

The sunlight scatters its glittering rays,
All heedless of time or space;
So Friendship, the sunlight of the soul,
Finds in every land its place;
Then, lady, what boots the hundred miles
Of earth's long, wearisome way,
The hills and dales, the mountains and glens,
That between our hearth-stones lay?

What matters our converse is all unsaid
In words which fall on the ear?
Perchance we've communed in those sweet
tones

Which only the heart can hear;
And, lady, though all unknown to thee,
My heart's best wishes are thine,
May friendship as bright as the noonday sun
On thy pathway ever shine. E. R. M.

The Broken-Hearted.

BY HARRY LAURIETT.

The silken tie is broken now,
That bound thy heart to mine;
And from thy presence I must go
In sadness to repine.

How couldst thou say the bitter word,
That doomed us thus to part?
How couldst thou break the magic spell
That twined around my heart?

When first I gazed upon thy face,
That radiant shone with love,
I thought that thou wert mild and fair,
And gentle as the dove.

O that I never yet had learnt
Thy character so well;
For thy loved image from my heart
I cannot now repel.

The joy that reigned within my heart
Is turned to sadness now;
For sorrow with its heavy hand,
Is laid upon my brow.

But still I could not, would not curse
The hand that dealt the blow,
Though it should sink me to the grave
O'erwhelmed with bitter wo.

O may'st thou never, never feel
The pangs that tear my heart,
And may the sorrows of this world
Ne'er give to thee a smart.

Remarkable Incident.

We find the following interesting article going the rounds of our southern exchanges, as illustrative of the old axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction." The facts contained in it are as interesting as remarkable, and will not be read without exciting a feeling of goodly sympathy for the heroine of the tale, or of admiration for the distinguished man who may be called its hero:—

Crossing the Hackensack bridge, near Newark, one day, in the railroad car, in company with Governor D. of New Jersey, that gentleman observed that he had once witnessed a remarkable incident on that spot. He was in a stage coach with some eight or nine passengers, male and female, and as they were crossing the bridge at this point, one of the former remarked that thirty years before he had been crossing the river at that very spot, in a stage coach filled with passengers as now; that the bridge which then existed was a miserable rickety old structure, ready to fall on the least provocation—that the waters of the river were at the time very much swollen in consequence of a sudden freshet; and that when the coach got about midway on the bridge, one of the supporters gave way, precipitating all hands into the dark and rapid waters. After great ado, however, the passengers all reached the shore, with the exception of a little infant which had been swept from the mother's arms in the

EFFECT OF FEAR.—Sudden terror has brought on various diseases, insanity, catalepsy, apoplexy, even hydrophobia. The hair has turned gray and white in the space of an incredible short time. The following curious case of this nature has been recorded: "The peasants of Sardinia are in the constant habit of hunting eagles and vultures, both for profit and amusement. In the year 1839, three young men, (brethren) living near San Giovanni de Domas Novas, having espied an eagle's nest in the bottom of a steep precipice, they drew lots to decide which of them should descend to take it away. The danger did not arise so much from the depth of the precipice—upward of a hundred feet—but the apprehension of the numerous birds of prey that inhabited the cavern. However, the lot fell on one of the brothers, a young man of about two-and-twenty, of athletic form, and of a dauntless spirit. He belted a knotted rope round his waist, by which his brothers could lower or raise him at his will; and, armed with a sharpened infantry sabre, boldly descended the rock, and reached the nest in safety. It contained four eaglets of that peculiar bright plumage called the light Isabella. The difficulty now arose in bearing away the nest. He gave a signal to his brethren, and they began to haul him up, when he was fiercely attacked by two powerful eagles, the parents of the young birds he had captured. The onset was most furious; they darkened the cavern by the flapping of their broad wings, and it was not without much difficulty that he kept them off with his sword; when, on a sudden, the rope that suspended him swung around, and on looking up he perceived that he had partly severed it with his sabre. At this fearful sight he was so struck with sudden terror, that he was unable to urge his companions to hasten to his delivery, although he still kept his fierce antagonist at bay. His brothers continuing to haul him up, while their friendly voices endeavored to encourage him, he soon reached the summit of the rock; although he continued to grasp the eagle's nest, he was speechless, and his hair, which had before been of a jet black color, was now as white as snow."

struggle, and which now seemed irrecoverably gone. The hearts of the passengers, however, were too deeply touched by gratitude for their own escape, and sympathy for the bereaved mother, to allow of their remaining inactive; and those of them accordingly who could swim, plunged again into the flood to make a thorough search for at least the lifeless body of their little companion. The narrator himself was so fortunate as to grasp it by the clothes, at some distance from the place of the accident, and on taking it into the toll house and instituting active measures for its recovery, it soon gladdened all hearts by opening its eyes, and recognizing the face of the now overjoyed mother. The gentleman narrated the little history with a smile of righteous satisfaction at the part he had played in it; but he had scarcely concluded, said Gov. D., before one of the ladies of the company begged him to excuse the liberty she was about to take, in asking him if his name were not Mr. So-and-so? "It is," replied the other. "Then," rejoined the lady, "I was the infant whom you rescued! My mother always remembered the name of the deliverer of her child, and taught the child always to remember it. But it is only now after an interval of thirty years from the time of the event, and here on the very spot where it occurred, that the child finds an opportunity of telling her deliverer how faithfully that name has been cherished." So unexpected a *denouement* as this, said Gov. D., filled us with the liveliest and most joyful surprise; and I am sure every one in the coach at the time will remember that journey as one of the most agreeable they ever made.

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the blue-stocking school;
'Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed,' she replied,
'That I never would marry a fool!'
'Then think not of wedlock,' he answered, 'my fair,
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question!'
'Not so fast,' my fond lover, she answered with glee,
'Nor prate of chaste Di's intercession:
No wise one will take your opinion of me,
Because you're a fool by confession.'

A clergyman was once told by one of his parishioners of a story to his disadvantage, which was in circulation. 'Ah,' exclaimed he, 'do they say so about me? If they knew me half as well as I know myself, they might tell things much worse than that, with more truth.'

The Circassian girls are great swimmers and divers—and among the divers strange thing of this age, present a beautiful and novel sort of diving belles.

A young lady in New Brunswick, horse-whipped a lawyer for laming her dog. The parties were married three days after.

Ant 3rd Dec 1827

1827
3rd Dec 12

H. Puckham Dr

Cash

14 Crocker Backing

1 gal oil @

"

70

19th Danl Jones Dr to C. H. Stock

for 2 lbs candles @ 30^c

60

28th Sander & Tarrant Dr to C. H. S.

64 gal Winter oil

Crocker Backing Dr to Cash

for amt on a/c

Order on 1st Dec

2

3

Barnard v. Macey Dr to C. H. Stock

for sales of oil

to Patriot

774th 51

Sales of oil

577th 58

& Travelling

1352 19

Cash Dr to Barnard v. Macey

for deft 4th Dec 12 Dec 12 \$1100

do

"

"

500

1600-

Dec 1st for Wherry Dr to Cash

Order on for Tarrant

10

oil

75

9th Benj^r Mantau Dr to Danl Jones

" 1 Gallon of oil

Crocker Backing Dr to Cash

Order for J. Barney

1875

Cash

6

14th Oliver & Gardner Dr

to 1 Gall oil

70

15 Crocker Backing Dr

for 1 Gall oil

68

20

1 Gall oil

68

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

A kiss is a singular thing,
Of its nature we but little know,
But it touches a magical spring,
The effect is quite pleasant, I trow;
From the lips, with a magnetic start,
It goes, an impression to make,
Direct to the place of the heart,
Which sometimes it happens to break!

O, the feeling I'll never forget,
That sweetly pervaded my frame,
While I gazed in her eyes black as jet,
And tenderly whispered her name.
At length I had gained her consent,
Her rosy-red lips to impress;
Straightway to the business I went,
I'll remember it ever, I guess!
My lips with her own had scarce met,
Before the electrical fire
Flashed out from those sweet orbs of jet,
Quite as much as man could desire;
Then raising her lily-white hand,
And leaving me naught to infer,
With a smack on the chaps she exclaimed,
'Take that for your impudence, sir!'

OUR OLIO CORNER.

[ORIGINAL.]

MOONLIGHT PERPETRATIONS.

BY JOPO GUS CAPUS.

Jopo Gus Capus he wished for to write,
So he took it in his pate, one moonlight night,
And all he could think of, and go for to see,
Was the blear-eyed cat behind the chimerees.

Jopo Gus Capus he wanted to rhyme,
And he tried for to think of the big sublime,
And all that he thought, why he couldn't get at,
For behind the chimerees was the blear-eyed cat.

Jopo Gus Capus he wished for to poetize,
And all he could think was the blue cat's eyes,
As she rolled them up in the moonlight clear,
He thought the little critter shed a very little tear!

Now the blear-eyed cat was very much in love,
And she sighed and she moaned like a pretty little dove,
But Jopo Gus Capus he didn't care for that,
For he never liked the looks of a blear-eyed cat!

Now she sighed and she purred in the moonlight's gleam,
And the tears rolled down her cheeks in a great stream!
And Jopo was touched by her tears and her sighs,
For she came very near scratching out Jopo's eyes!

Scratching out Jopo's eyes, heigho!

THE BRIDE'S PROMISE.

But three months yet I've been a wife,
And spouse already shows his airs;
I wish I'd lived a single life,
But as I did not—why, who cares?
Beside, let husband use his tongue,
And scold, and pounce, and cock his hat;
He'll quickly find I'm not so young,
But I can beat him, sirs, at that.

I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or where I will, and wont be checked;
But keep it up both night and day,
Until he treats me with respect;
And if he romps with—I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
And faith may find, and shall so too,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And let me sometimes have my will,
(Young wives you know most surely should)
I'll duly every right fulfil;
And never, O! no, never rove,
But stay with him at home and chat,
And prove, by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

Be content as long as your mouth is full
and your body warm.—Remember the poor—
don't rob your neighbor's hen roost—*never*
pick an editor's pocket nor entertain an idea that
he is going to treat—kick off dull care—black
your boots—kiss your sweetheart—sew you
own buttons and be sure to take and pay for a
newspaper.

A lady riding a few days since on horse
back, through one of the Boston streets, was
stared at particularly hard, because she sported
a pair of nice, clean, snowy-white pan-
talettes—with ruffled straps.

"Nearer to Thee."

"He had no love or longing for life, although
he knew that each day brought him closer to
the grave, so certainly fatal was the illness
that had fixed upon him. A little lock of hair
was ever pressed in his hand, and he kept his
eye constantly fixed upon it, repeating every
now and then, as a pang would rack his now
feeble frame, 'It matters not, it brings me
nearer to thee.'"—*Bulwer.*

Years, years have fled since, hushed in thy last
slumber,

They laid thee down beneath the old elm tree,
But with a patient heart each day I number,
Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

The twilight comes and robes in softened
splendor

All that is beautiful on land or sea,
And o'er my spirit flings an influence tender,
For in that hour I nearer seem to thee.

The night is gone, and as the mists of morning
Before the day-god's burning presence flee,
Then in my heart a welcome light is dawning
That cheers me as I nearer press to thee.

I sometimes think thy Spirit kindly watches
Over the heart that loved so tenderly,
For there are rapturous moments when it
catches,
As if in dreams, a blessed glimpse of thee.

In those sweet visions thou dost come before me
With loveliness that earth may never see,
I feel thy presence like a blessing o'er me,
And then I know I nearer am to thee.

When from these dreams I tearfully awaken
Colder than ever seems the earth to me,
But yet all hopes have not my heart forsaken,—
Am I not drawing nearer, nearer thee?

Thou wert Life's Angel,—How I loved, adored
thee

Ere Death had set thy gentle Spirit free!
And now thou knowest how oft I have implored
thee

To bring me nearer, nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee,—To night the stars are burning
In skies that must thy blessed dwelling be;
Thou canst not leave them, unto Earth return-
ing,

But I am pressing nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee,—How long, how long encum-
bered

With mortal fetters must my Spirit be,
With but one wish, one hope, through Life I've
slumbered,

The wish, the hope to be yet nearer thee.

Nearer to thee—I know my prayer is granted,
I know thy Spirit now is close to me,
Not, not in vain this hope my heart has haunted,
Each pulse-beat brings me nearer, nearer thee.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

Oh, mother! I have dreamed to-night
A dream of early days,
When every thing seemed fair and bright,
On which we used to gaze;
Methought I saw his gentle form
Stand by our cottage door,
And that the clay-cold hand was warm

That mine oft press'd of yore.
Oh, mother! I have dreamed to-night
Of many a by-gone hour,
Of many a blossom fair and bright
He brought me for my bower;
I've heard again the old church bell
Fall sweetly through the vale,
Again I've heard those cold lips tell
Some well remembered tale.

Oh, mother! I have tried awhile
Some outward joy to show,
To smile as you would have me smile,
But still my tears will flow;
For every night some blissful dream
Steals o'er my troubled brain;
And every morn comes day's bright beam
To break that spell again.

An editor summing up the virtues of a
soap boiler, lately deceased, concluded his eulogy
with the usual phrase of "peace to his ashes!"
The remark gave great offence to the family, one
of whom threatened the editor with personal violence.

An able judge was once obliged to deliver the
following charge to the jury: "Gentlemen of the
jury, in this case, the counsel on both sides are
unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are in-
credible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both
such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent
which way you give your verdict."

RATHER SEVERE.
A rich merchant, named Hogg, once requested a
person to bring him a load of corn in a stated time,
which he failed to do, and did not take it until the
next day after that which he had promised. The
merchant, as might be expected, refused it.
"Well," replied the wagoner, "you are the first
I ever knew to refuse corn."

GAUZY.—There is a place in New
Hampshire where they have no old maids.
When a girl reaches 29, and is still on the id-
der of expectation, the young fellows club to-
gether and draw lots for her. Those who es-
cape, pay a bonus to the one who gets her.
There's gallantry for you.

Nantucket 5 M^o 13th 1827

1827
5 M^o 13th Daniel Jones Dr
for 12 1/3 Gals 2 Chans paid & beg
of H^c } 24 90

Crocker Backus

1 Gallon oil 5 M^o 2nd 1828

16 1/2 " " " 05

211 Gall oil to Capt Chase 7 33

3 Gals to E Green 65

1 95

25 David Baxter Dr
Paid for 2 box candles

26 3/4 - 26 1/2 @ 27 1/2 14 88

2 boxes @ 30 60 15 98

" Crocker Backus Dr
1 gallon oil to E Starbuck 70

Charles Easton Dr C H M^o
28 1/2 25 3/4 H^c candles 17

Box 30 52

of D Jones stock

6 M^o 3rd Joseph W Kipp Dr
for 1 bushel corn

James Worth Dr
1 gallon oil to mother 70 1/2

Crocker Backus Dr

13th to 1 Barrell of Flour from } 5 75

R. Joy's 70

16th 1 Gallon oil 70

19 1 Gallon oil 70

16th 20th Cash paid David Baxter
paid on a/c of his Nov 5 1/2 26

Joseph Meehan Dr C H M^o

2 Gallons oil 140

of D Jones stock

1828
12 in 184

Carlsbought y. Mitchell Pt

By Cash Remit 3m-28th 1998.54

Interest 105.83

Balance Due then 1000-20th 4212.27 5320 64

Carlsbought y. Mitchell Cr

12. 184. By Cash on two drafts of 1000 each 50

4m-28th Draft of Ashur 1000

8" 25 B Bunnell 1000

Interest 224.55
2274 55

Crocker Backus D

1/2 g oil 3 1/2
1828-1m/18 1 Gallon oil 75.

Isaac Mitchell

1828 1/2 g oil To L. P. Aldrich 1 05

8th George y. Reuben Coffin
2 Gallons 26 Cogs for George 1 50

1828 11th Ship Martha Dr

For amt of my part of cable
Gardner's draft for of H. Macy } 54 69

George F. Bunker

1828 1 g oil To Cogs for Hillman " 75

Ship Martha Dr To Cash

paid To R. Mitchell
for my part of Cable & draft for of H. Macy 54 69

1828

2000/1 Sundry y. Tallant Dr

for 599 1/2 to Candl 25-149-87 1/2

25-3	29-3	29-1	
26-1	29-3	28-1	
30	27-3	24-3	171
24-3	29-3	31-2	218-3
25	24-3	25-3	209-3
25 1/2	26-1	31-2	599 2
26-2	26-1	171	
25-3	24-2		
209-3	218 1/4		

22 Bogs To 6.00 1504 1/2

George F. Bunker

2m 1st 1 g oil " 75
1 1/2 " 75
12 1 Do 75
1 Do 75

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

"I don't like him at all," said Mr. Jones.
 "Nor I," replied Mrs. Mayberry.
 "Take him for better or worse," added Mr. Lee, "and I think he is the strangest and most inconsistent man I ever saw."

"Inconsistent?" resumed Mr. Jones. "He is worse than inconsistent. Inconsistencies may be pardoned as constitutional defects and peculiarities of character. But he is worse than inconsistent, as I said."

"Yes, that he is," chimed in Mrs. Mayberry. "What do you think I heard of him last week?"

"What?"
 "Yes, what did you hear?"
 "You know Mr. Barker?"

"Yes."
 "There isn't a more gentlemanly man living than Mr. Barker."

"Well, what of him?"
 "He was in Mr. Monto's store one day last week, and happened to say something that displeased the little man, when he fired up and insulted him most grossly."

"Indeed?"
 "Yes. Mr. Barker told me himself. He said he was never more hurt in his life."

"He left the store, of course."
 "Oh, yes. He turned on his heel and walked out, and says he will never darken the door of Monto's store again."

"He'd be a fool if he did. It is too bad, the habit of insulting people which Monto has. I know several persons who are hot as fire against him."

"If there were nothing worse about him than that," said Mr. Jones, "I would be glad. His conduct toward the young man he raised was unpardonable."

"What was that? I never heard about it," remarked Mr. Lee.

"He had a young man whom he had raised from a lad, and who, it is said, was always faithful to his interests. Toward the last he became wild, having fallen into bad company. If Monto had been patient and forbearing toward him the young man might have been reclaimed from his error; but his irascibility and impatience with everything that did not go by square and rule caused him to deal harshly with faults that needed a milder corrective. The young man, of course, grew worse. At last he got himself into a difficulty and was arrested. Bail was demanded for his appearance to stand a trial for misconduct and breach of law. Monto was sent for to go his bail; but he heartlessly refused, and the poor fellow was thrown into prison, where he lay four months, and was then, after a trial, dismissed with a reprimand from the court. Feeling himself disgraced by confinement in a jail, he enlisted in the army as soon as he got free, and has gone off to the Indian country in the West. Isn't it melancholy? The ruin of that young man lies at Monto's door. His blood is on the skirts of his garments!"

"Dreadful to think of! Isn't it?" said Mrs. Mayberry. "Just imagine my son or your son thus cruelly dealt by. A fiend in human shape couldn't have done more."

"It'll come back upon him one of these days, I believe, in retribution. No man can do such things with impunity," added Mr. Lee. "Mark my words for it—Monto will repent of this, as well as a good many other acts of his life, before he dies."

"He's the meanest man I ever saw," said Mr. Jones. "I don't believe he ever gave a dollar for charitable purposes in his life."

"You may possibly err, there," remarked a fourth in the company who had not before spoken.

"I should like to see the man, Mr. Berry, who can point to a benevolent act of Monto's," returned Mr. Jones, in a decided voice.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Berry, "if we were as willing to look at the other side of men's characters, we should not entertain the poor opinion of them we do. If we were to look as closely at the good as we do at the bad, we might find, perhaps, as much to praise as we do to blame. When I was a boy I had a penny given to me, and was about buying a large, seemingly fine apple, when my brother said in a warning voice, 'Look at t'other side.' I did look, and found it rotten. When I became a man I remembered the lesson, and determined that I would not be deceived by fair appearances of character, but would be careful to look at t'other side for blemishes. Heaven knows I saw enough of these, even in the best, to sticken me with mankind. A few years passed and I was glad to change my habit of observation. I began to look at the other and brighter side. The result surprised and pleased me. I found more good in men than I had supposed. Even in the worst there were some redeeming qualities."

"You will find few in Monto," said Mr. Lee.

"Do you see that man on the other side of the street?" asked Mr. Berry.

"Who? Miller?"

"Yes; that's the one I mean. I'll call him over, if you have no objection, and ask him a question or two. I think he can say something bearing on the subject of our present discourse."

The man was called to, and he came over and entered the store of Mr. Jones, where the conversation happened to occur.

"Good morning, Miller! How are you to-day?" said Mr. Berry.

"Good morning! You've quite a party here. All friends, I see."

"We seem to have met by one of those happy accidents that sometimes occur. How are you getting along now, Miller? You've been through some pretty tight places, I believe."

"Yes; and, thank God! I am through them with a whole skin."

"Cause for congratulation, certainly. We meet with some hard rubs in our journey through life."

"Indeed we do. Adverse circumstances try us severely and try our friends also. It has been so in my case. I thought I had a good many friends, until trouble came, but, as you know, there were few to stand by me when I most needed support."

"But you met with friends."

"Yes, friends in need, who are friends indeed."

"And they were among those who had made no professions, and upon whom you did not feel that you had any claims?"

"Exactly so. This was particularly the case in one instance. Through losses, mistakes, and from errors on account of which I do not attempt to excuse myself, my business became embarrassed. What little real estate I had was thrown into market and sacrificed, but this did not meet my necessities. In the hope of weathering the storm, I removed from the handsome store I occupied into one at half the rent, reduced all expenses both in my business and family, but still I was not able, without the most untiring exertions, to meet my payments. More than half my time I was on the street, engaged in temporary expedients to raise money. I was harassed to death, and in daily dread of failure. In this unhappy posture of my affairs, I tried to get some permanent assistance from friends who were able enough to afford it, and who knew me well. But they were all afraid to risk anything."

"One day I had been out from nine o'clock until two, using my best efforts to obtain sufficient money to meet my notes. I had a thousand dollars to pay, and could only, thus far, raise five hundred. Every where that I could think of going I went, but no one would help me through my difficulty. Dispirited and alarmed at the perilous position of my affairs, I returned to my store, in order to sit down and reflect for a few minutes. I thought over all my business acquaintances, but there were none, upon whom I had not already called, that I felt free to ask for the loan of money. Things seemed desperate. Something must be done, or I would be ruined. Already the finger of time was past the mark of two. In less than an hour my paper would be dishonored, unless I could in some way command the sum of five hundred dollars. I thought, and thought, until I felt stupid. At last a man whom I had never liked much came up before my mind. I had some little acquaintance with him, and knew, or supposed, that he had money. The idea of going to him I would not at first entertain. But things were desperate. At last I started up, determined to see this man."

"He can but refuse me," I murmured to myself.

"It is past two o'clock," said I, abruptly, as I met him standing at his counter, "and I am still five hundred dollars short. Can you lend me that sum for a few days?"

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"I can, and with pleasure."

"I could hardly believe my ears. But, by the assistance of my eyes, when he put a check for the amount I had asked for into my hands, I was fully assured that he was in earnest. I don't know that I ever stopped to thank him, so overjoyed was I at such unexpected and cheerfully tendered relief. Three or four days afterward I took him the money he had loaned me."

"Keep it longer, if you desire to do so, no present use for it," he said.

"I hardly knew whether to take him at his word or not. But necessity is an eloquent pleader."

"If you can spare it as well as not, it will be an accommodation. My payments are heavy on the next ten days," I replied.

"Retain the use of it and welcome," he said, kindly. After a pause he inquired how I was getting along, and did it with so much sincerity that I was tempted to state frankly the position of my affairs, and did so. He listened with a good deal of interest, and afterward asked many questions as to the nature and profits of my business. I concealed nothing from him in favor or against myself as a business man.

"You must be sustained, Mr. Miller," he said. "I have a few thousand dollars uninvested that I will keep free for six months or so. As far as you need assistance in meeting your payments I will afford it. Pay no more exorbitant interest; waste no more time in running about after money; but put all your thoughts and energies down to your

question or two. I think he can say something bearing on the subject of our present discourse."

The man was called to, and he came over and entered the store of Mr. Jones, where the conversation happened to occur.

"Good morning, Miller! How are you to-day?" said Mr. Berry.

"Good morning! You've quite a party here. All friends, I see."

"We seem to have met by one of those happy accidents that sometimes occur. How are you getting along now, Miller? You've been through some pretty tight places, I believe."

"Yes; and, thank God! I am through them with a whole skin."

"Cause for congratulation, certainly. We meet with some hard rubs in our journey through life."

"Indeed we do. Adverse circumstances try us severely and try our friends also. It has been so in my case. I thought I had a good many friends, until trouble came, but, as you know, there were few to stand by me when I most needed support."

"But you met with friends."

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"Yes; and, thank God! I am through them with a whole skin."

business, and twelve months from to-day, will see
you freed from all embarrassments."

"And he was right," said Mr. Berry. "He was certainly a noble fellow," said Mr. Jones. "Pity there were not more like him."

"That it is," remarked Mrs. Mayberry. "He belongs to another grade of being than your Monto."

"Who?" Miller spoke quickly. "We were talking of Monto when I called you," said Mr. Berry. "Our friends here have a very low opinion of him."

"Of Mr. Monto? Why it is of him that I just now spoke."

"Of Monto!" ejaculated Lee. "Certainly. He it was who so generously banded me."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayberry. "Not at all, for it is true. I never was more taken in any one in my life than in Mr. Monto."

"He has his faults and defects of character as men have. He is irascible and impatient, and treats thereby a great many enemies."

"He was certainly kind to you, Mr. Miller," said Mrs. Mayberry. "But still, I don't believe in him. Look at the way he treated that poor fellow whom he raised from a boy. That shows his character. That shows him to be cruel and vindictive."

"There is another side to that story, without doubt," remarked Mr. Berry. "That there is," said Miller; "and suppose we look at it. Monto knew that young man much better than you or I, or any of us. He had borne with his irregular habits and evil conduct for years well as a man of his peculiar temperament could do with them."

"A precious kind of forbearance it was, no doubt. It isn't in him to bear with any one," said Mr. Jones.

"Will you censure a man for what he can't help?" asked Mr. Miller. "I don't know that we ought," was replied.

"It is clear that we ought not, for to do so would be for us to ask of him an impossibility and censure him for not performing it. Mr. Monto is a man, as we all know, of exceedingly impatient temper. Keep that in view. He takes this boy when quite young and educates him, as well as teaches him his business. Before he is of age he abuses the confidence reposed in him by his benefactor, neglects his business, associates with vicious companions, and purloins his money. Still Monto bears with him in the hope that he will change."

"But he grows worse and worse; and at length, after a long series of peculations at home, gets into a difficulty and is sent to jail to await the judgment of the law in his case. I happened to be in Mr. Monto's store when he was sent for to bail the young man out."

"No!" he said firmly to the messenger, "he is much better in prison than out."

"The man went away, and Monto, turning to me, said, 'That, Mr. Miller, is the most painful thing I have done in my whole life. But to have acted otherwise would have been wrong. Kind admonition, stern reproof, angry expostulation, all have failed with this young man, in whom I cannot help feeling a strong interest. I will now leave him to the consequences of his own acts; and to the, I hope, salutary results of his own reflections. If these fail to reform him there is no hope.' This was the spirit in which it was done. He did not attend the court when the trial came on, but he had a messenger there who kept him constantly advised of the proceedings. The acquittal gave him great pleasure, and he expected the young man would return to him, changed and penitent. He was, alas! grievously mistaken. The enlistment hurt him exceedingly. I could perceive that his voice was unsteady when he spoke of it. If he erred in his conduct it was an error of judgment. He meant to do good. But I do not believe he erred. In my opinion the young man is fit only for the grade he now occupies; and he is better off where he is."

"There is good in every one," said Mr. Berry when Miller ceased speaking; "and we will find it if we look at the other side."

The censurers of Monto approved the words by a marked and half mortified silence.

"Yes, there is good in every one; there is another side. Let us look for it rather than for what is evil, and we will think better of mankind than we do."

NEWSPAPERS.

Old man, thou sayest well,
From Newspapers the world instruction borrows,
Truly, like the Arabian Tales, they tell
Of joys and sorrows.

'Tis pleasant sure,
So Byron said, 'to see one's name in print.'
Ask the pale bankrupts, broken-hearted poor,
If they admire its tint.

Yet here's a list of such,
Huddled within a corner. They have burned
Good oil perchance in toiling late and much
Without reward returned.

In all thy reading,
Did'st never fancy that the ink looked pale
In such a list, as if 'twere an upbraiding
To tell the tale?

'Tis an idea;
And yet a kindly one, worthy a king;
Our fancy is the magical Medea
That will strange phantoms bring.

Here's a poor fool,
Who hath found wit enough to rob his master;
Priests offer him a short commandment rule,
And law, a prison plaster.

Did'st ever sigh
When such a thief has trod the heavy wheel,
And think he who hath gold enough to buy
Need never pick nor steal?

Here's a sad wretch,
Who in his brother's blood has stained his hands;
He hath the lofty privilege to stretch
His neck in hempen bands.

'It is most fit,'
(So runs the language of our penal code)
'That man should speedily his Maker meet,'—
And so it helps him on the road.

When the disciple's sword
Lopped the Jew's ear and marred a loving creed,
Have ye forgotten how Christ's blessed word
Reproved the deed?

Here's a sweet maiden, [brave!]
(O, that such souls would learn life's wrongs to
With blighted hope, and shame, and anguish laden,
Hath dug her own dark grave.

And here are stories told
Of creatures upon whom disease hath fed,
Crawling in cellars, filthy, black, and cold,
Dying for want of bread.

Old Man, thou sayest well;
From Newspapers the world instruction borrows,
Truly, like the Arabian Tales, they tell
Of joys and sorrows.

Here stands the marriage list—
Some linked to bliss, and some to trouble mated;
And here the record of whom earth hath missed;
'Deeply regretted.'

A row of little strangers,
Who may hereafter glad as many hearths;
Doubtless cold Malthus, fearful of its dangers,
Shrunk from the list of births.

A favored corner,
That should be sacred as a rainbow's hues;
And sacred 'tis having as an adorer
The Poet Muse,

In big-typed observation
Then crowns the whole, the 'Leading Article';
A mentor that gives wisdom to a nation,—
At least a particle!

Unto what system grown
Politically, whatso'er our choice,
The Newspapers have a familiar tone,
And all should hear their voice.

BURRINGTON'S POEMS.

66 Bacon	50
Potatoes	5 40
12 1/2	5 2 1/2
Do	
12 1/2	65

Ported George J. Southern Coffee to Cash
Do balance acct
Daniel Jones
1 Gal Oil

27 10

62 1/2

A Domestic Tale.

Written for the Saturday Rambler.

EARNEST LE MOND;

—OR—

The Truth of Fortune Telling

BY CLARA.

CHAPTER I.

"There," exclaimed Annah Clifton, as she placed the last pearl among the massive braids of her dark hair, "there, Bell, shall I not do to compete with any one who may chance to meet me at Mrs. LeMond's soiree this evening?"

"Ay, that you will, *ma belle cousine*," answered Bell, as she assisted her to adjust the folds of her rich satin frock; "none can rival the charming Annah Clifton."

"Thank you, thank you, cousin Bell; but as I live, 'tis almost time to go, and here you are not dressed yet! Hasten, coz, or you'll be late."

"It never takes me but a moment, you know, and I'll soon be ready," answered the light hearted girl, as she bounded from the room.

Ere Annah's bracelets and rings were fairly adjusted, Bell returned in full readiness. Before she hardly entered the room, however, Annah exclaimed,

"Why, Bell! that ever-going white frock! I'm sick and tired of the sight of it. Could you not find something else, just for this once?"

"I did not wish to do so, my fastidious cousin. This best accords with my plain taste, and still plainer features; and besides, there is now more contrast between myself and you. You know I would not like to eclipse you!" and with a provoking kiss upon the cheek of her cousin, she continued, "not another word, Annah, if you love me."

And not another word was said, for Annah did love her cousin more than she loved any one else. And well she might; for a purer or a happier being there lived not. She was just one of those creatures formed to love and be loved. Her heart was full of warm and kindly impulses, and though she was ever a little wild and wayward, and even the good old people asserted, with an ominous shake of the head, that she was a little visionary and romantic, there was not one who would not take the young girl to his heart and shield her from every ill which it was in his power to avert.

She was now scarcely seventeen, and such a merry, innocent thing, that it did one's heart good to look at her. A glance from her clear, sunny eye was like the glimmering of a bright star breaking through the thick clouds of a dark and stormy night. True she was not beautiful, if beauty consists in the perfectly chiselled feature or clear transparency of the skin alone; but there was a beauty lovelier and holier far—a beauty of expression. You feel that she had a *soul*. It seemed too pent up within her; and every varying expression of her countenance showed its struggles to be free. Ah! such is the beauty of which one never wearies.

She had never known the love of parents, for they had died, leaving her an infant in the care of her father's younger brother, Esq. Clifton. With her cousin Annah, who was scarcely a year her senior, she had been reared and educated as a sister; and though there was not a perfect sympathy, yet warm and kindly feelings were ever cherished between them.

Esq. Clifton was one of the wealthiest merchants in the large and flourishing village of N—, in the western part of Massachusetts. He was a kind and indulgent parent, and his family never wanted for convenience or elegance. His wife was rather a vain, dressy woman, and Annah had imbibed the same taste. She was an only child, and like too many others was petted and indulged too much. She was pronounced by the world to be beautiful. She was rather small, with perfect features, a clear, dark eye and transparent skin, and was every where called *la belle* of the village; no place of amusement was considered complete without her; and she learned, in time, to consider herself, even

as did the rest, a very important personage. It was perfectly natural that she should do so. The sin laid at their door more than at hers.

On this evening a grand soiree was to be given by Mrs. LeMond in honor of the return of her oldest son, who had been travelling in Europe. Previous to his leaving he had been very attentive to the cousins, so much so that they had received the unanimous appellation of "the trio." Since his return they had not met; and it was with an eye to his favor that Annah had been thus careful of her attire; for it must be confessed that she bestowed upon it uncommon attention. Alas! for the frailties of poor human nature, and female vanity.

Bell had gone in her own simple, quiet way, as though desirous of attracting no attention, and desiring rather to be pleased than please. And yet, she thought not of Earnest LeMond without a quicker throbbing of the heart and a heightened color in her cheek. He had been their play-mate in childhood, their companion in youth. It was natural that they should think of his return with heightened pleasure.

At an early hour they were assembled in the large and well furnished rooms of Mrs. LeMond. Earnest, in his rich and unmanly tones, greeted each guest with unconcealed pleasure, and none more so than the Misses Clifton. He had been absent three years, and to again meet his early friends was like giving him the bright past once more. The company all assembled, mirth and gayety were universal. Earnest mingled in it for a time, then drawing an arm of each of the cousins within his own, they passed to an outer room. Seating themselves in the recess of a window they drank in the whole beauty of the scene. 'Twas June—bright and glorious June, and though not sufficiently warm to enjoy an out-of-doors ramble, they sat with the window thrown up, gazing far into the beautiful prospect before them. The Connecticut wound gracefully by, singing and dancing in the moonlight, while the clear stars seemed shedding their radiant smiles in unison with the gladness around.

Long they gazed without speaking. Bell, at length, broke the silence, exclaiming, "How like this is the quiet thoughts of one's own bosom. O! who would not rather enjoy such a scene than mingle in the gayeties and ceremonies of yonder crowded room. Let us remain her, cousin; do not go," continued she, as Annah rose to return.

"But methinks we are selfish, Bell," answered she, "to deprive the company of the society of Earnest so soon after their arrival. No, we had better return."

Bell brushed a tear from her eye, took Earnest's offered arm, and they joined the company. Annah was soon engaged in lively conversation with a young stranger, to whom she had just been introduced, and Bell was left alone with Earnest. Passing from one to another, and bestowing kind words upon all, they again found themselves, almost unconsciously, in the same window and gazing upon the same scene which they had so recently left.

"Our spirits seem to have a yearning sympathy for the good and the beautiful," exclaimed Earnest, as he placed Bell in the recess of the window and seated himself beside her.

"And why should they not have?" asked Bell, looking in his face with her ardent, soul-like gaze. "Is not everything good, and true, and beautiful, bound together in one perfect, invisible chain of sympathy? O Earnest! I have sometimes such sweet, such holy thoughts that it seems to me I can never come back again to the grosser things of earth. My spirit soars away, away, till in a bright and glowing future it meets those of my parents, and we there live, and love, and grow better and holier through the long ocean of eternity. Tell me, Earnest, do you not think we'll know our friends in heaven?" and she looked so earnestly in his face that he almost forgot to answer her, and sat gazing in return. The enthusiastic girl had wrought her feelings to such a height that she leaned her face on her hands and burst into tears.

Earnest drew her gently to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, answered, "Yes, Bell, I believe we shall know our friends in heaven."

"Believe!" replied Bell, raising her head; "do you not know? Ah! Earnest, it is to me certain as life. My own feelings are sufficient proof. I ask no other."

"And, Bell, thus it usually is with me; but there are moments of doubt—moments when I think that there *all* will be friends, but none particularly so."

Do not mention such a thought, Earnest. It has no sympathy with our natures. Heaven would not then be heaven. There would ever be this ardent yearning within us for a more perfect love than is often enjoyed here. It must be gratified *there*. O! yes, Earnest, we *shall* know our friends and be happy with them. It *cannot* be otherwise. Did I believe that friendships were to end here, how little would I care to form them. But they are only commenced—*there* they will be perfected. Do you not think so?" again asked she, raising her tearful eyes to those of her companion.

"Yes, Bell, I will think so—I *do* think so," answered Earnest, as his arm stole gently round her waist.

She started, for just then she heard the voice of Annah as she bounded into the room in high glee. "Ah! ha!" exclaimed she, and so I have caught you, truants, at last, and alone too;" and she gazed with a feeling of envy upon the expressive features of Bell, who had risen on her entrance, and now stood beside Earnest. "A fine way this to serve the company, to be robbing them of its ear," and she cast a glance at Earnest. "But come," continued she, taking a hand of each; "your presence is needed elsewhere. Come, and see what the future has in store for you."

They obeyed her, and were led to another room, where was assembled a group of girls around a poor and meanly clad gipsy woman. As they approached, the circle of girls gave way, and they advanced toward her. Annah was the first to present herself. The old woman took from her pocket a small glass, and asked her name, muttered something to herself and commenced. Suddenly checking herself, however, she whispered, "But young Miss will know full soon; I'll not tell her more."

"Not tell me more, good woman? why not?" asked Annah, while a shadow passed over her beautiful features.

"Ask me not, lady, full soon will you know," replied she as she motioned her away.

Bell stepped forward; and after the same preliminary as before, she read her a bright and golden future. "Lady," continued she, at the close, "let your heart fail not. Friends are around you, the good, and the true. Trust them—there is no deceit in their hearts. There is one who loves you. His friends are your friends. Bright prospects are in store. Persevere and your wishes shall be answered. Remember, yield not to sadness and sorrow, even should they assail you. Persevere, and happiness shall be yours."

Bell left the old woman's side and Earnest went forward. Without raising her eyes, the gipsy again took the same course, and read him also, a bright and glowing future. "But," continued she, "beware! There are those who would bring you trouble. Beware of the time being they strow sorrow in your pathway. But even should night overtake you, cheer on! morning will come."

After going through with the group, the old woman suddenly disappeared, none saw whither; and though she was sought they could not find her. The gayety of the evening had passed away. Some had been saddened by her words, and even the joy of the others failed to rouse them. At an early hour the company dispersed. Earnest handed the cousins to their carriage, and each proceeded on a homeward way.

CHAPTER II.

"Why, Bell! I was astonished with you last evening. What think you the company thought of your being so much with Earnest? It was the subject of more than one remark."

Bell hung her head, blushed a deep crimson, and replied, "Indeed, I did not intend to be a subject for remark, and was not aware of doing aught to call it forth."

"Doing aught to call it forth, forsooth! Why, Bell, can a young lady sit hours in a window gazing upon moon-light scenes and talking romance and poetry, and not expect it? Ah! my childish coz, you know little of the world if you think such to be the case. More than once I heard your name coupled with his in no very pleasant way; and even Earnest himself was heard to remark that Miss Bell was quite too fond—forward and the like—that he would rather make the first advances himself, &c."

Poor Bell! tears came to her eyes despite her efforts to conceal them, and she rushed to her room. She loved Earnest. The stillness of her own heart now revealed it to her. But O! to think he thought she could not bear it. He had attracted any attentions—his manner had been tender, more affectionate to her than any other; and she, frank as she was, gave full sway to the

warm impulses of her young and innocent heart. Could it be that he who called them forth had now cast them aside and held her up to contempt? Alas! there are too many such—too many who would win the love of such a heart merely to amuse an idle hour, or, it may be, to show their knowledge of human nature and the frailties of a young and inexperienced girl.

True, Earnest had never told Bell that he loved her—at least, not in words; but his looks and manners were even more eloquent than could have been the tongue. She had full confidence in him, and therefore did not stay to weigh the possibility of deception. But the truth had now come upon her in full power. He had but trifled with her. In future she would shun him, cost what it might. She would not love one who had proved himself thus unworthy. But alas! for the resolutions of the human heart. How easily are they broken! Bell found she could not forget Earnest. She had given to him the first affections of her young and guileless heart; it was no easy task to withdraw them.

Weeks sped on. Bell and Earnest often met, but she always endeavored to shun him. He could not find himself alone with her as had been their wont; and her manners were at times so cold and distant, that it drove a chill to his heart. Sometimes she would be all life and joy, but with her pointed remarks and keen sarcasm would ward off all attempts on his part for an explanation. If, perchance, he called at her uncle's, she would always manage to have Annah present, so that he might have no opportunity to converse with her. Once, however, he detained her as she was passing from the room to which he had just been shown, to call Annah, and taking her hand, asked, "Will Miss Clifton tell me why her conduct has been so changed of late?"

Drawing herself up with all the dignity she could command, she replied, "There are sufficient reasons. Mr. LeMond need ask no further questions."

"But," continued he, "why not tell them? I like not this mystery; and"—

Just then Annah came below stairs and joined them. Bell left the room, and Earnest was alone with her cousin. Naturally their conversation turned upon the retreated one, and Earnest asked for an explanation of her conduct, if she could give it. With a slight toss of the head Annah replied, "Bell doubtless thinks you have shown her too many attentions—gone too far without making proposals. Indeed, I heard her remark a few days since that she thought Mr. LeMond expected quite too much of a lady if he desired to claim the affections of her heart without ever soliciting them. In truth, Mr. LeMond, I do not think Bell has ever loved you as she ought, or she could not thus easily have cast you aside. Your attentions might have gratified her for the time being, but made no lasting impression."

Earnest heaved a deep sigh as he replied in a few words, and strove to give a turn to the conversation. An hour passed away and he rose to depart. Bell had not again made her appearance. Sadly he bade her cousin good night and proceeded homeward.

That night sleep was a stranger to the eyes of Bell. She thought of all Earnest's kindness in days that had passed; recalled every word and look, and almost felt convinced that he had loved her if he did not now. Sometimes she would resolve to see him and have the past fully explained; but pride would silence these resolves, and morning found her still sleepless and still irresolute. She rose. The light and stir of day gave force and decision to her feelings, and she resolved, come what would, he should have no occasion to complain of her forwardness again.

And Bell's feelings and course were perfectly natural. How often does one in the still hour of night, when every heart and worldly thought is hushed in quiet repose, think of the past in a subdued and mellow light. How one regrets the wrongs he may have committed, and how earnestly resolves to do so no more. His heart softens and expands, embracing all within its bounds. But morning comes, with its glare and care, and the resolutions of better moments are forgotten. One is worldly once more.

"And earth, and earth's debasing stain,
Again is on his soul."

CHAPTER III.

Six months had passed, and Earnest LeMond and Annah Clifton were betrothed. Bell looked on with a smiling face; but alas! none knew the feelings of her heart. Her merry laugh was often heard, but the soul thereof had fled.

Hard and bitter had been the struggle of Earnest ere he had resolved to wed another; but all efforts to receive an explanation from

Bell had proved useless. His requests were slighted, his notes returned unanswered. Bell had taught her heart deception; for while she loved none but him, she seemed to him utterly indifferent. Annah had taken care that her cousin should know from the onset that Earnest's affections were bestowed upon her; and the proud and sensitive girl determined that her own feelings should ever remain buried in her bosom.

It now wanted but three weeks to the day appointed for the bridal; and though no casual observer would have detected aught unusual, yet one who knew saw that all was not right. Each day, as the time drew nearer, the heart of Bell saddened. She seemed no more the soul-joyous being of former days. One evening she wandered forth alone. Almost unconsciously her steps sought the little glen, a favorite retreat of herself and Earnest in days gone by. It had been their childhood's chosen haunt, and she loved it still. She reached the spot, seated herself on a rustic seat, the work of Earnest, drew from her pocket a small volume of Hemans which he had presented her "long, long ago," and mechanically turned over its pages. Soon her eye fell upon a favorite poem of theirs. Earnest's pencil marks were upon it, and as she read, how the past came rushing back again. A world of sadness filled her heart, and aloud she exclaimed, "How like this is to my feelings, yes, yes;"

"Fill with forgetfulness! there are, there are
Voices whose music I have loved too well;
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
Never! O, never, in my home to dwell!
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul,
Fill high the oblivious howl!"

"O! yes, fill high;" and she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. At that moment a hand was laid gently on her arm, and a well known voice murmured, "Bell, my own Bell! we may yet be happy."

Hastily rising she dashed the tears from her eyes, and demanded why he forced himself upon her solitude.

"Bell," answered he earnestly, "I came here for the last time to think of the past, of its blissful dreams and disappointed hopes. I did not think of meeting any one. You came. I could not withdraw without being heard. I seated myself where I should not be discovered, and heard and witnessed your emotions. O! say, Bell, shall not the veil of mystery be torn from the past? You love me, your tears have told me so. O! why, why, may it not be confessed?"

"Earnest," replied she, slowly and sadly, "that I did love you, I cannot deny. But you never solicited my affections. How knew I your intentions?"

"And do you think, Bell, that I would have awakened within your heart hopes which could not be gratified? No, no; one with a heart could not have done thus. My intentions were sincere. My every act spoke them, though the tongue was silent."

"But did you not say, Earnest, that I was too fond, forward; that you would rather make the first advances yourself, &c.?"

"No, Bell, never! Who could have told you such a thing?"

"Ask me not, Earnest; but think once more. Are you sure you did not say these things of Miss Bell, as you called her?"

"Ah! now I see," exclaimed Earnest, his eye brightening; "I see how it is. I did make such a remark of Miss Bell; but it was Miss Bell Ames, not Miss Bell Clifton. That young lady was laughingly teasing me with her tale of love to the amusement of those around, and in return I jestingly made those remarks which have caused you so much trouble. O, Bell! why did you not sooner tell me this?"

"Because I believed your remarks," replied she; "and you so soon began to love my cousin that they were confirmed. But now you are engaged to her. I must away," and she rose to go. Gently Earnest detained her.

"O! Bell, did you know my heart—could you see all its devotion for you—you would not thus leave me. 'Tis true I am engaged to your cousin, but she has not my whole heart. Shall I not be justified in breaking my plighted word and giving it where the heart is?"

"But Annah, will it not make her unhappy?" asked Bell, thinking of her own saddened heart.

"It may," replied Earnest, "for a time but she can never suffer what you have already done. Her heart has not so much depth of feeling, and she will soon be happy again, ay, perhaps even happier than with me; for we are not congenial spirits."

"But why, Earnest, why, knowing this did you form an engagement?"

"Ask me not, Bell, for I cannot tell you I felt so alone, so desolate after losing you

love, that I could not live thus. Ah! Bell, the heart that has once felt its blessed influence cannot easily live without it. There is a void, a yearning which nothing else can satisfy. I felt that all hopes of regaining your love were fruitless. I sought Annah's, but it disappointed me. She had not the soul I expected to find. But we were hasty. My word was pledged, and honor bound me to its fulfilment. I could not feel justified in retracing. But now, O! now, Bell, only say that you will be mine, and I'll seek Annah for a release."

"No, Earnest, I cannot say it yet. Let us see Annah together and abide by the result."

Together they sought her. Earnest freely and fully disclosed his real feelings. The ain girl gave her head a toss, as she replied, "If Miss Bell Clifton has prior claims to our hand and heart, let her have them."

"I have not, my cousin," replied Bell, calmly. "Your feelings and sense of right must alone be the guides."

"But I wish not to wed one whose heart is with another," replied she, scornfully. "He is free;" and saying this she turned to leave the room. Bell detained her.

"One thing let me ask of you," continued she; "did you hear Earnest say that I was too fond—forward; that he preferred to make the first advances, &c.?"

"I did hear him say that of Miss Bell," answered she, with some dignity.

"But was it Miss Bell Clifton?" asked Earnest, fixing his eye upon her now crimson face.

"I did not hear the other name," answered she; "that was all that reached my ear."

"But you know," continued he, calmly but firmly, "that it was Miss Ames, not Miss Clifton; however, let it pass. All will yet be well."

Annah left the room; and just at that moment the old gipsy made her appearance again. Both recognized in her the "fortune teller," and hailed it as a good omen. She approached Bell, and taking her hand, said, "Fair lady, all sorrow has passed. Nought now but happiness is in store. Heaven loves and favors you."

Then turning to Earnest, she was about to speak, when a stray curl escaped from beneath her old tattered hood, and he discovered a young and laughing cousin of his, who had been from infancy a favorite.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, "and so my frolicsome cousin, Delia Adams, and the old gipsy woman, are one and the same. No wonder you told fortunes correctly; for your keen perceptions are ever peering into the future. Henceforth we shall hail you as our lady prophetess."

Delia laughed, clasped her hands, gave them both a kiss, and exclaiming, "Don't forget the old gipsy woman in your whirlwind of happiness," bounded from the room, and her light step was heard crossing the pavements to her own happy home, whither she ever carried joy and sunshine.

A few more weeks and Bell and Earnest were joined in those holy bonds which no man might put asunder. And theirs was a happy union, a union of heart and soul. Alas! that all are not such.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years more sped away, and it was the bridal eve of Annah Clifton. She sat in her chamber all arrayed for the festival, with her head leaning on the shoulder of Bell. She looked not like the Annah Clifton of former days. All traces of pride and vanity had vanished from her face, and a sweet, soul-subduing expression had taken their place. Sorrow, that purifier of hearts, had come upon her, and she had come forth strengthened. Her father had failed in business and become a poor man. Her mother, unused to the trials of poverty, had sunk beneath them, and gone to the spirit world. Annah had found a home in the house of her cousin, and her gentle nature wrought a change in her once proud heart. Annah became an humble and a meek-minded woman, completely unlike her former self.

Edgar Melvin had seen and loved her. He sought and won her affections, and now they were to be united. The heart of Annah was sad, yet happy. She thought of the past, of its wrongs and its woes, and tears came to her eyes which she could not conceal.

"Ah! Annah, cheer up," said Bell, imprinting a warm kiss upon her lips. "Let the joys of the present bury the woes of the past. Happiness is now yours."

"Ay, yes," answered Annah, "too much, too much! I deserve it not," and she burst into tears.

Bell strove to comfort her, and she suc-

ceeded. Taking her hand within hers, she led her to a window. It overlooked a portion of the beautiful Connecticut, and yet was far enough removed from their former home to prevent associations of that from saddening their hearts. They gazed upon the clear, quick waters of the river, listened to its sweet, low murmuring, and Annah's heart was calmed. Just then the music of a flute, accompanied by a soft, melodious voice, burst upon their ears. Both stood entranced. Gently the sounds died away, and Bell, with swimming eyes, exclaimed,

"'Twas Earnest and Edgar. They have just arrived, and intended to give us a foretaste of heaven; for, Annah, music, sweet music, ever seems to me to be such. It is a kind of invisible link between us and the celestial world. Oh! when I die, may sweet sounds waft my willing spirit hence."

"Yes," replied Annah, "with sweet sounds as those in one's ear, he need not think of death. Its pangs would be forgotten, and joy alone reign in his heart."

At that moment the steps of Earnest and Edgar were heard ascending the stairs. Both hastened to meet them, and they soon stood before the man of God. The ceremony was performed, and the lovely Annah Clifton was greeted as Mrs. Melvin.

Years have passed since then, but love is yet warm in their hearts. Years have but strengthened it, and they are ever ready to affirm that they feel younger with every passing day. And it may be; for the feelings of youth are retained by retaining one's purity of heart. The nearer one strives to abide by this, the nearer will he be as a little child, and children are of the "kingdom of heaven."

A Noble Girl.

SOME time in the year 1839, says the Cabinet, there arrived in the city of Schenectady an interesting young girl, about 18 years of age. She was an utter stranger; but soon obtained employment for a few weeks, as an assistant nurse. After this temporary employment ceased, a Merchant Tailor of character, kindly gave her employment and instruction, and after a short time she was received into his family. Soon she became expert with her needle, which not only gave her support, but enabled her to dress genteelly, having sense enough to avoid all extra finery, yet always appearing neat, and in good taste.

In 1842, she accidentally secured a home with a married lady, with two children, aged 8 and 10 years, whose husband and father had deserted and left them to such provision as none but a wife's and mother's resources could procure. Whilst in this deserted family, the heart-broken wife sickened and died. The mother, when dying, gave a heart-rending farewell to her children, and this noble stranger-girl, weeping by the death-bed, assured the dying mother that she would be a mother to her children. This assurance calmed the last death agony of the fond mother. The young stranger-girl took the children, hired a room, diligently plied her needle, paid her rent, continued her own neat and modest appearance, fed and dressed the boy and girl.

Now, reader, you ask, Who is this young stranger female? Her parents are in good circumstances, and reside in the Upper Province of Canada. She was wooed by a worthy young man, whose affections were fully reciprocated. But the father, an Englishman, opposed the connection. She was sent to the States to a farmer uncle, to avoid further intercourse between the lovers. At this uncle's contrary to her habits, she was duly appointed a milk maid. At this, she revolted and left, determined to depend upon her own resources. She arrived in Schenectady, where she remained till this week—living above charity, solely upon her own energetic labor, with the additional charge of two interesting orphans.

This spring she wrote to her mother, apprising her of an intention to visit her home—the home of her childhood and her childish mirth, and the home, too, of her maiden trials and sorrows. To her astonishment and gratification, the first response to that letter was the presence of her father, who upon the receipt of it, left for Schenectady, that he might the more safely conduct the long absent daughter to her early home and her fond mother. But mark!—with a pre-determined purpose and high-souled magnanimity, she says—"Father, I will go; but these (presenting the orphans) are my children—they go where I go!" The father, not to be out-done, replied—"Yes, C—, come home, my daughter, and take with

you your adopted children; there is a welcome, a double welcome, and room for you and yours."

They left for Canada, flooded with tears—tears for parting from the stranger's friends—tears for a happy re-uniting of parent and child—tears for a parent's free, frank permission to a better home offered to a wandering daughter with two adopted orphan children!—Oh! what a scene, and what a lesson to selfishness!



MARRIAGES.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. R. Jeffery, Mr. William Baldwin, to Miss Sarah B. Swain.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. E. B. Bradford, Mr. David B. Coleman, of Nantucket, to Miss Mary F. Crocker, of Barnstable.

In Edgartown, 9th inst., Mr. Amos Mellen, to Miss Mary J. Ripley; Mr. Henry D. Norton, to Miss Mary Ann Beale.

In Holmes Hole, Capt John Mark, to Miss Emily Silver; Capt. Reuben Adams, to Miss Fanny B. Weeks.

DEATHS.

In this town, yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Phebe, wife of Mr. Charles E. Hayden, aged 32 years.

On board bark Cherokee, of New Bedford, Jan 26, in consequence of a fall from the foretop-sail yard, John Wardsworth, seaman, of Albany, N. Y.

In New Bedford, Emma Louisa Warren, daughter of George and Joanna Warren, aged 1 year 4 months and 13 days; Franklin P., only child of Henry S. and Maria F. Smith, aged 4 months and 26 days; Augustus Brown, aged about 28 years.

From the Columbian Magazine.

MARRYING A COUNT.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Is any body dead?"

"Yes. Somebody dies every second."

"So they say. But I don't mean that. What are you looking so solemn about?"

"I am not aware that I look so very solemn."

"You do then, as solemn as the grave."

"Then I must be a grave subject." The young man affected to smile.

"You smile like a death's head, Abel. What is the matter?"

Abel Lee took his interrogator by the arm, and drew him aside. When they were a little apart from the company, he said in a low voice—

"You know that I have taken a fancy to Arabella Jones?"

"Yes, you told me that a month ago."

"She is here to-night."

"So I see."

"And is as cold to me as an icicle."

"For a very plain reason."

"Yes, too plain."

"Whiskers and moustaches are driving all before them. The man is nothing now; hair is everything. Glover will carry off the prize unless you can hit upon some plan to win back the favor of Miss Arabella. You must come forward with higher attractions than this rival can bring."

Lee drew his fingers involuntarily over his smooth lip and chin, a movement which his friend observed and comprehended.

"Before the hair can grow, Arabella will be won," he said.

"Do you think I would make such a fool of myself?"

"Fool of yourself! What do you mean by that? You say you love Arabella Jones. If you wish to win her, you must make yourself attractive in her eyes. To make yourself attractive, you have only to cultivate whiskers, moustaches and an imperial, and present a more luxuriant crop than Glover. The whole matter is very simple, and comprised in a nut-shell. The only difficulty in the way is the loss of time consequent upon the raising of this hairy crop. It is plain, in fact, that you must take a shorter way; you must purchase what you haven't time to grow. Hide yourself for a week or two, and then make your appearance with enough hair upon your face to conceal one-half or two-thirds of your features, and your way to the heart of Miss Jones is direct."

"I feel too serious on the subject to make it a matter of jesting," said Lee, not by any means relishing the levity of his friend.

"But, my dear sir," urged the friend, "what I propose is your only chance. Glover will have it all his own way, if you do not take some means to head him off. The matter is plain enough. In the days of chivalry a knight would do almost any unreasonable thing—enter upon almost any

and adventure—to secure the favor of his lady love; and will you hesitate, when nothing of more importance than the donning of false whiskers and moustaches is concerned? You don't deserve to be thought of by Miss Jones."

"Jest away, Marston, if it is so pleasant to you," remarked Lee, with a slightly offended air.

"No, but my dear fellow, I am in earnest. I really wish to serve you. Still, if the only plan at all likely to succeed is so repugnant to your feelings, you must let the whole matter go. Depend upon it, there is no other chance for you with the lady."

"Then she must go. I would not make a fool of myself for the Queen of Sheba. A man who sacrifices his own self-respect in order to secure the love of a woman becomes unworthy of her love."

"Well said, Abel Lee! That is the sentiment of a right mind, and proves to me that Arabella Jones is unworthy of you. Let her go to the whiskers, and do you try to find some one who has soul enough to love the man."

The young men separated, to mingle with the company. Marston could not help noticing Miss Arabella Jones more particularly than before, and perceived that she was coldly polite to all the young men who ventured to approach her, but warm and smiling as a June morning to an individual named Glover, who had been abroad, and returned home rich in hairy honors, if in nothing else. The manners of this Glover distinguished him as much as his appearance.

"To think that a woman could be attracted by a thing like that!" he said to himself, a little pettishly, as he saw the alacrity with which Arabella seized the offered arm of Glover to accompany him to the supper table.

Marston was a fellow of a good deal of humor, and relished practical joking rather more than was consistent with the comfort of other people. We cannot commend him for this trait of character. But it was one of his faults, and all men have their failings. It would have given him great pleasure, could he have induced Abel Lee to set up a rivalry in the moustache and whisker line; but Abel had too much good sense for that, and Marston, be it said to his credit, was rejoiced to find that he had. Still, the idea having once entered his head, he could not drive it away. He had a most unconquerable desire to see some one start an opposition to Glover, and was half tempted to do it himself, for the mere fun of the thing. But this was rather more trouble than he wished to take.

Not very long after this, a young stranger made his appearance in fashionable circles, and created quite a flutter among the ladies. He had, besides larger whiskers, larger moustache, and larger imperial than Glover, a superb goatee, and a decided foreign accent. He soon threw the American in the shade, especially as a whisper got out that he was a French Count, travelling through the country, who purposely concealed his title. The object of his visit, it was also said, was the selection of a wife from among the lovely and unsophisticated daughters of America. He wished to find some one who had never breathed the artificial air of the higher circles in his own country; who would love him for himself alone, and become his loving companion through life.

How all these important facts in relation to him got wind few paused to inquire. Young ladies forgot their plain-faced, untitled, vulgar lovers, and put on their best looks and most winning graces for the Count. For a time he carried all before him. Daily might he be seen in Chetanut street, gallanting some favored belle, with the elegant air of a dancing master, and the grimace of a monkey. Staid citizens stopped to look at him, and plain old ladies were half in doubt whether he were a man or a pongo.

At last the Count's more particular attentions were directed toward Miss Arabella Jones, and from that time the favored Glover found that his star had passed its zenith. It was in vain that he curled his moustache more fiercely, and hid his chin in a goatee fully as large as the Count's; all was of no avail. The ladies generally, and Miss Arabella in particular, looked coldly upon him.

As for Abel Lee, the bitterness of his disappointment was already passed. The conduct of Arabella had disgusted him, and he therefore looked calmly on and marked the progress of events.

At length the Count, from paying marked attention to Arabella in company, began to visit her occasionally at her father's house, little to the satisfaction of Mr. Jones, the father, who had never worn a whisker in his life, and had a most bitter aversion to moustaches. This being the case, the course of Arabella's love did not, it may be supposed, run very smooth, for her father told her very decidedly that he was not going to have "that monkey-faced fellow" coming about his house. Shocked at such vulgar language, Arabella replied—

"Gracious me, father! Don't speak in that way of Mr. De Courci. He's a French Count, travelling in disguise."

"French monkey! What on earth put that

nonsense into your head?"

"Every body knows it, father. Mr. De Courci tried to conceal his rank, but his English valet betrayed the secret. He is said to be connected with one of the oldest families in France, and to have immense estates near Paris."

"The largest estates he possesses are in Whiskerando, if you ever heard of that place. A French Count! Preposterous!"

"I know it to be true," said Arabella emphatically.

"How do you know it, Miss Confidence?"

"I know it, from the fact that I hinted to him, delicately, my knowledge of his rank abroad, and he did not deny it. His looks and his manner betrayed what he was attempting to conceal."

"Arabella!" said Mr. Jones, with a good deal of sternness, "if you were silly enough to hint to this fellow what you say you did, and he was impostor enough not to deny it on the spot in the most equivocal terms, then he adds the character of a designing villain to that of a senseless fop. In the name of homely, American common sense, can you not see, as plain as daylight, that he is no nearer akin to a foreign nobleman than his barber or boot black may be?"

Arabella was silenced, because it was folly to contend in this matter with her father, who was a blunt, common-sense, clear-seeing man; but she was not in the least convinced Mr. De Courci was not a French Count for all he might say, and what was better, evidently saw attractions in her superior to those of which any of her fair compeers could boast.

"My dear Miss Jones," said the Count, when they next met, speaking in that delightful foreign accent, so pleasant to the ear of the young lady, and with the frankness peculiar to his nature, "I cannot withhold from you the honest expression of my sentiments. It would be unjust to myself, and unjust to you; for those sentiments too nearly involve my own peace, and, it may be, yours."

The Count hesitated, and looked interesting. Arabella blushed and trembled. The words, "You will speak to my father," were on the young lady's tongue. But she checked herself and remained silent. It would not do to make that reference of the subject.

Then came a gentle pressure of hair upon her cheek, and a gentle pressure from the gloved hand in which her own was resting.

"My dear young lady, am I understood?"

Arabella answered, delicately, by returning the gentle pressure of her hand, and leaning perceptibly nearer the Count De Courci.

"I am the happiest of men!" said the Count, enthusiastically.

"And I the happiest of women," responded Arabella, not audibly, but in spirit.

"Your father?" said De Courci. "Shall I see him?"

"It will not be well yet," replied the maiden, evincing a good deal of confusion. "My father is"—

"Is what?" asked the nobleman, slightly elevating his person.

"Is a man of some peculiar notions. Is, in fact, too rigidly American. He does not like"—

Arabella hesitated.

"Doesn't like foreigners. Ah, I comprehend," and the Count shrugged his shoulders and looked dignified; that is, as dignified as a man whose face is covered with hair can look.

"I am sorry to say that he has unfounded prejudices against every thing not vulgarly American."

"He will not consent, then?"

"I fear not, Mr. De Courci."

"Hum-m. Ah!" and the Count thought for some moments. "Will not consent. What then? Arabella!" and he warned in his manner—"Arabella, shall an unfounded prejudice interpose with its icy barriers? Shall hearts that are ready to melt into one, be kept apart by the mere word of a man? Forbid it, love! But suppose I go to him?"

"It will be useless. He is as unbending as iron."

Such being the case, the count proposed an elopement, to which Arabella agreed, after the expression of as much reluctance as seemed to be called for.

A few weeks subsequently, Mr. Jones received a letter from some person unknown, advising him of the fact that if at a certain hour on that evening he would go to a certain place, he would intercept Mr. De Courci in the act of running away with his daughter. This intelligence half maddened the father. He hurried home, intending to confront Arabella with the letter he had received, and then lock her up in her room. But she had gone out an hour before. Pacing the floor in a state of strong excitement, he awaited her return until the shadows of evening began to fall. Darkness closed over all things, but still she was away, and it soon became evident that she did not mean to come back.

It was arranged between De Courci and Ara-

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bella that he was to wait for her with a carriage at a retired place in the suburbs, where she was to join him. They were then to drive to a minister's, get the marriage ceremony performed, and proceed thence to take possession of an elegant suite of rooms which had been engaged in one of the most fashionable hotels in the city. To escape all danger of interference with her movements, the young lady had left home some hours before evening, and spent the time between that and the blissful period looked for with such trembling delight, in the company of a young friend and confidante. Darkness at length threw a veil over all things, and under cover of this veil Arabella went forth alone, and hurried to the appointed place of meeting. A lamp showed her the carriage in waiting, and a man pacing slowly the pavement near by, while she was a considerable distance off. Her heart beat wildly, the breath came heavily up from her bosom. She quickened her pace, but soon stopped suddenly in alarm, for she saw a man advancing rapidly from another quarter. In a few moments this individual came up to the person who was walking before the carriage, and whom she saw to be her lover. Loud words instantly followed, and she was near enough to hear an angry voice say—

"I'll Count you, you base scoundrel!"

It was the voice of her father! Fearful lest violence should be done to her lover, Arabella screamed and flew to the spot. Already was the hand of Mr. Jones at De Courci's throat, but the Count in disguise, not relishing the rough grasp of the indignant father, disengaged himself and fled ingloriously, leaving poor Arabella to the unbroken fury of his ire. Without much ceremony he thrust her into the waiting carriage, and giving the driver a few hurried directions, entered himself. What passed between the disappointed Countess, that was to be, and her excited father, it is not our business to relate.

Not content with having interrupted this nice little matrimonial arrangement, Mr. Jones called at the hotel where De Courci put up, early on the next morning. But the elegant foreigner had not occupied his apartments during the night. He called a few hours later, but he had not yet made his appearance; in the morning, but De Courci was still away. On the next morning the following notice appeared in one of the daily newspapers.

"**NIPPED IN THE BED.**—Fashionable people will remember a whiskered, mustachioed fellow with a foreign accent, named De Courci, who has been turning the heads of half the silly young girls in town for the last two months. He permitted it to leak out, we believe, that he was a French Count, with immense estates near Paris, who had come to this country in order to look for a wife.—This was of course believed, for there are people willing to credit the most improbable stories in the world. Very soon a love affair came on, and he was about running off with the silly daughter of a good, substantial citizen. By some means the father got wind of the matter, and repaired to the appointed place of meeting just in time. He found De Courci and a carriage in waiting. Without much ceremony, he laid violent hands on the Count, who thought it better to run than fight, and therefore fled ingloriously, just as the daughter arrived on the ground. He has not been heard of since. We could write a column by way of commentary upon this circumstance, but think that the facts in the case speak so plainly for themselves that not a single remark is needed to give them force. We wish the lady joy at her escape, for the Count in disguise is no doubt a scheming villain at heart."

Poor Arabella was dreadfully cut down when this notice met her eye. It was a long time before she ventured into company again, and ever after had a mortal aversion to moustaches and imperials. The Count never after made his appearance in Philadelphia.

The young man named Marston, who had jested with Abel Lee about the loss of his lady love, was seated in his room some ten minutes after the sudden appearance of Mr. Jones at the place of meeting between the lovers, when his door was thrown open, and in bounded De Courci, hair and all! Cloak, hat and hair were instantly thrown aside, and a smooth, young, laughing face revealed itself from behind whiskers, moustaches, imperials and goatee.

"Where's the Countess?" asked Marston, in a merry voice. "Did she faint?"

"Dear knows! That sturdy old American father of hers got me by the throat before I could say Jack Robinson, and I was glad to make off with a whole skin. Arabella arrived at the moment and gave a glorious scream. Of anything further, deponent sayeth not."

"She'll be cured of moustaches, or I'm no pro-

phet.

"I guess she will. But the fact is, Marston," and the young man looked serious, "I'm afraid this joke has been carried too far."

"Not at all. The moral effect will tell upon our silly young ladies, whose heads are turned with a foreign accent and a hairy lip. You acted the whiskered fop to a charm. No one could have dreamed that all was counterfeit."

"So far as the general effect is concerned, I have no doubt; but I'm afraid it was wrong to victimize Miss Arabella for the benefit of the whole race of weak-minded girls. The effect upon her may be more serious than we apprehend."

"No, I think not. The woman who could pass by as true a young man as Abel Lee, for a foreign Count in disguise, hasn't heart enough to receive a deep injury. She will be terribly mortified, but that will do her good."

"If it turn out no worse than that, I shall be glad. But, I must own, now that the whole is over, that I am not as well satisfied with myself as I thought I would be. I don't know what my good sisters at the South would say, if they knew I had been engaged in such a mad-cap affair. But I lay all the blame upon you. You, with your cool head, ought to have known better than to start a young hot-brained fellow like me, just let loose from college, upon such a wild adventure. I'm afraid that if Jones had once got me fairly into his clutches, he would have made daylight shine through me."

"Ha! ha! No doubt of it. But come, don't begin to look long-faced. We will keep our own counsel, and no one need be the wiser for our participation in this matter. Wait awhile, and let us enjoy the nine days' wonder that will follow."

But the young man, who was a relative of Marston, and who had come to the city fresh from college, just in the nick of time for the latter, felt, now that the excitement of his wild prank was over, a great deal more sober about the matter than he had expected to feel. Reason and reflection told him that he had no right to trifle with any one as he had trifled with Arabella Jones.—But it was too late to mend the matter. No great harm, however, came of it; and perhaps, good; for a year subsequently, Abel Lee conducted his old flame to the altar, and she makes him a loving and faithful wife.

It is estimated that the damages by the late flood between the Mississippi river and the Alleghany range, will amount to \$10,000,000.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE. A remarkable affair lately happened in New York, which is narrated as follows: A gentleman residing in a Southern State was a regular correspondent of a certain periodical in New York, which periodical was chiefly edited by the daughter of the proprietor. In process of time the gentleman and lady alluded to became pretty well acquainted with each other, and corresponded in a friendly manner. The former, to make a long story short, fell in love with the as yet unseen lady, and offered his hand in marriage. After mature deliberation the lover was accepted. His next step was to visit New York, where he kept himself out of the way of his intended wife, though both parties were making arrangements for the union. The day was fixed, also the hour, and the friends of the lady were assembled in her father's mansion, and she was ready to become a bride. At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his appearance, heralded by his card. He was recognized as the future son-in-law and husband, and was warmly welcomed by all present; the lady in the meanwhile standing among her friends completely veiled. The clergyman now stepped forward, and the marriage ceremony was performed; then it was that the husband first fixed his eyes upon the eyes and countenance of his wife.

COMFORTS OF WEALTH.—A Washington writer says that Mrs. Gaines has received a large number of letters from young ladies and young men asking donations of amounts ranging as high as five thousand dollars, and from people she never heard of before.

DEATHS.

In South Boston, on the 13th ult., George Nelson, aged 4 1/2 years; also, on the 8th inst., Harriet C., aged 13 years, children of George W. and Sarah Jane Turner, formerly of this town.

At Tuckernuck, on Sunday last, Mr. William Brooks, aged 79 years.

In Fairhaven, 12th inst., George Arthur, son of Rev. George and Mrs. Clarissa Denham, aged 1 year.

In Adrian, Michigan, 10th ult., Mr. Obed Macy, formerly of this town, aged 74 years.

A BLOODY DUEL ALMOST.—Two gentlemen, in St. Louis, having a dispute, (a lady being at the bottom of it,) agreed to heal their offended honors with a pair of pistols, at a distance of ten paces. The ground was measured, but before the word was given, one of the parties fired; this produced some altercation, and before it was settled the lady was seen approaching at full gallop. She neared the belligerents, sprang from her horse, clasped her lover in her arms, and by her entreaties prevented any further waste of powder, the challenged party and seconds having agreed that the pistols should be loaded with nothing more.

A Husband in a Bag; OR, POPPING THE QUESTION.

BY MAJOR JOS. JONES, OF PINEVILLE.

Pineville, Dec. 27, 1842.

To MR. THOMPSON:

Dear Sir—Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the challenge Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle though it come mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin'. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstances.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole bisness, but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, "I alway felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothing about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favor to ax of a rite pretty gall, and to people as aint used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and went over to old Miss Stallineses. As soon as I went into the parlor whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There, there," ses they, "I told you so; I knew it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline," ses I.

"You came under little sister's chicken bone, and I do blieve she knew you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah; "you 'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I knowd that was a fust rate chance to say something, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin exactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Major?" ses Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Aint you shamed, Major?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give her a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life," ses Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockings —"

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockings rite afore —"

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highy-tity!" ses the old lady—"what monstrous finement. I'd like to know what harm there is in stockings. People now-a-days is gettin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hank up my stockings and git 'em full of presents."

The gals kep laughin.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Major's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you Major?"

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I don't mean that," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Monstrous finement now a days—old people don't know nothin bout perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her hand.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary—"but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I; "you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it, and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the morning."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spicioned something.

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shure enuff, was a grate big meal-bag hanging on the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was tarmined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, the bag swung agin the chair, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up, but old Miss Stallineses great big cur dog, and here he cum rippin and tarin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went, tryin to find out what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind began to blow abominable cold, and the old bag kept turnin round and swingin so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and there I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had an ager.

It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to deth; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minnit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell again, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you abominable fool," ses I, and I

felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar bouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kept up his eternal whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't believe I'd ever get out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she,

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out.

"My lord, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" ses Miss Kesiah; "I seed it move."

"Call Cato and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and lets sees what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered over with corn meal from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it aint the Majer himself?"

"Y-s," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus til they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as beautiful as a morninglory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was rite out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed, and her dress wasn't fixt at all, but the way she look'd pretty was rale distraction. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her rogish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would foteh'd me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house, and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't brieve a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother

settled the match, and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried bout ther dead husbands, cause they wasn't alive to see their children married.

It's all settled now, cept we haint sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she ses I musn't call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her, you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to get sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from Your frend, til deth,

JOS. JONES.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.—A lawyer, retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow struck.

"What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer.

"A blow of the common kind."

"Describe the blow."

"I am not good at description."

"Show me what kind of a blow it was."

"I cannot."

"You must."

"I won't."

The lawyer appealed to the court.

The court told the witness that, if the council insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so.

"Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness.

"I do."

"Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time, suiting the action to the word, and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton.

GETTING THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.—It was once our luck, many years ago, when steamboats were scarce, to forgather, at a log tavern on the shore of Lake Champlain, with a boy of fourteen, from somewhere "down east." We supped, slept and breakfasted at the tavern, and sailed in company across the lake in a schooner rigged boat of about twenty-five tons burthen afterwards. The supper consisted of boiled lumps of dough and mackerel, salter than the Sea of Sodom. Nevertheless, the boy ate with such voracity, that we could not help remarking, "You seem to like your supper?"

"No," said he; "it's tarnal poor fodder; but I'll have to pay a quarter of a dollar for it, and I always like to get the worth of my money."

At breakfast he again acted out his economical principle. On the lake the weather was wild, and our boat danced like a cork. Before we got across, the boy had well nigh perished of combined sea-sickness and indigestion. His money's worth stuck to his stomach like lead poured into a mould; he retched himself almost to death.

Runaway matches are "all the go" now. There is only one way of checking them, that we know of, and that is, for parents to feed their daughters on *cant-elope* melons.

JOHN B. HALL, PRINTER, 66 CORNHILL.

A VERY SINGULAR INCIDENT.—A late number of the N. Y. Sun contains the following advertisement:

"If the cabman, who brought a gentleman to the Astor House at about 11 o'clock this morning, will call at the office and leave word with either of the clerks at what street and number he found the gentleman, he will be most liberally rewarded."

The New York correspondent of the Boston Herald thus details some very interesting facts respecting this advertisement. A gentleman arrived, says he, from Syracuse, with \$15,000, for the purpose of making purchases. Having selected his goods and got his drafts cashed, he started off with three fine fellows upon a spree. After getting pretty excited at the stimulating game of ten-pins—nothing more—they explored the unknown regions of Church and Leonard street, kept up the game for two or three days—until at last our country merchant found himself, by some mysterious agency, casting up his accounts over an area railing in Walker street, and there all consciousness left him, together with some \$12,000 in cash, and \$300 worth of jewelry, at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The first returning dawn of reason hit him hard at about 10 o'clock on Monday morning, when he awoke in bed, and glancing at his under and only covering, discovered its material to be devilish coarse cotton instead of fine linen; which, operating as an eye-opener, he raised himself, sane, and espied a very fair young girl ironing at a side-table, while his clothes were hanging upon chairs before the fire.

"Will you have the kindness to tell me, Miss, how the deuce I came here?"

"Yes, sir; I saw you in Walker street, about 3 o'clock in the morning, clinging to a lamp-post, and as you couldn't name to me your residence or destination, I took the liberty to bring you to my lodgings—[and of relieving me of the balance of my money, thought he!] Your clothes were soiled, as was your linen. I have washed the one and cleaned the others, and they will be ready in a few moments."

"I believe I had a *small* sum of money about me last night, Miss!" ejaculated he, like a man conscious of his own ruin.

"Not a very small sum, sir," she replied; "but here it is, sir, with the watch and jewelry."

The gentleman dressed himself in haste, and slipping a \$100 note into her hand, hurried down stairs, jumped into a cab she had ordered at his request, and was soon set down at the Astor House, nor was it until on narrating his wonderful escape from robbery, and a friend inquiring where this singular creature lived, that he cursed his stupidity at not having taken notice of the location.—N. O. Picayune.

AN INCIDENT.—A few mornings since, whilst coming up Charles street, we saw an old Irish immigrant who had his wife upon his back. The old man had on a frieze coat and a pair of coarse corduroy pantaloons, and a hat that was very much dilapidated. His features were wrinkled by time, and his grey hairs showed that he was near the edge of death. Still he had a sturdy step, and as he walked along with his pale, decrepid burthen, there was not one who saw him who did not honor him. The poor old couple had come from the most beautiful, but most oppressed land on earth, to the land of freedom. Bidding the shamrock adieu forever, they had sought the banner of the "stripes and stars," and prayed that their aged bones might be deposited under its folds. There was the long farewell to poor old Ireland—the thousand thoughts that were conjured up by memory, as the last landmark was hidden from the eye—the long, tedious voyage—the sickness of the aged wife—and their arrival, poor and almost heart-broken, in the land of strangers. There was no kindly one to welcome them—no son to grasp them by the hand—no loving daughter to kiss her aged mother's cheek! The old woman, who was very ill, threw her withered arms around her husband's neck, and, like a Chevalier in soul as he was, he bore her to the Charity Hospital. Out upon those who jeer at poverty. The old Irishman, who carried his sick wife upon his back, in our estimation, was one of nature's noblemen.—New Orleans Delta.

CANNING.—Lord Castlereagh made so many new words, that Canning called him a literary coiner. "He has got a *mint* in his mind," said he. "*Mint* in his mind!" replied Tierney, "would he had *sage* in his head!"

Written for the Odd Fellow.

ALL ARE THY BRETHREN.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

I.

Who are thy brethren, if not they
Who with thee tread life's devious way?
Both saint and sinner, rich and poor,
Who joy in wealth or want endure,
Thy brethren are, and ask from thee
A share of thy heart's sympathy.

II.

O, give it to them, nor withhold
That whose real worth exceedeth gold;
O, give it to them; let them know,
Thou'lt share with them in weal or wo.
All are thy brethren; banish, then,
All selfishness, and act like men.

III.

All are our brethren; let us live,
And when 't is in our power to give
Aid unto them; O, let it be
Forth from a heart that's gushing free,
A worthy offering, and learn
To trust our God for its return.

Chelsea, Mass.

Before the Wedding.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

"We shall be happy together!" said Louisa to her aunt, the evening before the wedding. And her cheek was tinged with a rich color, and her eyes sparkled with soul-felt happiness. When a young bride says "we," it may easily be imagined whom she is talking of.

"I doubt it not, dearest Louisa," answered her aunt, "take heed only that you remain as happy."

"O! no fear of that, my prudent aunt. I know myself and my own faults; but my love for him will correct them. So long as we love each other, we can never be unhappy; and our affection cannot change."

"Ah!" said the aunt, sighing, "you talk like a girl of eighteen on the eve of marriage in the hey-day of hope and bright anticipations. Dear child! believe me—even the heart grows old. The day must come, when the rapture of passion will decay; when the illusion is over, and we stand revealed in our real characters. After custom has robbed beauty of its dazzling charms—after youth has departed, or shadows mingled with the light of home; then, Louisa, the wife may talk of the excellence of her husband, or the husband of the admirable qualities of his wife. But the day before the wedding, such encomiums go for nothing with me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You mean to say the virtues only of each can give lasting pleasure to the other. Now—for myself I say nothing—for I boast only good will; but you cannot deny that my betrothed is the best and most deserving of all the young men of this town! Are not all virtues that lead to happiness blooming in him?"

"I will do you both justice," answered her relative, "and acknowledge that virtues bloom in both; I can say that to you without flattery. But, my love, they only bloom, and need full a lifetime of rain and sunshine to ripen them. No blossoms are more deceitful at their first opening. We cannot know in what soil they are rooted. Who knows the hidden heart?"

"Nay, my child, even could you remain as you are, youth and beauty would lose the power to charm, with habit and their constant presence. Men soon grow weary of the loveliest

face. Besides, your husband must grow old himself; and then youthful manners will cease to please him. Your habits, your tastes, would no longer be congenial."

Louisa sighed.

"I could store your memory," resumed her aunt, "with precepts to guard your happiness. I could tell you to beware of the first quarrel, never to contend, even in jest; to have no secrets from each other, lest the springs of confidence be insensibly sapped; to beware of the interference of relations. But these are maxims which your own prudence will sufficiently impress upon you, and their observance at best will have but a negative effect.

"Would you have the secret of perpetual loveliness? It is treasured, not in feature or complexion, but in the soul. Men worship beauty for the inward graces of which it is the pledge. Would you know how to keep the soul fair? Religion is the only secret for that.

"Thus you see, my love, how little we can depend upon personal perfections; how little upon mental excellences or amiable traits of character. But the virtues born of, and nourished by religion, are immortal. Seek them from Him who is the Author of religion; and seek them daily from Him. Be assured thus, that you will ever remain fair and amiable in the eyes of your husband—and be blessed in every relation of life."

Louisa flung her arms round her aunt's neck, and thanked her, with tearful eyes, for her lesson.

[From the Delta.]

My Mother's Love.

"Where can we go to meet a warmer eye,
With such sure confidence, as to a Mother?"

My mother, the light of thy love hath shed
A halo of happiness o'er my head;
Thy kiss hath banished the tear from my eye,
Thy smile hath dispelled each rising sigh;
Thou hast been with me when fortune smiled
On the humble hopes of thy darling child;
I heeded no frowns, I felt no fear,
Whilst thy face beamed on me, Oh Mother dear.

I have felt the lip of a Father press
On my childish brow a fond caress;
I have felt the embrace of a Brother's arm,
And his pure true kiss, so holy and warm;
My Sister's love around me was twined,
The deepest love in her soul enshrined;
Yet all have faded, and left me here
With thy changeless affection, Oh Mother dear.

I have had *one* humbly kneel by my side,
With his haughty brow and his eye of pride;
Have heard his low and passionate tone,
As he vowed to love me till life had flown.
I have felt the spell of that witching hour,
Have bowed to the charm of Love's mighty power;
Yet that *too* hath perished, whilst thou art here,
Unchanged in affection, Oh Mother dear.

Friends have deserted me—voices died
That spoke to my praise in prosperity's tide;
And friendship's hand doth no longer clasp
My own in its warm and thrilling clasp.
All, all hath changed on this changeful earth,
But thy love, which hath dwelt with me since
my birth;
Thou hast shared each sorrow—wept tear for
tear—
And smiled when I smiled—Oh Mother dear.

Oh! what can repay a love like thine,
So patient and fond, so truly divine;
Thou art all to me on this boundless earth,
My spirit's joy and my heart's sweet mirth;
I look to thee for my meed of praise,
I wait for thy gentle voice to raise
One approving word, which falls on my ear
Like heavenly music, Oh Mother dear!

LELLA.

Patty's First Beau.

BY CHARLEY L.

"COME, grandma, tell us about Patty's first beau," said little Charley White, as he, with his grandma White, and his little sister Susy, sat before a roasting fire, one cold winter's night.

"Well, then, sit up closer, so you can hear.

"Now I'm going to tell you (that was the way she always begun.) 'T was one cold winter's night, just such a one as this. I sent David down town of an errand, and Patty went over to Uncle John's, to spend the evening. About eight o'clock, David came home, and went off to bed. Mr. White and I sat up about half an hour longer, and then I raked up the coals and we went to bed also. I knew Uncle John would come home with Patty, and so I wasn't afraid about her. I hadn't been asleep more than quarter of an hour, when I woke, and heard somebody opening the door of the "best room." Then I heard Patty's sweet voice say, "Won't you walk in?"

"I don't care if I do!" said a boy's voice, which I didn't know, and then somebody walked in that had boots on. Patty went into the kitchen, and got a light. Oh dear! thinks I, Patty's got a beau! and then I heard them "Whis, whis, whis," and I got right out of bed, as still as I could, and peeped through a crack in the door, and saw a boy's legs hanging off one chair, and Patty's pretty feet off another, but I couldn't make out who the boy was.

I went back to bed, and tried to sleep, but 'twas no use; I could hear them whis, whis, whis, as though they had something to talk about. I got right up in bed. Oh dear! thinks I, if Patty's got a beau, I shall die! I gave Mr. White a hunch, and told him there was a boy in the other room with Patty.

"Let him be," said he, "you used to like the boys when you was a gal;" and I spose I did, though I didn't like Patty's having a beau so young. She was only eleven then. I didn't say any more, but I got out of bed, and dressed me as quick as I could, and marched right into the room where they were. But the little hussy had blown the light out, as she heard me coming, and it was as dark as Egypt. I couldn't see any thing very plain, but I thought two chairs in one corner of the room looked as though there was somebody in them. I went out in the kitchen, and took down the tinder-box, (we didn't have friction-matches then,) and struck a light, and then went back and held the candle close to their faces, and there sat David and Patty, laughing as if they would split to think how they had fooled mother. I gave one a box on one ear, and the other on t'other, and sent them off to bed. They never tried to fool mother again."

"But I thought David went off to bed when he came back from the errand," said little Susy.

"He made us think so; but the little rogue slipped down stairs, the back way, and went over to Uncle John's to come home with Patty.

HEAVEN gave the bee desire for sweets,
Nor Heaven denies her flowers;
The thirsty land for moisture waits,
Nor Heaven withholds its showers.
No sooner are the babe's alarms
To mother's ears exprest,
He finds a shelter in her arms,
His solace at her breast.

Nor are the instincts of the heart
Less subjects of Heaven's care;
Nor would it sympathies impart,
Merely to perish there.
The heart that yearns for kindred mind
To share its bliss or pain—
That knows to love—shall surely find
A heart that loves again.

My Dream Book

A belle on the wrong side of forty, addressed her colored waiting maid thus:

"Well, Dinah, they say beauty soon fades—now tell me, do you think my beauty is fading? speak plain now—no compliments."

"Oh, no, Miss—but den me kinder tink:

"Think! think what, Dinah? you're bashful."

"No, Missa, me no bashful, but me kinder tink as how Missa don't all de time obtain her color as well as colored lady do!"

Written for the Odd Fellow.

Life.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

ONWARD, forever onward,
As the rivers to the sea,
The stream of life is rushing
To the dim futurity.
As mist upon the mountain,
As the dew upon the grass,
As forest leaves in Autumn,
Thus away from earth we pass.
Like meteors in the heavens,
Or billows upon the deep,
We appear on Time's wide page,
Then pass to a dreamless sleep.

Like moonbeams on the ocean,
Like softened breezes sighing,
And fading in the distance,
We constantly are dying.
Thus onward, ever onward,
Upon life's fast ebbing tide,
We are hastening to that home,
Where the angel choirs preside,
And when the fitful pulses
Of our brief day-dreams are o'er,
Our barque will be reposing
On the spirit's native shore.

[From the National Era.]

Words of Hope.

Dreamers! awake ye from your revery—
Sleepers! rouse ye from your sleep!
Wrong and vice, in virtue's livery,
Round ye like the serpents creep!

Fix your glances on futurity—
Lo! where beam the day-spring bright:
Ye may yet know joy and purity—
Darkness may be changed to light!

God sleeps not, though sleeps humanity—
Moves he still in fire and blood:
Heaven is not a vast Inanity—
Earth is more than mankind's shroud!

Good is in our race, though hidden—
Peace is mightier far than strife;
Earth may yet be made an Eden—
Heaven be reached in mortal life!

There is nought so high and holy
As the hope which conquers Pain:
In yourselves, ye crushed and lowly,
Lives the power to rise again!

Trust not that which startles reason—
Good can ne'er be gained by ill.
All that chains, or clouds, is treason;
Nought is powerful but "I WILL!"

Would ye read the Eternal's mystery?
Like Bartimeus view the day!
Eyes that best discern God's history
Were anointed first with clay.

Gaze from well-depths up to heaven,
And ye see the stars at noon—
Thus to lowly sense is given
Reason's best and richest boon!

Not one grain of earth's material
Ever was, nor will be, lost—
And shall man's great soul, ethereal,
Be to dark oblivion lost?

Boldly speak, reluctant lisper!
Truth's appeal must mount on high;
Each grave word—each feeble whisper—
Once breathed out, can never die!

DUGANNE.

REPUTATION.

THOSE who have escaped crime may bless their stars, and not themselves, that they are spotless. We often take that to be virtue which is only the effect of circumstances, and it is no merit to be good when there is no opportunity of being bad. Remember that virtue should be estimated not by its duration, but by the temptations it has resisted. Reputation is a bright but brittle gem; while sparkling on the forehead, it dazzles all eyes with its glittering radiance; but if roughly handled, shows its fragile nature, and shivers almost at the first touch.

Christ Walking on the Waters.

BY SKETCHER.

BEAR Him, submissive waves, upon your breast
Softly as mother bears her darling one;
Wear him a moment on your snowy crests,
The brightest beam from Heaven's eternal sun!

More true than faithful servants to their lord,
Guard him, ye winds, across the wat'ry track
And breathe your whispers into warning word
That bid life-hunting Death stand meek
back!

He is your Master. When the Master wills
Do ye His bidding—shrink when He is near
Yes, be not Judas-like, the while He fills
Your presence, seeming but to love and fear
For He your Author is. Your strength and
might

Drew ye from Him, O, great and boundless
sea!

And know His power, whose self is infinite,
Hath, through all time, made you forever free

A Volunteer Home.

YESTERDAY morning the dock of the Recorder was crowded with all kinds of characters, but among them all, no one shone more conspicuous than Gabriel Gun. Gabriel, it seems had "sounded the trumpet," and like the man spoken of in the fables of Æsop, had brought the contending armies together. He had been in all the battles—so he said—that had been fought in Mexico, and when discharged, returned home with the snug sum of \$300 in gold. Gabriel was a short, thick set man, and the firmness of his features indicated that he would seek the "bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth." He had on the coarse blue blanket coat usually worn by the U. S. soldier, a dingy-colored felt hat, and all the rest of the "chicken-fixins" which usually adorn a private. The horizon in which the stars of his eyes were set, was of a brilliant ruddy hue; his nose, to a certain extent, was of a purplish color; his cheeks were bronzed by exposure; and his hair was slightly tinged with the "frost of winter's silver time."

"Gabriel," said the Recorder, "you are a soldier, I am informed."

"Yes, Major," answered Gabriel, "I'm a sojer, an' nothin' else. In Floridy I helped Old Taylor to lick the red Injen savages, and got a honorable discharge, on account of havin' my hand bitten by a moccassin snake, and my feet bein' pisoned by some of the pestilential plants thar. I then give up the army business, and took to the trade of a blacksmith. While I was 'hoofing' a horse for an officer, just before the siege of Vera Cruz, I hit myself on the hand with a hammer, and in course I could n't fight at that engagement."

"What did you do then, Gabriel?" asked the Recorder.

"Why, sir," said Gabriel, as he wiped his nose with his coat-sleeve, "I remained on board Com. Conner's flag-ship. I stowed myself away in the fore-castle, 'cos you see, yer Honor, I was n't used to sea-fightin'. When that old Castle of San de Whola commenced vomiting its red-hot balls and 18-pound bullets, I thought I was a 'goner,' sure. Oh, Lord! when I laid in my bunk, how skeered I was! And yit, 't wn' n't about the shot, but the idee of being drapped into the sea with no head or legs on! Yer Honor, poor Gabe Gun would like, when he does die, to be buried on land, and not plunged down into the blue ocean with a 56-pound weight attached to each of his feet."

"Gun," said the Recorder, "that is not to the point. You must prove to me that you have done some service to your country, else I shall send you to the Work-House."

"Ain't I told you, sir; and if you want it, I'll tell you more. After the battle of Vera Cruz, Gen. Patterson sent me up to the National Bridge with a baggage train. The guerrillous flocked about us like blackbirds on a corn crop, and the way that they popped some of us off was a caution to the magnetic telegraph. There was one small, saffron-colored feller, who had on a glazed hat, and who kept dartin' in and out of the chapparal. He had on his saddle bow a coil of rope, which in Mexican lingo is called a larey-rat. Pokin' my head out of the wagon, to see if the balance of the train was comin' up, the 'yaller belly' made a dart at me, and before I could say Jack Robinson, I found myself tied by the neck and being dragged through thorn bushes, cactus plants, and all that sort of thing. Luckily for me, the d—d larey-rat broke, and I scrambled out. If you don't believe me, yer honor, jist look at the scar on my neck!"

The Recorder told Mr. Gun that he might go, but that he must take care never again to be brought before him for being very much "how came you so."—N. O.

Written for the Odd Fellow.

Winter.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

List to the Winter wind,
How sad its moan;
Tellin' of summer sweets,
And beauties flown.
Breathing a mournful dirge
For flowers dead;
Ling'ring 'mid leafless trees,
With clouds o'erhead.

There's coldness in the hoarse
And sullen air,
That from the wind-god's harp
Its dull tones bear.
A melancholy rests
On nature's page,
And faded trophies now
Our views engage.

Hear ye the mournful notes
Swelling around?
'Neath their Sirocco breath
A blight is found.
The desolating hue
Of Winter here,
Speaketh of change and death,
From year to year.

The pleasant, cheerful fields,
Where late arose
The soft and dewy grass,
And fragrant rose,—
Now wear a nut-brown hue,
A sterile face,
And Winter's footsteps stride
With rapid pace.

The flowers have bowed their heads
Upon the ground,
And where they rose in pride,
Is death's dark mound.
No gentle murmur comes
From Bee or Bird,
That oft through listening ear
The soul hath stirred.

But Winter's solemn breeze
In ling'ring swell
Falls heavily around,
O'er mount and dell.
And as we list the note,
Of pale decay,
We feel the warning, deep,
To pass away.

John Davis' Dream.

"St. Peter stood at the celestial gate."—Byron.

THE immortal Capt. Fred. Wilson, of the lake line, the merely mortal Wilson, of the Chicago Journal, and several others, are of opinion that Chicago is not only a place, but that it is some place!—that it's a downright actuality, having houses, and hotels, and churches, and bar rooms, and side walks, and bustles, and all that sort of shingling! Now, we have travelled ourselves, and we must say that we have a vague idea of soundings in such a vicinity, also; but then we are among the moderns—the present day entities; and Mr. Davis, concerning whom we are about to tell a veritable and veracious story, had the start of us by some years—seven, at least—and seven years, as all the world knows, is enough to mature a town in the west.

Well, just about *then*—never mind when—Mr. Davis was travelling eastward from the Illinois river—and that's the way we know it was "honest John Davis," because everybody knows that, when on his return to Boston from his canal visits, he invariably went eastward *via* Chicago. Well, when on his return *that time* he was very sick—at that *other* house, on the corner, you know, and his name was on the register plain Mr. Davis—and who the deuce cared whether plain Mr. Davis lived or died?—and consequently he was left to get along as well as he could by himself—plain Mr. Davis. Two or three days passed over, and plain Mr. Davis was getting plainer, when what should arrive but a letter, addressed to the *Honorable* John Davis; and then, perhaps the Illinois canal didn't rise right up and overflow the whole town of Chicago with a perfect sluice of solicitude for the safety of the sick stranger! One of the very first visitors at his bedside was a grave and renowned citizen, whose respectability was vouched for by his position as a deacon of the church, to say nothing of six fashionable daughters who couldn't get married! Well, the deacon's anxious inquiries were replied to very coldly, but, his solicitude increasing, Mr. Davis friendly raised himself from his pillow, and remarked that he had just had a dream; whereupon the deacon remarked that dreams sometimes had a good deal in them, and begged that the vision might be submitted to him for interpretation.

"Well," said Mr. D., "I dreamt that I was up to heaven! didn't see much down here to interest a body, and I thought I'd take a round of the upper section. I got my ticket outside, all right, for the dress circle—and I handed it to the door-keeper, an old fellow, but he stopped me for my name—it's the habit, you see, to enter names as well—and I told him. "Davis!" says I. "Where from?" says he, putting on his spectacles. "Chicago," says I; and he opens his book, and turns to the index for the letter C. "Walk inside the door, Mr. Davis," says he, "till I look a minute," and down he runs his finger along the entries. "What place did you say?" says he. "Chicago," says I, looking at the pictures, and down he runs his finger again. "Chicago! Chi-ca-go! *Where* is that, Mr. Davis?" says he. "Out in Illinois," says I—and then he turned to letter I, running his finger down in the same way. "Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Davis," says he, "you'll find seats," and I went on looking at the pictures, and he went on hunting and repeating over "Chicago," and "Illinois," but at last he gave it up. "Well," says he, "Mr. Davis, I suppose you're entitled, but I have kept this door for eighteen hundred and forty years, and you're the first man hailing from them places that's passed me yet, by thunder!"

Mr. Davis got better after this, and if anybody should disbelieve the story, or think that it wasn't "honest John" who was the dreamer, they may just dream themselves—of the other place—that's all!—*St. Louis Reveille.*

A CLEAR, unblemished character, says a standard writer, comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety!

"Jim, I hear you are on a cruise after Dick, to horsewhip him?"

"Yes, I'm bound on a whaling expedition."

LINES SENT AFTER A ROAST PIG.

TO THOMAS BEPLOVE, FRANKLIN PLACE.

Tight faulted in this claithe ye'll find
A lang-snoot porker, "cribb'd, coon'd,"
I wot he's o' the Berkshire kind,
Devoid o' mense—
The vera diel, when unconfin'd,
For brakin' fence.

I gied my auldest brither twa,
Of me ye'll think na less ava;
For mischief *ye* were brithers a'
The matin over;
Na mair ye'd munch my grain, or draw
My roots o' clover.

Ye carlins! how I've wish'd for poles,
To pole ye out, not stap yer holes,
For ye could rin, quick as the moles
My garden thro'—
Like Grimes, I a'maist curs'd yer soul,
Ye vex'd me so!

Though wael I fed ye when at hame,
I maun as weel hae tri'd to tame
The borden chiefs o' Douglas' name,
Or Rodrick Dhru.
But guid be prais'd, I've "block'd the game"
For aye on you.

Ye'll tak' the chiel, (through friendship sent),
Not as a left-han' compliment;
T'wad be a lasting, deep lament
That gait to canter—
Indeed, 'twad be the wish fervent
O' Tam O'Shanter.

P. S. Please send the claithe, when ye hae done,
To Jersey Market—thirty-one
The stall is mark'd—just hing it on
If I'm no there:
'Twill find its way to Middletown,
In Delaware.

DECEMBER 25, 1817.

A CAMP ANECDOTE.

The Mississippi Free Trader tells the following humorous camp anecdote:

An anecdote of some of our Natchez boys is given, which would do honor to Charles O'Malley. It seems that the daughter of the Alcade of Buena Vista was married and Ned Sanders, Tom Bertha and Pat O'Rourke were invited to attend the dancing party given in honor of the occasion. Application was accordingly made to Gen. Wool for permission to go, but the General not having found anything about dancing in his books on tactics and discipline, and not deeming it a very necessary accomplishment of a soldier, promptly refused the request. Now here was a dilemma. Our messmates were equally as determined to see some of the fun, and enjoy some of the dancing with the girls at the party, as Gen. Wool was that they should stay in the camp that night. But how to effect their object was a matter of profound, though somewhat vexatious study.

In the midst, however, of their plans and schemes, none of which promised to secure the object so dear to them, Pat was taken suddenly ill, and swore by all the saints in the calendar he must be carried to the hospital, or he would die entirely; and immediately poor Sanders and Bertha, with sad hearts, rolled Pat up, all dressed as he was in his best apparel, in a blanket, and taking a corner in each hand, with the watchword of "*a sick man for the hospital*," they soon passed the sentry.

When out of hailing distance, Pat exclaimed—"Boys, let me down aisy; we've pulled the wool over ould Wool's eyes, and now let's be after the dance;" and away they scampered to the wedding, where the adventure was soon told, which rendered the boys, and Pat in particular, the lions of the evening.

The next morning they returned to camp, reported their sick companion well, and the whole of them ready for duty. It is said, however, that General Wool, having some inkling of the trick that was played off on him, has determined that for the future, when there is any fun going on in town, there are to be no sick men, particularly from the Mississippi regiment, taken to the hospital.

PEREMPTORY ORDERS.

When the late illustrious Chevalier Taylor was enumerating honors he had received from the Princes of Europe, and the orders with which he had been dignified, a gentleman remarked that he had not named the King of Prussia, adding—

"I suppose, sir, he never gave you any order."
"You mistake, sir," replied the Chevalier, quickly, "he gave me a *peremptory order* to quit his dominions."

STEAMBOAT ORDERS.

The following orders were given by the captain of a Western steamboat, when she was about to engage in a race with another boat:

"Rosin up thar, and tell the engineer to shut down the safety valve! Give her gosh! Gentlemen who haven't stepped up to the office and settled, will please retire to the ladies' cabin till we pass that boat. Fire up thar!"

CLOSE CALCULATION.

The Boston Mail gives the following authentic anecdote of a certain moneyed individual:—One of our city brokers, who is luxuriating on the hard times at the rate of three per cent. a month for his money, took a trip by rail road, the other day, and seated himself at the very rear end of the train, because, he said the use of his money was worth something while the conductors were coming through the train.

The Odd Fellow.

Written for the Odd Fellow.

Aristocracy vs. Factory Girls.

BY CHARLEY L.

"THE impudent fellow! I can tell him my Louisa is for something better than a mechanic." Thus spoke Mrs. Williams, the wife of a country storekeeper, on being told that Joseph Gill had offered to accompany her daughter home from the lecture the preceding evening.

Mr. John Williams was born of rich parents, and was therefore enabled, (by his father's help,) to establish himself in the trading business in the town of H—. He was a man of benevolent feelings, and would do many a man a kindness. When sickness occurred, he was as ready to help with his purse as with his labors. Not so with his wife. She thought herself above most of her neighbors. She was one of those who looked upon a mechanic as the lowest possible being on the earth. No matter what his principles were, if he could obtain enough to open a store, and stand behind a counter and deal out "stay tape and buckram," he could be admitted into her society. In the town of H— was a cord and tassel manufactory, which gave employment to a large number of females. If Mrs. Williams happened to be walking in the street whenever any of said females were there, she invariably passed by on the other side. She was one who sent to the city for a dressmaker, whenever she needed their services, for herself or her Louisa. She could wear nothing that a factory girl wore, therefore Mr. Williams must get her a dress in Boston, and be sure and inquire if they ever sold any to go to H—, for if they had he must not get it.

The reader must not be surprised to hear that Louisa was not unlike her mother, brought up under her teachings and her example,—how could she be otherwise?

Sarah Lincoln was the eldest daughter of a poor mechanic. He had formerly been well off, but ill health and repeated failures of men that were owing him, obliged him to relinquish his business and place his property in the hands of his creditors. He, with his wife and two daughters, were now living in a small house, (which belonged to the owners of the factory,) which was hired by his daughters. Sarah was now eighteen years of age, and a finer looking girl was seldom seen: with a disposition ever kind, she was a fit match for any of the "lords of creation." With pride enough to keep herself neat, and not ashamed to work in a factory, she was just the one for a young mechanic starting in business.

With the reader's permission, we will visit the factory in question, and overhear their conversation for a few moments. It is a large, three story wooden building, a hundred feet long by some fifty wide. The whole of the second story is in one room, which is occupied by about sixty girls, (between the ages of fifteen and twenty,) some weaving, others combing out roughs, some making the skirts, and all busily engaged. At one corner of the room is the silk-table, where all the silk work is done. Around it sit eight as pretty girls as can be found in any town in the Union. One of them is the pretty Lizzy H—. At the head sits Sarah Lincoln, who has the superintendence of the work. But hark! Lizzy is speaking.

"Did you go to the lecture last evening, Mary?" said she, to one who sat opposite.

"No! did you?"

"Yes; and don't you think, when the meeting was out, that great ugly Jake Hudson came to the pew where I was, and asked me if he might go home with me?"

"What did you tell him?"

"I didn't answer him, for just then Charles came along, and I went with him."

"Was there many there?" asked Sarah.

"Yes; it was very full."

"She wants to know if Mr. Gill was there," whispered one in the ears of Lizzy.

"Oh, yes;" said she, laughing, "Mr. Gill was there, (at the mention of Mr. Gill's name, two little spots of tell-tale blood might be seen on the cheeks of Sarah,) and don't you think, he offered to go home with Louisa Williams, but she turned up her nose, and told him she didn't wish for any of his company."

"I should have thought she might have treated him respectfully," said one.

"So should I; but we all know what she is," said Lizzy.

Joseph Gill was a young man of twenty-two years of age, and a man of good principles. He worked for Mr. Gates, with whom he "served his time," at the cabinet business. On the morning after the lecture, he was at work in the shop, as usual, when Mr. Gates, who was a good-humored old man, said to him:

"Well, Joseph, she wouldn't let you go home with her, ha?"

"I should rather not say any thing about that, Mr. Gates," said Joseph.

"What, man! you're sober as a deacon. Try it again; there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. It all looks clear for her now, but the wind may change. There's old Lincoln's daughter, Sarah, she'd make any man a good wife. I warrant you, you could go home with her."

Joseph was slightly acquainted with Sarah Lincoln, but if the truth must be told, he had thought that she, who was so handsome, so pleasant, would look far above him for a husband. He also thought that if he could marry Louisa Williams, her father's money would come very handy to establish him in business. He possessed a comely person, (of this he was well aware,) and he thought that she, who, to speak the truth, looked hardly as well as the average, would certainly accept him, but in meeting such a rebuff it stung him to the quick. He resolved from that time to think no more of money, with a wife, but to look more to worth. He determined to become more intimately acquainted with Sarah Lincoln, and to offer her his heart and hand. Suffice it to say that he did, and was accepted. In one year from the time of the lecture, you might have read in the "H— Gazette" the following:

"On Sunday, the 16th, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Joseph Gill to Miss Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. James Lincoln, all of this town."

And what a time at the wedding. There were all of her sister factory girls, the Messrs. W. & Co., owners of the factory, and a large number of Joseph's friends. And they were all happy.

During the past year, there had come into the town of H— a storekeeper from the city of Boston. He was what the ladies term "a nice young man." He wore stays, and had under cultivation a pair of superb mustaches. In fact he was an exquisite of the first class. Of course the ladies did their shopping at his store. Mr. Williams soon found his business began to decrease, and made Mr. Snow, his rival, an offer for him to enter into partnership with him. It was accepted, and when the new sign of "Williams and Snow" shone out, Mrs. Williams and Louisa felt a peg higher. Mr. Williams invited his partner to spend the evening at his house, and Mrs. Williams and her daughter declared they had never before seen such a "nice young man." Mr. Snow was so taken up with the fascinating

Louisa, as he called her, that he determined to have more of her company. He accordingly went to board with Mr. Williams. In three months they were married, and what a contrast to the wedding of the factory girl. Here, none were invited but the "upper ten," and each one felt himself above his neighbor. There, all were united in being happy. Mr. Snow thought, like Mrs. Williams, that factory girls were nothing, and thought he could do with them as he pleased. He went so far as to insult a number of them, who immediately told their "cousins," who, in their turn, informed the "nice young man" that if he did not leave the town, they would expose him, and then kick him out. Any one who knows the character of the "genus," knows he is as cowardly as he is impudent. He and his dear Louisa left the town and went to Boston.

Let us pass over six years. Joseph Gill is the largest furniture dealer in the town of H—. He is respected by the town's people as a worthy member of society. His wife has proved herself a worthy woman, and they have been blessed with two "sweet pledges of mutual affection" in a son and daughter. At this time an Odd Fellows' Lodge was instituted in the town of H—, and he was among the first to become acquainted with its mysteries, and was chosen the first "Noble Grand." "Honors came not singly." At the next election for a Representative, his townsmen knew of no one more capable of the office than Joseph Gill. He was elected, and fulfilled his duty to the satisfaction of all. When Mr. Williams came to examine his stock, he found he had been swindled out of a large amount, by his "son-in-law," and was obliged to give up business; but being an industrious and honest man, he obtained the situation of "ticket seller," for a branch railroad to H—. His salary, however, was small, and Mrs. Williams was obliged to take in "slop work" to obtain a living.

One night the stage from Boston stopped at Mr. Williams' door, and a tall female was helped out. "Who can she be?" asked one. The next day all was explained. It was the proud Louisa Williams returned to her parents, after having seen much trouble on account of her husband's dissipation. When his country called for aid, he, on the impulse of the moment, enlisted in the Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry, but when they were embarked on board the vessel that was to take them to the seat of operations, and were waiting for a favorable wind, his courage forsook him, and he jumped overboard, and tried to reach the shore, but his strength was not equal to the task. When he found he could not succeed, he called loudly for help; a boat put off from the vessel, and brought him on board. He was asked why he wished to leave. He said he did not want to go, that he enlisted when he was drunk. The commanding officer ordered a boat to take him on shore. "Go!" said he, "we want no pressed volunteers." He was sent on shore, where he soon became a friend to vice in every form.

He is now but a mere "tumbler rinser" at B—'s saloon. Thus we see that "Industry with Poverty must prosper, and Pride must have a fall." Thus ends our tale, with an old adage which says "if the cloak fits, put it on and wear it."

ACCOMMODATION.—A certain son of Crispin recently called on a neighboring blacksmith to get the steel corks of his horse's shoes sharpened; and being in a great haste, says he:—"Can't you do it without taking his shoes off?" "I don't know," says Vulcan, "but if you will hold his feet in my forge, I'll try."

In the early settlement of Vermont, there lived in the town of Chelsea a highly respectable old farmer, who generally went by the sobriquet of "Uncle Mike." He was noted for the earnest and decided manner in which he always expressed his opinions, and when a little excited he was apt to stammer.

One day, in the spring of the year, when the snow was very soft and slumpy, he started with his oxen, and sled for his sugar-lot, a short distance from the house; in addition to the unfavorable state of the travelling, generally, this road in particular was a mere causeway, laid over a complete quagmire, barely wide enough for a single team.

He had just got fairly on his way, when there drove up behind him a gentleman in a single sleigh, drawn by a pair of noble horses; he was evidently ignorant of the state of the road, and seeming anxious to drive faster than the ox-team before him, began to rein out his horses on one side of the road. Uncle Mike was well aware of the dangers of the way, and accordingly hailed him with—"Friend! friend! you can't get by; hold on till we get to them bars, and then I will turn out." The gentleman, however, persisted in driving out, and his horses immediately sank to their girths, in the soft snow and mud, and it was with extreme difficulty he succeeded in extricating them. They had not gone many rods further, before the stranger, impatient of Uncle Mike's slow progress, attempted to pass him on the other side. Again the old man remonstrated—"Stranger! I tell ye, you *can't* git by! it aint possible. Jist wait a minit." But again Uncle Mike's injunctions were disregarded, and this time the stranger was obliged to call on the old man for assistance, to get into the road. Twice again did the eager traveller attempt to pass the old man's team—twice again did Uncle Mike try to impress upon his mind, the entire impracticability of the undertaking—and as often were his predictions verified, and the horses almost buried in the mire.

At length Uncle Mike reached the bars, where he was to turn off, but before he did so, he stopped his team, and turning back inquired of the traveller, whether he belonged in the State.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What town do you live in?" inquired Uncle Mike.

"In Williston," answered he.

"Well!" said the old man, and his long suppressed indignation gave way to itself, "the selectmen are to *blame* for letting you go away from home, without somebody to t-t-take care of you, you are a *fool*; you d-d-don't know *anything*; d-d-didn't I tell ye you *couldn't* git by—" and the outraged farmer, was apparently in the midst of his wrath, when the stranger good humoredly asked him, if he knew who he was talking to—

"Know!" thundered the old man, "no I d-don't know, and I don't care, whoever you be, you ought t-t-to have a *gardeen*—"

"Why," said the traveller, "my name is

Thomas Chittenden, and I am the Governor of the State."

"I-I-I declare," stammered the astonished Uncle Mike, "if I had known wh-who you was, I shouldn't have s-s-said exactly what I did, but,"—and the old man thought a minute—"but—I *can't* in conscience take a word back!"

The old man turned out, and Gov. Chittenden drove on; but the story was too good to be kept. Uncle Mike's opinions and his plan for a "gardeen," furnished amusement for the Governor and his friends a long time; and the old man himself took becoming pride in telling his neighbors how he "freed his mind" to a live Governor.

A year or two since, while the famishing millions of Ireland were crying for bread, a lady, noted in the annals of benevolence, determined to leave her comfortable home in New York, and learn for herself the truth, and extent of the distress, reports of which had reached her. She visited Ireland; she entered the cabins of the poor; she partook of their humble fare, and ministered to their necessities. A few month ago, she published an account of her adventures, replete with interest and unquity.

The accomplished, and celebrated authoress of "*Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger*," is the daughter of the simple-minded and conscientious "Uncle Mike."—*Brattleboro' Eagle.*

Settling a Difficulty.

A FUNNY incident recently took place at the camping ground of the Dragoon regiments stationed at Buena Vista. Two privates—Dick Smith and Pete Jones—had been engaged in settling a little difference by the approved method of knocking one another down, and pommelling each other's faces;—and so hard did the two blows resound on the empty pates of the dragoons, as to attract the attention of a lieutenant. He immediately hastened to the spot, when the combatants desisted and were about separating, but the lieutenant stopped them, and ascertaining the cause of the quarrel, informed them that he was willing to gratify their desire to thrash each other, but that it must be done in a better and a fairer manner. He accordingly despatched the sergeant of the guard for three good stout sticks, and upon their being brought, gave one to each of the men and the third to the sergeant, and placed the two men within fair striking distance.

"Now," said the lieutenant. "Smith, you are number one, and you, Jones are number two. When I say number one, Smith will strike Jones, and when I call out, number two, Jones will strike Smith. Now, then, make ready: Number one."

Whack! came the stick of Smith upon the

shoulders of Jones. "Number two." Crack! came down Jones' stick upon Smith's head, and as "one two—one, two," were called in rapid succession, the dust flew out of the combatants' jackets in fine style. At length number one began to think that what was fun for the company, who were all giggling or grimly smiling and watching the curious combat, and for the lieutenant, who conducted the exhibition with a face as stern and unmoved as a marble monument, was all but death for him, and raising his stick as number two was coming down upon him like "ten hundred bricks," he warded off the blow.

"Stop," cried the lieutenant, sternly. "How dare you guard off his blow, Smith? Such a proceeding cannot be tolerated, and you must receive a double blow. Hit him again, number two." The order was obeyed.

"If the lieutenant please," murmured the discomfited Smith, as he winced under the flagellation of number two, "I don't think that's fair, sir."

"No matter what you think," replied his superior, "I think it is, and that is all-sufficient. Make ready: Number —"

"If the lieutenant please," hastily interposed number one, "I'm perfectly satisfied."

"Oh, you are; and what are your views on the same subject, Mr. Jones?" blandly inquired the officer.

"The same, sir, if the lieutenant please," replied number two, rubbing his shoulders.

"Very well, then, you can go; but let me hear of no more quarreling or fighting in the company for the next six months."

The scene was so perfectly ridiculous, and the poor fellows were so thoroughly laughed at by their comrades, that they soon shook hands and became friends.

Just So.—Mr. Cecil, riding one day with a friend—a very windy day—the dust being very troublesome, his companion wished that they could ride in the fields, where they could be free from dust; and this wish he repeated more than once while on the road. At length they reached the fields, where the flies so teased his friend's horse, that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. On his bitterly complaining, "Ah, sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were in the road the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot the flies were there. Now this is

a true picture of human life, and you will find it so in all the changes you make in future. We know the trials of our present situation, but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse ones, though they may be of a different kind."

The Morning Post, recording the movements of Prince Albert, lately announced that his Royal Highness and his attendants, "enjoyed the sport of shooting yesterday morning." What had yesterday morning done to merit such a fate?

YOUTH AND AGE.

I OFTEN think each tottering form

That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance,
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passions, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
Our modern lips to give or speak,
Of passions too untimely crossed;
Or passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now!
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, once said in a public meeting in London:

"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the sources from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy, healthful parts to the gospel.

MECHANICS.—The following extracts about our mechanics is true, every word of it:

"They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires, that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the same mechanic's art and strength for their symmetry, beauty and fair proportion; there is no article of comfort and pleasure but that bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their calling—how sublime is their vocation! Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown."

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

All that's bright must fade,—

The brightest still the fleetest;

All that's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest.

Stars that shine and fall;—

The flower that drops in springing;—

These, alas! are types of all

To which our hearts are clinging.

All that's bright must fade,—

The brightest still the fleetest;

All that's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize

Delights that end in aching?

Who would trust to ties

That every hour are breaking?

Better far to be

In utter darkness lying,

Than be blest with light, and see

That light for ever flying.

All that's bright must fade,—

The brightest still the fleetest;

All that's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest!

A Choice Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Rambler

TO A SORROWING LADY.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

There is upon thy brow a look of care,
A shade of sadness that I grieve to see;
But a few years ago how bright and fair
Thy face—the mirror of all joy to me!

And now—But thou art changed—it matters not
For me to tell thee what thou wert and art;
There is a something in thine earthly lot
Which wounds the fragile tendrils of thy heart.

It may be, thou hast not the strength to bear
Bravely the trials that surround thy way;
Thou dost not freely ask our hearts to share
Aught but the sunshine of thy chequered day.

Wouldst thou but touch the tender chord, how sure
The sweet response which like a balm would flow!
No longer hope alone thou canst endure
The sorrow, smiles e'en more than tears, can show!

The holiest fountain of our love is dark
Beneath the shadow, nameless though it be,
In which, o'er life's rough sea, thy fragile bark
Moves to the haven whence all sorrows flee.

If in a future day thy clouded eye
Can see no sunshine, may that other shore,
Whereon we hope to rest, before thee lie,
Clear in faith's vision till thy griefs are o'er!

A NEW WAY TO EXTORT CONFESSION.

The *Moniteur Parisien* contains the following letter, dated Mayence, 8th ult: "On Sunday last, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, M. M. Lorentz, a physician, Kauffner, an architect, and Uhling, a master builder, were returning from Weisenan to Darmstadt. In passing near the public gardens, they were assaulted by three drunken soldiers wearing the Prussian uniform. M. Lorentz had a finger cut, M. Kauffner was wounded in the head, and M. Uhling in the hand. The following day they complained to the commander of the federal fortress of Mayence, who immediately caused a search to be made in the barracks of the Prussian regiments, but none of the men would betray their comrades. The commander of the fortress then imagined an expedient which completely succeeded. He drew up the regiment in the grand square, commanded them to present arms, and when the command was obeyed, he declared to the troops that they should remain in the same position in which they then were, until they declared who were the men who committed the attack on the three civilians. The soldiers held firm during two hours and twenty minutes, when six soldiers declared they were guilty. Their declaration having been confirmed by their comrades, they were handed over to a court-martial."

SUNDAY READING.

KEEP AWAY.

The only safe course for a young man, who would retain his virtue and his correct principles, is to keep away from temptation. How many have fallen, who merely ventured to look at vice in her gaudy colors! Her temptation was too strong for them to resist.—They partook of the fatal glass—snatched the gilded treasure, or gave themselves up to uncleanness.

None are secure who run in the way of sin—who see how near they can venture on the threshold of vice, without entangling their feet in the net of the adversary.

Have you never heard the story of a gentleman who advertised for a coachman? If not, we will repeat it. Three applicants were admitted into his room. He pointed out to them a precipice, remarking—"How near the edge of this can you drive me, without any danger of an upset?"

The first applicant replied—"Within a hair's breadth."

"How near can you drive me?" inquired the gentleman, of a second applicant.

"Within a hair's breadth," he replied.

As the third applicant was about leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with the other two, the gentleman stopped him.

"Let me hear what you have to say," said he.

"Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these; if I were to drive you, I would keep as far off as I possibly could."

"You are the man for me," said the gentleman, and he engaged him immediately.

In regard to vice, he only is safe who keeps away from temptation. Those who venture near, are often upset and destroyed. We can all point to individuals who are lost to virtue, who, when they took the first wrong step, intended never to take another. It was the voice of a pretended friend, it may be, which urged them on, only for once, but it proved their destruction.

Ye who are now safe—whose hearts are uncontaminated—listen to the voice of wisdom, and go not where there are strong allurements to vice. Keep away from the gambling-table, the grog-shop, and the midnight party. "Keep as far off as possible," and a life of integrity and virtue will assuredly be yours.—[*Umpire*.]

FOREIGN MATTERS.

TELEGRAPH vs. COACH—AN ELOPEMENT.

On the 18th ult. a young lady booked herself at Cambridge, by the Defiance coach, (facetiously termed the "Cambridge Spectre,") for the railway terminus, Ware, intending to continue her journey to London by railway. It so happened, however, that long before the arrival of the coach at its usual stopping place, the French Horn Inn, the telegraph had, with "lightning speed," conveyed intelligence to the Ware station, that a young lady, of prepossessing appearance, had eloped from the residence of her father, at Cambridge, and was *en route* to her lover in London, and earnestly requesting that information of the same might be forwarded to the police, so that they might await the arrival of the "Spectre," in order to take the *substance* into safe custody, and restore her to her disconsolate parents. True to time the coach arrived, and with it the fair fugitive, who, on being interrogated by the veritable "visible blue," readily admitted that she was the person inquired after, and was, without ceremony, taken to the residence of the inspector to await the dreadful approach of an angry father, instead of the rapturous smile of the expectant lover, who, it appears, was anxiously on the look out at the Shoreditch terminus for the arrival of his fair innamorata, although evidently keenly disappointed. The young lady said she enjoyed the joke, but should know how to play her cards better in future, as she was determined to embrace the first opportunity of again leaving the paternal roof.

SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

STANZAS:

TO HER WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY J. P. ROSSITER.

Once more I gaze upon that sea
Whose shores, together oft we've trod—
The tideless ocean, whose wild glee
Hath warmed our spirit toward its God;
Once more I see its blue expanse
Around the wide horizon sweep,
But oh! I miss Affection's glance.
No more in joy, waves shoreward creep,
But fall like floods of tears—my heart to steep.

Canst thou forget the Spring's sweet eve,
When, by stern Terrachina's beach,
We sat and saw the white foam heave
In air—as if high Heaven 'twould reach,
And mark'd the light departing leave
The mountain tops, whose broad arms stretch
In gladness to the dancing wave—
And to the sea, spread verdure rich,
While we a ray of bliss from all did catch?

Rememb'rest thou Sorrento's grove—
The syren's cave of turquoise hue—
The cliffs, with orange walks above:
The matted vines, where, scarcely through
The sun could pierce—the waves that strove
Against our walls, so clear and blue—
The midnight surf on high that hove
Its spray in gloom—and all, our hearts did move?

Dost recollect Salerno's bay—
The storm that burst black o'er its tide—
The lightnings in their mad'ning play
With mountains, gleaming far and wide—
And, when that gloom had pass'd away,
Through calm, clear skies the moon did glide;
Will ever from thy memory stray
The blissful hours, which ushered in the day?

Canst thou forget dear Spezzia's strand,
All girded round with mountain's high—
While far Carrara's pure white band
Of snowy peaks, prop'd up the sky—
And all combin'd of sea, and land
That's beautiful—to glad the eye?
And how, upon that golden sand
We mingled thoughts, while gliding hand in hand?

If thou rememb'rest this, and these—
Who art afar 'mid other scenes—
How vividly those past hours seize
My spirit, as the same wave sheens
Beneath my feet—but no more please
As they were wont. The now serene
Eve steals on with gentle breeze,
O'er all the rich land's verdant green—
Yet, naught my throbbing breast can ease:
No heart like thine with my lone soul agrees.

Yet, sweeter 'tis e'en here all lone,
Than in the lands where late I've been—
For o'er this path, thy steps have gone—
And what I see, thine eyes have seen—
Yes, every wave that brightly shone,
And all the crags that seaward lean,
And every low and murmuring tone
That comes from Ocean's waves of green,
I'll tell my sad'ning thoughts, of thee—their Queen.

ore of the Mediterranean, September, 18—.

RANAWAY, LOST, OR STOLEN.

To the Printer—SIR: You are, as I think, seated on your tripod, and surrounded by your devils, like another Rhadamanthus, at whose court the grievances under which poor mortals, like myself, labor, may be ameliorated and arranged according to justice. I do not indeed hope for redress, but it will do my heart good at least to pour out its troubles.

I am of late, from a sprightly fellow, who could hop at Hazzard's, and laugh at the theatre, become a peevish, mal-content, full of spleen, and feeling among our goodly citizens as if I had been Robinson-Crusoe in a desert isle, with nothing but goats and seals for my companions. Indeed, I am worse off; for I should in my island have intercourse with creatures acting according to their nature, and my expectations of them would not be disappointed. But now, I see only vegetable men and women, acting and moving entirely by outward impulses. Look at the newspapers, Mr. Printer, the little histories of a day, which hold up in their columns the true portraits of society. Look at the advertisements which they print, and you will see the chief objects of the attachment.

Lap-dogs, horses, negroes, silver spoons, bank-notes, old blankets, and diamond-rings, as well as pointers, pocket-books, canes, umbrellas, and such trash, meet our eyes on every page, in the several predicaments of stolen, strayed, eloped, ranaway, lost, and missing; and the rewards offered for them too plainly show the value that is set upon these baubles. But what extremely annoys me is, that while the owners are so anxious about such trifles, they yet are perfectly easy under losses that one would think were grievous indeed to hear. I mean such losses as we have every day before our eyes, where poor unfortunate men and women are bereft of every estimable quality, every grain of common honesty, every tittle of religion, every blush of modesty, every scruple of justice; all gone—stolen, strayed, eloped, runaway! Yet there is no advertisements for these things, and, what is worse, the former possessors have contented themselves with substituting the vilest counterfeits for the jewels they have lost. But, Mr. Printer, if the world had a proper estimate of the truly valuable, we should frequently see the Daily Ledger, Sun, Times, and other papers, crowded with such advertisements as the following:

STOLEN OR STRAYED, from the heart of Judge —, the few sparks of candor and justice which it once possessed. The thief, in order to conceal his theft, slipped in a quantity of barren sophistry, equivocation, and injustice, immediately under the *pia mater* of the advertiser. He *winks* well ever since, but cannot get a *wink* of sleep. Whoever will return the said candor and justice, shall be handsomely rewarded, and no questions asked.

MISSING—From the possession of Mr. —, his health, fortune, reputation, and happiness, leaving him with only a *glass of New England rum*. The latter will be given for one minute's peace of mind.

LOST—Between the — Bank and the Rev. Mr. —'s Church, the little stock of honesty which nature had given to Mr. —. Found, at the same time, a large quantity of *hypocrisy*. The latter will be gladly given to whoever will return the former.

STOLEN—From Mr. —, a homœopathic-dose of *talents*, and an infinitesimal quantity of *modesty*. Whoever will discover the thief, or return the property, will be liberally rewarded in *brass*, of which the advertiser possesses a large stock.

FOR SALE—An *India-rubber Conscience*.—The advertiser wishes to part with it—it having become *too large* and *heavy* for his use. Apply to Mr. —, attorney at law.

LOST! LOST—By Miss —, a casket of *maidenly propriety*, the gift of a beloved mother. The advertiser is inconsolable at the loss, which she fears is irretrievable.

RANAWAY—From the House of Representatives, in Washington, during the last Congress, a large amount of *valuable time*. Whoever will return it shall be made President of the United States.

ELOPED—Supposed to have gone to Texas or Mexico, the spirit of Christianity, the memory of Washington, and the peace of true liberty. Whoever will return these to the Government at Washington, will receive the thanks of the American people.

But, Mr. Printer, I will not multiply instances, and only add that I wish the world would take this moral turn, and society continue no longer such a *toy-shop*. Yours, APEMULUS.

ETIQUETTE RUN MAD.

Mr. Printer—I am an old bachelor, and as such perhaps my opinions may be slighted by those to whom I advert. But, alas! the great reason of my celibacy is despair at not being able to find among all my female acquaintances any one who dares to eschew prejudice and act as becomes a *natural* woman. There are so many rules and observances, so many forms and ceremonies, in every circle into which I am thrown, that it seems to me as if all female mortality were involved in a labyrinthine net-work of false ideas and ridiculous etiquette. I live in the little village of —, where, formerly, it was the boast of our aged Pastor, that nothing but kindness and simplicity pervaded the manners of the inhabitants. But all of a sudden, some years since, a spark of evil fire threw the whole community into a blaze, the effects of which still continue.

It seems that a city lady, a woman whose youth and maidenhood had been passed in the various avocations of house-maid, mantua-maker, and lady's attendant, but who, having married a tailor well to do in the world, found herself a widow, with a large jointure;—she visited our village for the summer season, and commenced such a system of punctilio and ceremony, as completely turned the hitherto sensible heads of all our village matrons. Setting herself up as a shining beacon, she so dazzled our good women, that they could see nothing but her example, and this they followed with a most terrible pertinacity; till, finally, etiquette was carried to such a pitch, that the most intimate friends became as distant as the frigid zones. Miss Patty Wilkins, whose father is an eminent dry-goods dealer, assured me that her mamma had not spoken to Mrs. Jones, the stuff-shop-woman, for a month; for that Mrs. Jones had presumed to take a higher seat than her mamma at Mrs. Willis's grand supper, though her papa was a much wealthier man than Mrs. Jones' husband, who had actually once been a bankrupt.—Then Mrs. Bow would not notice Mrs. Wow, because Mrs. Bow's husband, Mr. Bow, had been elected town clerk, whereas Mrs. Wow's husband, Mr. Wow, was only church-warden, and actually rung the town-bell. Then there was coldness between Mrs. Fig, the grocer's wife, and Mrs. Pig, the butcher's lady; and a shyness between Mrs. Tweedle and Mrs. Dee; a discord between Mrs. Hum and Mrs. Bug; and a downright quarrel between Mrs. Marrowbone and Mrs. Mallet. In short, a most harmonious system of disagreement between all the ladies of the village.

An end was put to friendly meetings and neighborly acts. Courtesies and greetings took place no longer on the church-steps; the children were baptized in private; parties and sleigh-rides became obsolete. Censorious remarks and tittle-tattle were all the topics of discourse, and the very demon of slander seemed to be about to set upon an altar in our midst.

Things went on in this way for a couple of years, when 'Squire Weston, the member to Congress from our district, purchased a house in the village, and moved down with his amiable family. He soon noticed the state of things among us, and being a gentleman of great good feeling, he proposed inviting all the ladies of the parish to a grand ball and house-warming; but how to bring them together without setting them all by the ears, was a question of most delicate moment. For some time, the member and his family held a council of peace, and the result was a placard or notification, to the following effect, a copy of which was served on all our belligerent disciples of etiquette.

TO THE LADIES.

Mr. Weston and family will be happy to meet all the ladies of the parish at his house on Thursday evening. And having given much consideration to the disputes which at present exist among them, he proposes, if any question of precedence should arise, that the lady who is the prettiest and most accomplished of the two, shall give way and place to the other.

This, Mr. Printer, worked like a charm. The ladies were so confounded, that none pretended to insist on rank. Yet every one had such an opinion of her own charms and graces, that the question was not who should take refreshments first, or the head of a cotillion, or a seat at the table—but who should do all these things last, with the most obliging humility.

Now, if this happy expedient could be imitated, might we not hope that the rage for ceremony would soon cease, and simplicity reign instead? That indeed would be pleasing news for your friend,

CLEVER, JR.



NOT LOVE.

No, Jerome, no.
Once on a time I serv'd a noble master,
Whose youth was blasted with untoward love—
And he, with hope, and fear, and jealousy,
For ever toss'd, led an unquiet life;—
Yet, when unruffled by the passing fit,
His pale, wan face such gentle sadness wore,
As mov'd a kindly heart to pity him.
But Monfort, even in his calmest hour,
Still bears that gloomy sadness in his eye
Which suddenly repels all sympathy—
O no, good Jerome, No—it is not love.

FEW REAL FRIENDS.

Thus it is true, from the sad years of life
We sometimes do short hours, yea minutes strike,
Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten—
Which, thro' the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,
Shine, like fair sunny spots on a wild waste;—
But few they are,—as few the heav'n-fir'd souls
Whose magic power creates them. Bless'd art thou,
If in the ample circle of thy friends
Thou can'st but boast a few.

DAWNING LOVE.

I know you prais'd her, and her offerings too!
She might have given the treasures of the East
Ere I had known it.
O, didst thou mark her, when she first appear'd,
Still distant slowly moving with her train;
Her robe and tresses floating on the wind,
Like some light figure in a morning cloud?
But, when approaching near, she to'w'rd us turn'd,
Kind mercy! what a countenance was there;
And when, to our salute, she gently bow'd,
Didst mark that smile rise from her parting lips?
I felt my roused soul within me start,
Like something wak'd from sleep.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP AND NEWS.

PAT'S DREAM.

We have laughed heartily over the recital of
real Hibernian dream. Two sons of the green a
glorious Isle, met a day or two since, and thus co
loquised:

"Good morning, Pat."

"Good morning, Dennis."

Dennis.—"How is it wid ye, Pat? ye seems in
quandhary."

Pat.—"Bedad, but it's right ye are, widout know
ing it, for I'm in that same. It's a provoking dram
I've had."

Dennis.—"A drame, Patrick! was it a good or
bad wan?"

Pat.—"Bad luck, but it was a little of both: I
dramed I was wid the Pope, who was as great a jon
tleman as ony b'ye in the district; an' he axed me
wad I drink? Thinks I, wud a duck swim; and see
ing the Innishowen and the lemons, and the sugar on
the sideboard, I tould him I didn't care if I tuk a we
dhrap of punch? *Could or not?* axed the Pope. *Hot*,
yer howliness, I replied; and be that he stepped down
to the kitchen for the bilin' wather, but before he
got back I wuk straight up!—and it's now distress
ing me that *I didn't take me punch could!*"

THE PATENT FISH MACHINE.

Recipe for Killing Children Suddenly.—Give
them a fish to eat, without carefully extracting the
bones.—[*Ex. paper.*]

The above brief paragraph, which is going "the
rounds" has suggested the necessity of recording the
working of a Patent Fish Machine, as told by a well
known wit of our city. It was during the last shad
season, that a worthy merchant boarder at one of
our hotels having experienced great delay in stopping
to pick out the bones of fish while eating, and hear
ing that a machine had been invented and patented
by the application of which to the mouth, and turning
a crank, the bones of the fish would fly out upon the
table and the meat down the throat,—he procured
one and ordering the waiter to bring him a fine broil
ed shad, applied the machine, but unfortunately he
turned the crank the wrong way, when lo! the meat
flew across the table, and the bones down his throat
with such velocity, as to come out through the skin
and clothes, and the poor fellow could not get his
shirt off for three months!!

A SONG OF THE HEART.

BY H. MARION WARD.

Love me, darling, love me, for my wild and wayward heart,
Like Noah's dove in search of rest, will wander where thou art;
Will linger round thee like a spell, till, by thy hand caress'd,
It folds its weary, care-worn wings, to nestle in thy breast.

Love me, darling, love me! When my soul was sick with strife,
Thy soothing accents were the sun that warm'd it into life;
Thy breath call'd forth the passion-flowers, that slumber'd
'neath the ice
Of self-distrust, and now their bloom makes earth a paradise.

Love me, darling, love me! Let thy dreams be all of me.
Oh let thy thoughts be round my heart, as mine will cling to
thee.

But if—oh God! it cannot be—yet if thou shouldst grow cold
And weary of my jealous love, or think it over-bold;

Or if, perchance, some fairer form should charm thy truant eye,
Thou'lt find me woman, proud and calm;—so leave me—let me
die!

I'd not reclaim a wavering heart, whose pulse has once grown
cold,
To write my name in princely halls, with diamonds and with
gold.

Nay, love me, *only love me*, for I have no world but thee,
And darksome clouds are in my sky,—'tis woman's destiny,
But clouds may frown and wild storms rage, no fear can they
impart,

While thou art near, with smiles, to bend hope's rainbow o'er
my heart.—[*Graham's Mag.*]

'Tis not the scented breath of flowers,
The shadow deep of rock or hill;
A dearer, holier spell than these
Hath charmed my soul and binds me still;
But through the dim empurpled air
Gleams out a silver winding stream,
Where in the fairy-haunted paths
My youthful fancy loved to dream.

And clad in summer's richest vine,
I see a drooping aged tree,
And 'neath its shade a lowly cot—
The dearest spot on earth to me;
Ah, sweeter than a vision bright
To wanderer, of his native isle,
Or kindly tones to stranger-heart,
The mem'ry of a mother's smile.

On such an eve, when summer's voice
Fell mournful from the waving tree;
Wan, quivering lips were pressed to mine,
Chill with earth's wildest agony.
That meek, pale brow that o'er me bent,
Can heart that beats with love forget?
Those mournful voices mingling low—
Yes, even in bliss, I hear them yet.

And think ye, suffering earthly ones,
Ye tread life's dreary path alone;
That they who loved you most on earth,
Are from your side forever flown?
When soft the tone of seraph's harp
Comes stealing o'er her crystal rills,
And music wakes in every grove,
And echoes from the heavenly hills;

All bathed in bliss, I take my way,
When stars from heaven look tenderly,
To linger by her blessed side,
Who watched my helpless infancy.
And did the cooling breath of night
A sudden sweetness o'er her fling,
Thought she, her fevered brow was fanned
By a beloved seraph's wing.

By all the lovely spells of earth,
That dwell in breeze or perfumed flower,
By holy dreams or thoughts of heaven,
I've charmed her in her saddest hour.
When faith in that meek upturned eye,
Hath with frail earthly weakness striven;
Dreamed she what angel's love-taught wing,
Hath borne her broken prayer to heaven.

If memory brings a look of mine
That caused her pain—my harp shall sleep;
I will not strike its golden strings,
But o'er it silent bend and weep.
And when her faint and weary form
Shall on its dying couch recline;
—To burst in beauty on her sight,—
And bear her home to heaven—be mine."

IMOGEN.

TO L——, AT PARTING.

When cold and blighting winter winds
Have spent their chilling powers,
And glist'ning icicles have wept,
The advent of the flowers;
When the snow-fiend, girt with ice,
Is howling in the North,
And youthful, gentle, bonnie Spring
Her blossoms hath put forth—
Thou'lt then return, with willing step,
To one so much thy slave,
Who lives that thou at last may know,
The wealth of love he gave;
When in those charm'd ecstatic hours
He sat by thee alone,
And poured all molten o'er thy heart,
The substance of his own.—[*City Item.*]

An Original Poem.

Written for the Saturday Rambler.

THE ROBIN.

BY MISS AMANDA WESTON.

The little robin red-breast!
I hear his gushing song,
On the clear air of morning
Borne joyously along,
And gladly breathe my welcome
To the wild music-strain
That echoes Winter's parting steps,
And welcomes Spring again.

'Tis early in the Spring-time;—
The flowers have not yet come,
And the soft whispering zephyrs
Sleep in their sunny home;—
Lightly, o'er hill and valley
Mantle the snow-wreaths fair;
But sunbeams rest on their bright folds,—
They will not long be there.

The little robin red-breast
Comes singing o'er the snow;—
Remembers he the homestead
He left so long ago?
Alas, for thee, sweet songster!
There's not a blossom now,
There's not a single leaf of green,
On that gray, moss-grown bough.

Yet cheer thee, bright-winged warbler!
Build thy old home anew,
And wait the coming blossoms
With faith as firm as true.
The bright hours will not linger,—
The dark hours cannot stay;
Spring's smile beams from the blue sky now,
Spring's voice breathes in thy lay.

Build on the moss-grown branches,
Free minstrel of the air!
Thy home will soon be nestling
'Mid flowers and foliage fair;
Recall the sad heart's Spring-time
With thy wild, artless strain;—
Most gladly to thine old home
I welcome thee again.

IRISH COUNTING.

"Teddy, me b'y, did ye go to the parthy last night?"

"Och! warn't I there, darlin'!—And warn't it a fine time we had, Jemmy!"

"How many ov the b'ys did ye 'ave thare?"

"Oonly four."

"An' who were they?"

"Thare was mesilf, that's one; thare was Barney Flin, that's two; the two Croghans, an' that's thraa; an'—an'—faix, thare was four."

Teddy commenced his count again.

"The two Croghans, is one; mesilf, that's two; an' Barney Flin is thraa—is thraa—but—thare was four, onny how!"

Not satisfied with *three*, Teddy scratched his pate, and very emphatically recommenced his counting.

"Thare was Barney Flin, that's one; an' the two Croghans, that's two; an' mesilf, that's thraa;—an'—an'—be dad, thare was four!—but I can't t'ink o' the uthy one!"—*Boston Bee*.

PAT AT THE TICKET-OFFICE.

"Is this where yez buy tickets for the Worcester Railroad?" asked a son of the Emerald Isle, as he thrust his head into the ticket-office of the Worcester Railroad, at the depot in this city, a few days since.

"This is the place," answered the ticket-master.

"I'll be takin' one for Worcester in the second-class car—an' it plaize ye."

The ticket was passed to him, and Pat, after gazing a moment at it, turned suddenly to the ticket-master, and said—

"Plaize, sur, an' whin I git to Worcester, an' want to come back ag'in, will I 'ave to come here for me ticket?"—*Id.*

A MYSTERIOUS RECIPE.

Every body has heard of the old woman's recipe for testing indigo: "Sprinkle it, in fine powder, on a pan of water; and if it's good, it will either sink or swim, and I don't know which!" This infallible test reminds us of the following cure for feminine melancholy, from "The Mountebank's Recipe-Book": "If any lady be sicke of the Sullen, she knowes not where, let her take a handful of simples, I know not what, and use them, I know not how, applying them to the place grieved, I know not which, and she shall be cured, I know not when!"—*Knicker Magazine*.

TWO CLASSES OF LOVERS.

I have found, by long experience, that it is no use remonstrating with a man who is head-over-ears in love—the tender passion affects us differently, according to our constitutions. One set of fellows, who are generally the pleasantest, seldom get beyond the length of flirtation. They are always at it, but constantly changing, and therefore manage to get through a tolerable catalogue of attachments before they are finally brought to book. Such men are quite able to take care of themselves, and require but little admonition. You no doubt hear them now and then abused for trifling with the affections of young women, as if the latter had themselves the slightest remorse in playing precisely the same game; but in most cases such censure is undeserved, for they are quite as much in earnest as their neighbors, so long as the impulse lasts. The true explanation is, that they have survived their first passions, and that their faith is somewhat shaken in the boyish creed of the absolute perfectibility of woman. The great disappointment of life does not make them misanthropes, but it forces them to caution, and to a closer appreciation of character than is usually undertaken in the first instance. They have become, perhaps, more selfish, certainly more suspicious; and, though often on the verge of a proposal, they never commit themselves without an extreme degree of deliberation. Another set seem designed by nature to be the absolute victims of woman. Whenever they fall in love, they do it with an earnestness and an obstinacy which is actually appalling. The adored object of their affections can twine them round her finger, quarrel with them, cheat them, caricature them, or flirt with others, without the least risk of severing the triple cord of attachment. They become as tame as poodle-dogs, will submit patiently to any manner of cruelty or caprice, and, in fact, seem rather to be grateful for such treatment than otherwise. Clever women usually contrive to secure a captive of this kind. He is useful to them in a hundred ways—never interferes with their schemes, and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can always fall back upon him as a stand-by.

Several of our city contemporaries are opposing the proposition to increase the police force, "for," say they, "one half of those already in office may be nightly found at the Theatres, Circus, Menagerie, &c." Very well, say we, better find them there than nowhere at all. Do our friends not remember the anecdote of the Irishman, who was told that a thing was not lost if you knew where it was—and his reply—"Faix, and I'm glad of that, for the *key* kettle's at the bottom of the say."

The modern idea of compelling a merchant or other person to sell his own goodwill, reminds us of the Irishman who, while looking at a press-gang conveying a poor fellow, whom they had captured, on board a ship, was asked what was the matter. "The matther," replied Patrick, "why they are ownly forcing a poor fellow to volunteer!"

THE DOCTOR AND HIS HORSE.

Stodious persons are sometimes surprisingly ignorant how to act on ordinary occasions. A Scottish paper says that Dr. Chalmers came home one evening on horseback, and as neither the man who had the charge of his horse nor the key of the stable could be found, he was for some time not a little puzzled where to find a temporary residence for the animal. At last he fixed on the garden as the fittest place he could think of for the purpose; and, having led the horse thither, he placed it on the garden walk. When his sister, who had also been from home, returned, and was told that the key of the stable could not be found, she inquired what had been done with the horse.

"I took it to the garden," said the doctor.

"To the garden!" she exclaimed; "then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed."

"Don't be afraid of that," said the doctor, "for I took particular care to place the horse on the garden walk."

"And did you really imagine," rejoined the sister, "that he would remain there?"

"I have no doubt of it," said the doctor; "for so sagacious an animal as the horse could not be aware of the propriety of refraining from injuring the products of the garden."

"I am afraid," said Miss Chalmers, "that you will think less favorably of the discretion of the horse when you have seen the garden."

To decide the controversy by an appeal to facts, they went to the garden, and found, from the ruthless devastation which the trampling and rolling of the animal had spread over every part of it, that the natural philosophy of the horse was a subject with which the lady was far more accurately acquainted than her learned brother.

"I never could have imagined," said the doctor, "that horses were such senseless animals."

NOTICE TO BEGGARS.

Just before sunset some evenings since, (says a Paris paper), a party of ladies and gentlemen were enjoying a horseback ride. One lady, with her cavalier, had, by design or accident, got a little in advance of the party.

"By heaven," said the young man, "you are very cruel; do you never mean to take pity on me?"

The lady remained silent and pensive.

"In the name of heaven, of your beauty, of my love."

The same silence.

"Madame, I beg you, one single word of answer."

"There is my answer," said the lady, laughing, and with the end of her whip she pointed to a big post at the corner of the road.

The chevalier raised his eyes, and read as follows:

"Beggings is forbidden in the department of the Seine and Oise."

BETTING WITH A MULE.

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped.

"I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go ober dis bridge," and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet, den," said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, any how," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money?" said a man who had been close by, unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn, an' I takes de quarter out."

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.

Alexander the Great was fond of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard that he was coming home to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under officers—"All eggs under the grate!" which, being repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think that it was the prince's real name, and therefore gave him no other, and posterity has ever since been under the same delusion.

BEATING AND BEING BEATEN.

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a croney, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master.

"O, excellently!" answered the servant, "we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each other's coats, the only difference is he takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

A SOLDIER'S SANG FROID.

A singularly wild and almost poetic fancy was the form in which a French soldier, wounded at the battle of Waterloo, displayed his enthusiasm. He was undergoing, with great steadiness, the operation of the extraction of a ball from his left side, when, in the moment of his greatest suffering, he exclaimed—"An inch deeper, and you'll find the emperor!"

NATURAL HISTORY ON A SMALL SCALE.

Professor Agassiz brought forward the other night, what he called his new theory of classifying fishes by the peculiar turn of the scale, instead of by the more finished method of Linnaeus. We are sorry to remind the Professor that his theory is by no means original. We used to buy salt mackerel for our mother, by the turn of the scale, ever so many years ago. But the theory of the scale we have since discovered is a very imperfect one—for how are you to classify, in this way, the eel and the cat-fish?—*John Donkey*.

AN IMPORTED CON.—Why are the protectionists like walnuts? Ans.—Because they are troublesome to peel. — **CLERICAL WIT.**—The Northampton Courier tells an excellent anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Field, formerly of Westminster, Vt. When he went to give his vote at an election, a man of opposite politics expressed surprise at seeing him there, and to confirm his objection, quoted the remark of the Saviour, that His "kingdom was not of this world." "Has no man a right to vote," rejoined the witty clergyman, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?" — **DESTROYING ONE'S ENEMIES.**—A philosopher was once consulted as to the best method of destroying one's enemy, and he gave for answer, "Make him your friend." Therefore, if you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away." —

BACK YARD MORALITY.—It is recorded, as a new phase of moral philosophy, that one Sunday a lady called to her little boy, who was playing marbles on the side-walk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday." "Well, yes," replied the boy; "but ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?" — **SEASONABLE HINT.**—It is said to be a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face. It is a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose. — **A TRIPICTURE.**—We strongly suspect that in due time our farmers will be convinced of the point of the picture which represented a king sitting in state with a label, "I rule for all;" a bishop with the legend, "I pray for all;" a soldier with the motto, "I fight for all;" and a farmer drawing forth reluctant a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all!" —

A CHEERFUL HEART.—Whoever hopes to succeed anything, must set about it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is sure to succeed.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick." —

A "REAL" FACT.—The Spanish real in Massachusetts is called a "ninepence;" in New York, a "shilling;" in Maryland, a "levy;" in South Carolina, a "sevepence;" and in Louisiana, a "bit." — **A NEW MODEL.**—A New York paper tells that a very seedy and needy young gent, disappointed in love and business matters, has applied to Dr. Collyer for a situation to personate Job's turkey! — **HE CAN'T GET IT!**—A newspaper editor, down east, rejects the offer of a druggist, to advertise his drugs and medicines, and take his pay out of the shop. He says he will take all sorts of produce in payment for papers and advertisements, such as parsnips, wooden comb, old clothes and cold victuals—but he won't take physic. — **KEEP THEM OUT!**—Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but had thought to win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away."

Where's the Bard of "Hazel Dell?"

Mystic bard of "Hazel Dell,"
Hast thou lost the gift of song?
Why should gloomy silence dwell
O'er thy magic lyre so long?
Are its soft celestial strings
Broken by some earthly hand?
Or are fancy's radiant wings
Plumed no more at thy command?

We have missed thy stirring numbers,
Poet of the glorious lyre!—
Wake again the spirit's slumbers—
Kindle new its smothered fire.
Bind the willing soul again
With thy song's mysterious spell,
Till it echoes back thy strain,
Mystic bard of "Hazel Dell." K. S.

A YOUNG FAMILY.—At Box, in Herts, there is a family consisting of father, mother, son, and daughter, whose united ages are only 33 years. Father 17, mother 15, children (twins) a few weeks.

A DANCING WAGER.—Madame de Contade, who recently undertook for a wager to dance at three balls, on three successive nights, in three different countries, and won her wager—at Paris, Brighton and Brussels,—is now crippled in all her limbs from imprudent bathing.

HOW TO KNOW A YANKEE.—It is reported abroad that Yankees may be known from other people, without speaking, by their universal propensity to whittle. Nevertheless, very few Yankees, comparatively speaking, do whittle. It is said, too, that Yankees eat pork with molasses. We have lived, a Yankee born and bred, over forty years, and never once saw molasses poured on pork by any body.

But the true way to tell a Yankee is by his pronunciation of words ending in ure and ing. Future, rupture and nature, he invariably pronounces as if they were spelled nater, rupter and futer. Finding, sending and lending, he calls lendin, sendin and findin, as if there were no final g.

In New York, they abbreviate ing still more pitifully. For example, the following sentence: "Here's a shilling, to buy a chicken; and if you give more than a shilling, I'll give you a licking," would be rendered by a New Yorker: "Here's a shillin, to buy a chick'n; and if you give more than a shillin, I'll give a lick'n."

An Original.

We left Gonzales, thirty in number, on the 11th ult., for Monterey, via San Antonio, and near a pretty village, called Sequin, a few of us fell in with an odd fish enjoying a Colonel's commission. He had a strange habit of using the longest words, and invariably misapplying them; for instance, (he wished to sell us some lots.) "Buy here, gentlemen, if you wish to make fortunes; here's the location for a magnanimous city; we're at the foot of navigation. Next year I'll put up a lawyer's fixins, a pothecary'd doins, and a blacksmith's institution, and afterwards a regular cimetery, where all the folks from the circum-jasper counties will send in their boys and girls of both sexes to be McAdamized into a college education. Then I'll instruct a meetin-house, and the stores and taverns will spring up in course. I can't do this till next year, cos I hav'nt got hard cash enough yet, and I'll have nothing to do with the darned bank bills. Do you see that well? I'll put a pump-handle into it, and fix an anecdote to fetch the water through all the meandering and turpentine walks in my sass-garding, and the effects of the aragation will be such, that the very air will be polluted with the oduriferous execrations protruding from the flowers. I'll put up a diarrhoea in the middle of 'em, for my women folk to store the milk and butter, &c.; and then run a condition through my house and provision it off, but I'll run up a real edifice next year, and clap a chronology on the top, so that the ladies and gentlemen may look at the stars and milky way through a horoscope that I'll export from Galveston. I can't do all this at once as my women folks are growing up and getting more and more costive and expensive every year. Come in, gentlemen, let us liquor." — *Army Correspondent.*

BIRTH-DAY SONNET.

What bring'st thou in thy basket, Time, good friend,
As now thou greet'st me in thine annual round?
The lid I see is with fresh flower-wreaths crowned
As if thou still some grace of youth wouldst lend.
But yet with something weightier thou dost bend—
Reveal what 'neath the garlands lies concealed!
Dost thou bring fruits, of earlier flowers the yield
And thus the gifts of Spring through life extend?
With something heavier still thou dost contend—
How slowly these are to my sight revealed!
Are they the tear-drops in thy care congealed
To starry gems which earth with heaven blend?
Then keep them, father, till each chastened gem
Be fit to grace a heavenly diadem! C.

THE OUTWARD BOUND

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

Farewell, farewell—a moment since
And thou wert at my side,
And now I see thy little boat
Cleave swiftly thro' the tide;
I hear the sturdy oarsman's strokes,
And shudder at the sound,
Until their echos die away
Beside the Outward Bound.

I see thee near thy vessel's side,
I see thee on the deck,
(God shield thee in the time of storm,
From tempest—and from wreck;) I may not tread the trackless waste
That compasses thee round,
But my heart's prayer of hope, and love,
Follows the Outward Bound.

And now upon the lonely shore,
I watch thy less'ning barque
Fade dimly from my aching view,
Upon the waters dark;
The sails are set—each swelling sheet
By favouring breezes crown'd,
Spreads forth to hope its snowy wings,—
Heaven shield the Outward Bound!

Farewell! farewell—her lofty masts
Are passing from my sight,
And now her wide-spread flowing sails
Are little specks of white.
'Tis gone—no more to fill my gaze
That speeding barque is found;
In God—and thee, I put my trust,
Oh! shield the Outward Bound!

When is a chicken's neck like a bell? When it is rung for dinner.

An Original Tale.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF A PHYSICIAN. — No. 2.

ELTON WOODBURY; A Sequel to the Maniac Mother.

BY MRS. M. L. SWEETSER.

More than one year previous to the concluding incidents of the first part of this narrative, which, in all its essentials, is strictly true, I was summoned to the city, from which I lived only twelve or fifteen miles distant, to the residence of my friend Holman. He had been for many years engaged in mercantile speculations, and was supposed to have accumulated a large amount of property. The scene which I there witnessed was therefore wholly unexpected to me.

In momentary expectation of my arrival, Mr. Holman had caused his attendants to remove his easy-chair to the window, that he might watch for me, having given directions to have refreshment placed in the room, and to be left alone the moment I should enter. Three years had passed since we had previously met, and accustomed by the duties of my profession to great self-control, I smothered the expression of astonishment which involuntarily sprang to my lips when I beheld the change which the events of that period had wrought in his person. His bright, curling locks, fresh, handsome complexion and merry, sparkling blue eyes, had, in our youthful days, won the notice of many a smiling fair one, as well as the consequent envy of our own sex; but a few remnants of silvered hair now fell about the collar of his dressing gown, leaving the top of his head entirely bald; his eyes were sunken and restless, and his features and person pale and attenuated. He attempted to rise from his chair upon my entrance, impelled by that habitual politeness which, through life, had been a peculiar characteristic, but I motioned him to remain, and he placed one hand upon his side in token of inability, extending the other to me, while a languid smile for a moment parted his lips.

"Nothing can save me," he said in a low tremulous voice, probably observing that I closely examined his countenance, "nothing not even your skill. It was not for that, that I summoned you; but to confess to you a fact which will be known, and cause a sensation in the little world by which I am surrounded when I am no more. It is somewhat as physician, and yet still more as a friend, that I desired your presence, for I could not calmly go hence and leave my only child, my cherished one, alone and dependent."

"What mean you?" I demanded, in surprise. "Is not Florence the only heir to the property you have spent your life in acquiring? I have heard, too, that she is betrothed to a young and promising lawyer of this city. Will you explain?"

"I will try," he replied sadly, some distressing reminiscences apparently revived by my queries, "for it was for this that I sent for you; in the meantime do not interrupt me."

Previously however to becoming a listener, I prepared a few drops, which proved a great temporary relief, and then urged him to proceed; for I had discovered that he was in the last stages of a disease of the heart, which might at any moment reach its climax, and hide from me forever what he wished to communicate. A considerable time was occupied in his narration of the past, some incidents of which were of a nature too private and sacred for admission here; a summary of the whole, mingled with a few facts gathered from my own memory, will suffice for the reader.

Mr. Holman had married, early in life, an orphan, who, save one brother, in a far distant clime, claimed no relative in the wide world; truly and passionately was the heart of her husband bound up in his lovely wife, and for her sake, that she might want for nothing, he had compelled himself to the daily drudgery of a business which in his soul he detested. Nevertheless two years passed cheerily on, when he found himself firmly established and rapidly rising above a state of dependence.

A little babe nestled in the arms and upon the bosom of the young mother, while her heart grew larger and holier with its new fount of love. The father clasped both in his arms, and in the blindness of his pride and self-confidence, was sure that his domestic joy was complete. Alas! how perishable are human hopes. Two years more, and the

idolized wife had kissed for the last time her beautiful babe—for the last time had whispered words of love to her devoted and despairing husband; she lay in the still, unutterable beauty of death! I had watched by her couch for three days, conscious that no human power could avert her doom, and when she lay in her last resting-place, a second infant was cradled upon her arm. The love of the young husband remained with the dead, save what he bestowed upon his blooming child, for whom he had the most unbounded tenderness.

At the age of four years Florence was sent into the country for air and exercise, where she remained mostly till her twelfth year, when she was recalled to complete her education, (as the saying goes) and assume the duties of her station in society. The father's heart had grown desolate, and in his sorrow he had recklessly entered into the wildest speculations, unconscious of his false position till ruin stared him in the face. Suddenly, and with a master-hand, he seized the helm of his affairs, and for the sake of his child he labored day and night to secure a moderate fortune, for he well knew the nature of the disease that was preying upon him, and the peculiarly sad condition of a young female left to contend with poverty. Meanwhile Florence had entered upon her sixteenth year, and her hand had been sought most earnestly by the young lawyer to whom I alluded. This event seemed at first a bright bow of promise in the cloudy atmosphere of my friend's life, for in the event of his death there would be one still dearer to watch over his pure-hearted child. But when it was first mentioned to her, she burst into a flood of tears, and begged that the subject might be dropped at once, for her heart was already another's, though he knew it not, and would never seek her love. Alarmed for the happiness of his darling child, and distressed by the failure of this pleasant project, Mr. Holman sought to learn the name of him who had secured her early love, but every attempt to penetrate her secret was fruitless. Nothing could be more painful, more agonizing even, to such a parent, that the consciousness that the completion of her happiness was beyond his reach; but so it was, and to the last he begged me to watch over her with a parental eye.

Another sorrowful reflection, but one which occupied only a second place in his thoughts, was, that his numerous creditors were only silent from a knowledge of his fatal illness, and that the moment he was deposited in his narrow home, his splendid establishment would become the property of a stranger. To avoid the misery of these scenes, he had sent his daughter from him, though it cost him many a pang, and after his death I was to visit her, to communicate the fact, together with her future prospects.

Having concluded these details, together with his last messages to Florence, the dying man desired his attendants to be summoned that he might be laid upon his couch. Whether, from a conviction that his last earthly work was finished, he sank exhausted into the embraces of death, or whether the motion of removal was too great for his remaining strength, I know not, but as he was lifted from his easy chair, there was a slight gurgling in his throat, his head drooped heavily upon one shoulder, one hand was a little extended, and he ceased breathing.

It was very nearly the hour of twilight, when I descended the steps of the village inn, and pursuing the direction pointed out, soon reached the cottage of the old lady with whom Florence's childhood had been passed, and to whom she had again flown in her hour of sorrow. It was a neat dwelling. A honey-suckle, heavily laden with ever-fragrant blossoms, climbed around the door, and in the little yard in front were many beautiful and early flowers.

The house was open to admit the cool evening air, and at first seemed vacant; but as I walked forward to find some one, I was suddenly arrested by a sight which caused the blood to rush thrillingly through my veins, and recalled, with all its touching memories, my early dream of love. Upon the opposite side of the house from that on which I entered, was a grassy bank, in the centre of which was a single rose bush, whose well-trimmed limbs bent beneath a load of fair white blossoms. Reclining beside that bush, and so near that one beautiful bud lay upon her quiet bosom, was the sweet young girl I sought and to whom I bore so melancholy message. Her figure was slight, but its outlines were soft and flowing; her rich chestnut hair, which was simply parted and thrown back from her pure, white brow, lay in luxu-

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rious ringlets upon her neck and one shoulder; her elbow rested upon the green turf; her loose muslin sleeve had fallen and exposed a fair, delicate arm, and upon a tiny white hand, on which there was not a single jewel, turned from me and a little towards the ground, and as I breathlessly gazed upon the faultless picture, a large, pearly tear stole gently down that beautiful arm, then another, and another, till the grassy mound beneath her head was sprinkled with dewy moisture. Beautiful being! were those tears consecrated to filial affection, or had some witching memory of the past, linked with an hour of pure and holy love, unsealed the chrystal fountain! I moved noiselessly forward, and leaning from a window, bent over her drooping head. A large full rose had been broken from the bush and lay in the palm of her right hand, bearing upon the bosom of its wide-spread petals a golden locket, in which was inserted the miniature likeness of a boy not more than twelve or fifteen years of age. Could I be mistaken! I bent a little lower. Yes, those *must be* the very eyes that had enveloped in such a mystery of charms my boyhood's dreams.

Cautiously I drew back, and at a little distance from the window quietly pronounced her name. With that perfect elasticity of motion, in which were combined all the graces of both parents, she instantly sprang to her feet, buried the locket and rose in her bosom, and approached me. Just heaven! What a flood of brightness and beauty! Was it possible that one so transcendently lovely, on whose sweet face heavenly purity had stamped its own beaming characters; whose large, loving, liquid blue eyes revealed an exhaustless fountain of affection; whose soul was evidently in harmony with God and his creations; was it possible, I asked myself, if one such wanderer from the spheres of beauty could be wasting her golden dreams on a hopeless, unrequited love? But ere I had time to settle the point, Florence laid her hand in mine, saying, in the soft, musical tones which I had involuntarily anticipated.

"Dr. ———, I believe it is nearly three years since I saw you at my father's house."

How was I to convey to her the sad tidings! How sever the only tie upon which nature had allowed her to repose! Her countenance was of such transparent clearness, her eyes so languid and dreamy, and her whole appearance so frail, that I almost feared her existence would pass away with adversity's first breath. She quickly relieved my fears, however, by saying firmly,

"You came from my father?"

A bright flush of excitement burned on either cheek; her eyes, brilliant and moist with the hope and fear that struggled in her bosom, were eagerly raised to mine, when I suddenly recollected the tenacity with which she had clung to her youthful lover; "there must be a power of endurance beneath this frail exterior," thought I, and said calmly,

"Life has many sorrows, Florence; but I am sure that you will bear yours nobly."

"My father is dead," she replied quickly, in a hollow voice, "and you fear to tell me."

"It is even so, Florence; with his dying breath he blessed you, and enjoined upon me to be a father to you; will you be my daughter now?" and I extended my arms to receive the grief-burdened child.

Without a word, she buried her face in my bosom, and wept as one only weeps in early life, when sorrow is almost a luxury. By degrees I told her all. The loss of her splendid and luxurious home was evidently borne without a regret.

"I have never been attached to it," she said, "excepting so far as the presence of my father made it beautiful. My pleasant memories are all here, and here I will remain."

"My home shall be yours, Florence," I replied, "whenever you choose to make it so."

"I know it," she rejoined, smiling faintly through her tears, "but you must permit me to regain my accustomed serenity in this quiet place ere I again mingle in society."

Having put her in possession of a part of the very moderate income which her parent had saved for her from the wreck of his fortune, and promised to see her as often as my profession would allow, I bade her farewell, unwillingly indeed, for there was an unnatural brightness in her eye, and a languor in her step, that to my accustomed sight denoted a sickness of the soul that would soon overmaster her delicate physical nature. Nor were my fears groundless. In less than a month I was summoned in great haste by the village physician, and found her laboring under a delirious excitement of the brain, a bright hectic upon each cheek, and her form so emaciated, that when raised in my

arms, she seemed scarcely of the weight of a child of three years.

I will pass over the interval of her illness; suffice it to say, that in low whispered tones, I often heard the name of him whose image she bore about in her heart of hearts, and which she would die rather than betray in her hours of consciousness. At length she was able to wander forth and sit again beside that beautiful bush where I had first seen her; but it was robbed of its pearly blossoms, and the first winds of autumn had been busy among its branches.

There was a resemblance between the lovely girl and her idol rose-bush, that wrung a sorrowful note in my bosom and drew a tear from my eye. A settled melancholy was on her brow—her smile was far too quiet and sad to have sprung from the free, joyous impulses of youth—and her beauty was unlike that of earth—it was spiritual.

I had a plan in view, but it was necessary that I should first restore the bright hues of health to her cheek and lips, and the delicate roundness of her figure, or I should fail altogether.

Procuring an easy travelling carriage, with suitable companions for my little friend, I sent her upon a tour through all the Northern and Middle States; but it was of no avail, and at the expiration of six weeks she returned and sat down beside the leafless, withered limbs of her rose-bush, with an air so desolate and heart-weary, that I hopelessly resigned her to heaven's care, fancying that human skill had done its utmost.

It was in the spring following this autumn that accident brought about my introduction to Mr. Woodbury, already alluded to. At the close of the interview previously described, I left some peculiar and positive prescriptions—bade my medical friend a hasty adieu, and returned home. It was already the last of May, and I heard the tones of Mrs. Woodbury's piano, through the open windows, long before I reached the house.

"Thank God, she is well," I mentally ejaculated, as my imagination drew a vivid picture of her future bliss. I longed to leap from my carriage and tell her all, so heartily did I enter into her happiness, but I was fearful; she had a strong heart, but a frail organization; it was therefore necessary that I should proceed with caution.

That evening, as we were familiarly chatting in our domestic circle, I proposed to my wife and Mrs. Woodbury that we should sit the following day to an excellent artist who at that period resided in our village, and I would take our portraits to a neighboring city for the purpose of framing. It was immediately suggested by my wife, who understood and entered into my plan at once, that as both ladies had preserved their bridal robes, they should be worn on that occasion, and Mrs. Woodbury entered into the matter with great spirit.

The joyousness and elasticity of feeling which, in spite of circumstances, give one a new existence in the opening spring—but above all, the beautiful hope whose incense was continually filling her soul from the altar of love within her own bosom, and whose undimmed light led her ever onward and upward—rendered her lovelier—ten thousand times lovelier—than ever before.

She sat herself before the artist, and I was again a child in thought and memory, and gazed upon her with unchanged reverence. There was the same snowy satin robe—the same delicate scarf falling from her shoulders—the same glossy ringlets laying freely upon the faint rose-tints of her almost infantile complexion—the same enchanting eyes! Had I been dreaming for so many long years? Had life and its stern duties existed only in my imagination?

A light silvery laugh was borne towards me and in a moment I threw off the illusion on whose wings I had travelled into the long forgotten past. A slight addition to the ordinary price urged the painter to his utmost speed, and in less than two weeks I stood beside the couch of Mr. Woodbury, having placed the splendid and almost perfect likeness of his wife in the ante-room.

The rich man welcomed me with extended arms, and in reply to my anxious inquiry, begged that I would examine him closely to see if his countenance did not betray the new life that was springing up in his soul. There was a change, but it was slight, and his existence was still suspended upon a delicate thread.

"Have you seen her?" he asked, as I drew a chair beside him, almost startled by the thrilling earnestness of his manner.

"I have," I replied distinctly; "she is well and still very pretty."

"Pretty!" he rejoined, fixing his eyes on a distant part of the room, and speaking as if to himself; "pretty! is that the word which

one would now use in describing her! Ah! once, I should as soon have applied that term to yonder gorgeous sunset, with its myriads of starry jewels in the distance, and the feathery clouds dancing over all, as to her glorious and unrivalled beauty; and covering his face with his hands, he seemed again sipping that bitter cup of woe which for years had been but once removed from his lips.

"Perhaps your opinion will not coincide with mine," I said cheerfully; "would you like to judge for yourself?"

"Good God! sir," he exclaimed, springing up in bed with far more energy than I had supposed him to possess. "Are you insane, doctor, or am I—or what means this bantering!"

"Simply this, my dear friend; that if you can look once more upon the features of your wife, reconciling yourself to the changes which time, occasional illness and your long absence have wrought, I will bring to you a portrait which is but just finished and is pronounced excellent."

"I will look upon it once," he replied desparingly, partially covering his eyes with his hands, for the hope that animated him when I entered seemed to have departed most suddenly.

I carefully removed the curtains, opened one shutter and closed another, removed some chairs from a portion of the wall opposite the bed, and then proceeded to the ante-room. Having uncased the picture, which had been magnificently framed, I threw a large shawl over the whole and carried it in.

Never can I hope to forget the expression of soul-crushing despondency that darkened and saddened his wan face, as, raised upon his elbow, his head resting upon his thin white hand, he prepared and nerved himself to realize those horrible fears, which he fancied were now to be changed to a certainty. It was a full-length portrait of her actual size.

"You are resolved to see it?" I demanded, laying my hand upon the shawl to remove it.

"Yes," he replied, with a smothered groan of anguish, "I will look upon it once—it is but just that I should, and then, sir, I beg you will remove it and let me die in peace."

"I will be guided by your wishes," I said with a smile as I drew aside the covering.

I had prepared myself for a sudden outburst of joy—for wild and perhaps delirious excitability—for passionate expressions of fondness and bitter words of repentance—for anything in fact, save the one light bound with which the almost dying man sprang from his couch, the mingling of agony, remorse and love which burst forth in the utterance of the simple words, "*my Lara*," and the heavenly light that irradiated his countenance as he knelt and laid his head on her bosom.

In an instant this supernatural strength produced by the sudden beaming of one bright ray upon his life of midnight gloom, vanished, and he lay senseless and helpless as an infant in my arms.

Ringling for his attendants, I caused him to be laid upon his bed, and occupied myself in restoring him to consciousness, meanwhile leaving the portrait uncovered, judging that the sooner he became familiar with its presence the better. In half an hour he languidly raised his eye-lids, and having gazed at a moment closed them, with a smile of sweet satisfaction; then drawing my face to his, he said in a low whisper,

"For heaven's sake do not deceive me, is that a true likeness?"

"As I hope for happiness myself," I responded solemnly, "it wants but the animating spirit to make it *her very self*."

My words removed every remaining doubt, and feebly clasping my hands, he earnestly invoked heaven's choicest blessings upon me.

"I have them already," I replied, when his low murmurs had ceased, "in the heartfelt satisfaction with which I anticipate the accomplishment of this re-union."

I had remained with my patient nearly two weeks, during which he constantly dwelt upon the beauty and virtues of his wife, when one day it suddenly occurred to me to inquire if he had any relations living, besides his own family.

"I had once a sister," he replied, "several years younger than myself, who married, and I have since learned her death. Our parents died in her infancy, and we were then alone in the world. Business called me from this country in her youth, and we never again met."

"Whom did she marry?" I demanded.

"A merchant by the name of Holman."

"Could I bring to you a living image of that departed sister, would you find room for her in your heart, could you love and cherish her?"

"God knows I would do so, and would have done long ere this, had not my soul been crushed beneath this dreadful burden of

sorrow," he rejoined firmly.

"God knows I would do so, and would have done long ere this, had not my soul been crushed beneath this dreadful burden of sorrow," he rejoined faintly.

The following day I sought the cottage home where Florence had persisted in remaining since her father's death. The winter had wrought little change save to increase the melancholy which had settled upon her young soul. A new hope now inspired me, and embracing her tenderly, I said,—

"Florence, you have an uncle—your mother's only brother—who suffers a long and wearisome illness, uncheered by any sweet face or gentle word; will you not forget your own sorrow and minister to his?"

"Take me to him—I will be his nurse," she replied quickly, raising her head from my shoulder, where it had reposed in all the firm confidence of filial affection; but her voice was sad, though nothing could destroy the musical harmony of its tones, and I continued:—

"A good nurse must be a cheerful one; can you cease to remember your grief?"

"It is too deeply interwoven with my memories of the past," she rejoined, as one pearly tear dropped upon my hand; "but I will smile above it—see," and her beautiful face for an instant reminded me of the radiant summersky, after a long interval of clouds and mist.

A few days more, and Florence was stationed with her uncle, in his large and luxurious mansion, beside which rolled the ever-flowing tide of the magnificent Hudson, and which possessed a thousand other attractions. It might seem to the unreflecting that it was no fitting position for a frail young creature like Florence, but the event proved that I judged correctly; for in the daily active exercise of benevolence and self-denial, she began to regain that vigor and elasticity of spirits which no medical aid could induce.

Each learned somewhat of the history of the other, and thus a bond of sympathy was formed between the two noble but sorrowing hearts, which, in its reaction, was productive of the highest good to both.

It was a bright evening in the latter part of July—about two months subsequent to the period of the last mentioned events, that a servant brought to my study the following letter from Mr. Woodbury.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You have been indeed Heaven's own messenger of health and goodness to me: in what terms shall I express that gratitude with which my soul is overflowing—how convey to you an adequate idea of the blissful awakening from a living death, to a life glowing with beauty and harmony, which has followed your first introduction to me. Language furnishes no resource—it is one of the few occasions in life, when silence is more eloquent than words. * * * * * Beyond my unlimited obligation to you, two thoughts only occupy me—*my wife—my son*. I sit for hours together and contemplate with a joy of which heaven only is witness, each lineament of her matchless face and form, and my own bosom heaves with anguish when I recollect the many years of sweet companionship of which I have voluntarily and cowardly deprived myself. * * * * * But my son! he whose tottering footsteps up the narrow and intricate walks of life I should have directed and sustained—he, the deserted and fatherless one, whose lips, you tell me have never pronounced my name but with reverence, O! how the blush of shame mantles my cheek and the tears of contrition fill my eyes as these recollections crowd upon me. To that noble mother *alone*—who, through all my wanderings, has preserved my image fair in her heart and my reputation stainless with the world—to *her*, and to the inheritance of her virtues, he owes the exalted character which he now sustains. God grant that both may forgive me! * * * * *

"I am gaining as rapidly as my strong—often overpowering emotions will permit. I leave my dwelling, and with a strong supporting arm on one side and my fairy Florence tripping on the other, daily wander upon the Hudson's bank. But with my strength, daily increases my unconquerable impatience for the re-union which is to complete my earthly joy. Will not my term of probation soon expire? I think I can bear any thing now. *"

"P. S. Florence has gone home, as she calls the cottage in W—, to spend a week and recall that melancholy which, during her residence here, had partially disappeared. Can you do nothing for her?"

At the moment I was refolding and replacing this letter in a private drawer, the door of my study opened and Elton Woodbury entered, as upon his visits to his mother he was privileged to do; for had I gone the world over, I could not have selected a more intelligent, refined or graceful companion. In him, his mother's image had grown to a tall and noble manhood; there was the same clear complexion, sufficiently browned by exposure to defy the charge of effeminacy—the same silky hair slightly inclined to curl—the same high, full brow, perfectly arched eyebrows and flashing, loving, soul-searching eyes—the same exquisite teeth and beautiful

essive of honorable firmness—the figure, enlarged in all its proportions, the same dignity of carriage—and the same pure soul, shedding its light in every circle which his presence

Woodbury possessed what few young men, in this steam-engine world of ours—a stainless heart in his own. He had passed through the tribulations of a college life unspotted, and had been two years established in the full practice of his profession as a

“Do you not marry?” I demanded, with a familiarity which characterized our acquaintance as we chatted of his future pros-

perities. A red spirit has crossed my path—in later years, and when I wed, the marriage of the soul, not merely of the hand and purse,” he replied, while I perceived a slight shade of sadness in his features, and a tear glisten in his eye. He quickly turned his head to the side, but perhaps I was mistaken, for he smiled smilingly.

“I sometimes peep under the cottage-bonnet to see if my fate is not written on my face, but the endless variety of the lines of prose which I find stamped on my features touches no chord in my soul, and no note of response in my bosom. It was perhaps forgotten in making the marriage-register of heaven.”

“I repeated in an uncertain tone, ‘Give me that point, did you ever plant a rose-bush—a white rose-bush?’ ‘Now my turn to brush away a tear,’ he said, for the brightly mantling blush on his cheek and the flitting ray of gladness in his eye told me truly that I had roused some slumbers some beautiful memories. Florence was no longer forgotten. I seized my hand without speaking, and an instant it seemed as if he had taken his mother’s form, and we were back to that silent hour when she laid her hand in mine, saying, ‘I need you will be true to me.’”

“I was warmed by the intense and thrilling of his manner, and recollecting his disease, of which I had never seen the least symptom in him, I said

“I prepare to ride with me to-morrow where that rose-bush is, and I watched long months beside it, with a heart and a heavy, moistened eye.” “I told,” he exclaimed almost wildly, “that is the name.”

“Is she married?”

“Perhaps so—we shall see her, but I shall not see the rose-bush nevertheless,”

“I said very calmly. ‘Now go, for I shall be in the morning, and you must say good-bye to your mother for your absence.’”

“Several professional visits to make my way, which, notwithstanding Elton’s illness, were properly attended to, and the departing sun was throwing his shadows over hill and dale as we

went to the cottage. Every plant and flower in full bloom, and involuntarily recalled to my first visit there. The house was open and silent, for the old lady had died this hour to gossip among the

“I took Elton’s hand, I led him forward, and I begged him to suppress every exclamation from an open window.

“The large white blossoms modestly among the rich green foliage of the rose-bush; again that beautiful girl beside it, her head resting upon her mother’s golden locket was this time in an open volume lay before her. I smiled with unutterable delight, and I feared he would not control, and I saw in his ear,

“‘I am anxious—perhaps she is married,’ I said. ‘Listen.’”

“I became excessively pale, but remained so while I stepped through the back door, and received from the sweet girl my warm welcome, taking care to prevent her from going in at the window.

“‘Are you married?’ I demanded in a low voice.

“‘Or—what do you mean?’ she exclaimed, first gazing into my face with an expression of surprise and bewilderment, then

into tears and hiding her face in my hand. I led her to the house, saying, ‘don’t ask you because there is an incredulous of yours here who wishes to

“At this instant Elton sprang to the door, and received her from my arms—happy as once more dawned upon two lonely hearts.

“Who would know the exact

of this meeting must inquire of the parties concerned, to whom, upon proper application, I will refer them. For myself I turned away to pick up the little volume which Florence had dropped, and sat down upon the grass mound to read; not perceiving, till I had wiped my eyes for perhaps the hundredth time, that it was after all only a child’s album, its every page blank, save one, whereon was inscribed a single line,

“In morn’s first beauty, and ‘neath twilight’s deepening shade, remember me.—E. W.”

The following morning I bade them adieu, having promised to meet them two weeks from that time at the residence of Florence’s uncle, of whose relationship to himself Elton, as well as his cousin was still ignorant.

I was so perfectly familiar with Mrs. Woodbury’s character, that I well knew the powerful and exciting struggle—a struggle, which would in all probability have overpowered her physical strength—which unavoidably would exist in her mind between her love and her pride, should I tell her of my long acquaintance with her husband, and of his near residence to her. All these events, therefore, which had so occupied my attention, and in which she was so deeply interested, had been concealed from her with the greatest care till the proper moment.

In passing her room one evening, about a week previous to the appointed meeting between Elton and his father, at which I had promised to be present, she requested me to walk in, saying,

“I have just received a most singular letter from my son, informing me of his intended speedy marriage with Florence Holman. I recollect her well; she used to be a playmate of his in W—.”

“And have loved each other ever since,” I added, interrupting her. “It is quite time they were married.”

“Then he had one secret which he did not share with me,” she replied mournfully. “Perhaps I am selfish, but I thought his heart all my own.”

“And you, my dear madam, was your heart all his? you demand more than you give.”

“But mine will be very desolate now,” she said thoughtfully.

“Desolate, madam, you will have two to love instead of one. Besides, did you not once tell me that you had always a hope that he would be drawn back by the strong current of your love; does that hope fade? Are you weary of watching for him?”

“There is some hidden meaning in your words—your voice falters strangely upon my ear,” she exclaimed in a suppressed voice, springing from her seat and standing before me. “You have learned something of him—do not deceive me, tell me all. If the news is bad I can bear it—if good tell me cautiously—sorrow I have learned to endure, but joy may overcome me,” and clasping her small hands upon her bosom, she raised her face to mine with an expression so imploringly earnest, and yet so fearful, that I would have given worlds to have yielded my task to another.

“Your husband lives,” I said cheerfully.

A bright crimson burned on either cheek, and the words, “my God, I thank thee,” escaped her lips in low murmured whispers.

“And is nearly well,” I added.

“He has been ill, then—O, tell me where, let me go to him instantly,” she cried, seizing my hand.

“It is not best; pause a moment, compose yourself and listen to me. I alone, of all the world, know the true reason of your husband’s absence; if, then, you would still preserve his reputation from any blot of scandal, remain here, and in a few days he shall join you, as if upon his arrival from England, when in fact he has resided in a neighboring State for several years.”

“So near me and I knew it not,” making the utmost exertion to be calm.

I then related to her all that I had hitherto concealed, and overcome by this strongly contending emotions of joy and grief, she buried her face in her hands and wept. Aware of her power of self-control, I left her, promising to return in half an hour.

At the expiration of that time she entered our family sitting-room, radiant with smiles and smiling tears, begging to know how she should employ herself till her husband’s arrival.

“In preparation for Elton’s bridal, which, as I am the guardian of Florence, must be celebrated here, a week from to-night,” I replied, and went on to relate the mournful history of my sweet ward—her husband’s niece.

Mrs. Woodbury entered into all these

plans with the most absorbing interest, and ere the appointed day arrived, dresses, cake, and fruit, flowers, every thing, were in perfect order.

On the day previous to the one appointed for the arrival of Elton and Florence, I took an easy travelling carriage and went for Mr. Woodbury, of whose strength I had not the highest opinion.

I found him pale and thin as usual, but self-possessed and exerting himself to the utmost to retain his serenity.

"She knows that you are near, she waits anxiously for you, she desires to see you," I said, clasping his hand warmly, for with his eye he had asked those questions which his lips refused to speak.

"But," I continued, "before you meet her, you will see one equally dear to you, his carriage is now coming; have you strength to meet your son?"

His lips moved, but no sound escaped them, and supporting himself by a chair, he leaned from the window and anxiously watched the slow motion of the carriage up the broad gravel path. At length Elton alighted and lifted Florence to the ground. At any other moment the father's surprise would have been excited, and perhaps his curiosity, at seeing his son and niece come together in that manner; but now his thoughts, feelings, emotions were all absorbed in one point, the presence of his child—of him whom, since the age of six months, he had never seen.

The cousins entered together, and giving me her hand quickly, Florence hastened to introduce the strangers, saying,

"My uncle—"

"And your father, Elton," said I impressively.

There was a moment's silence, when each gazed with the keen vision of love into the eye of the other, but nature's voice was strong in both, and rushing into each other's arms, the words "*my father—my son*," were uttered in those subdued tones that come only from the heart. Silently I drew Florence from the room, and communicated all that could interest her in the past, as well as the scene that awaited her.

"Are you happy in the prospect?" I asked, placing my hand upon her beautiful head.

"Very, very happy," she replied without reserve.

"Then I guessed rightly who planted that rose-bush, and for whose sake you nourished it?"

But with a smile and a tear, she placed her fingers on my lips, and ran away talking about refreshments, and preparation for another journey.

It was at a place and an hour fitting the occasion and the hearts that met in that sweet re-union! Twenty-five years had glided on the swift wings of time since this separation, yet the prime link of affection was never broken, and those two noble souls were again joined in harmony, purified and exalted by the adverse winds that had hitherto wafted them on!

Mrs. Woodbury had, some years previous, fitted up a small conservatory of choice and fragrant plants, into which she eventually removed her music, her books and her writing table. It was here, amid all the simple luxuries of a refined taste, that she chose to receive her husband alone. The other guests were invited to a retired apartment to change their dresses and prepare for the ceremony of the evening. Taking Mr. Woodbury's arm, I led the way to the conservatory, and without ceremony threw open the door, and announced him.

This beautiful woman, with a perception of taste which I have scarcely ever seen in any other, had robed herself with that charming simplicity which revealed each exquisite feature to the utmost advantage, and the effect of which as a whole was most admirable to behold.

She always stood with peculiar grace, but now, trembling, half shrinking among the delicate flowers, some of which drooped upon her neck and bosom, with one soft hand upon her heart as if to still its wild throbbings, he must have been more or less than human to whom she was not irresistible.

"Beautiful as ever!" exclaimed the husband, as for a single half instant he paused and gazed upon her with passionate fondness. "*Lara—my own wife*, can you, will you forgive my long desertion!" and clasped her in his arms.

She spoke not, but raising her sweet lips to his, permitted him to press them to his own in token of forgiveness and love, then her face rested as confidently on his agitated bosom as though it had been warmly pillowed there through all life's wintry storms.

It was a joyous bridal; overflowing with happiness, cup was attuned by sorrow's stern hand, heart was and holiest sentiments, every as the purest and every lip trembled with the moist, faintly future bliss.

As the mother and the daughter side by side, at the close of the evening would have been difficult for a stranger to decide which should bear away them of loveliness, but my soul was true to first impressions, and mentally I exclaimed

"Ah! Lara, perfect indeed didst come from thy Maker's hand, and many a ray of sunshine and of gladness has thine beauty cast upon the paths of the very, the lone and desolate."

Washington Hall Cloth and Clothing Store.



EBEN W. ALLEN.

THE EXPLOSION. An exchange paper, in speaking of the bursting of the steam-pipe at the house of Dr. Ruggles, says, "This, we believe, is the first instance of the bursting of these pipes." Upon this, the Boston Transcript remarks, "It may possibly be the first time of the bursting of these steam-pipes attended by the consequences related above—but there are several houses in this city heated in the same way, where there have been various successful attempts at bursting, to the annoyance of householders who had made hobbies of these new-fangled contrivances for warming buildings."

Mayor of Boston.—The Whigs have nominated Josiah Quincy Jr. The Native Americans, Thos. A. Davis. The Democrats, Adam W. Thaxter. The Temperance party, Simon G. Shipley. The Liberty party have not yet put forth their candidate. The election takes place on Monday next.

The Congregational Church in Durham, Conn. was burnt to the ground on Thursday week.—The fire was discovered in the roof about half an hour after the Thanksgiving services were over. Not even the furniture of the church was saved.

The pupils of the Dumb and Blind Asylum of New York city, have had a narrow escape from injury and death, eighty loads of ice having been delivered to the establishment which was poisoned by arsenic.

It is stated in the New York papers that Mr. Niles, Senator from Connecticut is in that city on his way to Washington, attended by two members of his family, but that his mental and bodily health are not improved.

A glass Vase has been manufactured at Wheeling, three feet six inches high, eighteen inches in diameter, and weighing ninety-two pounds. It is beautifully cut, and shines with prismatic hues.

The Richmond Whig says that the nomination of John Tyler Jr., for Congress, in Wise's District has not been heard of officially in that region.

Curious Fact.—There is a gentleman in this Province, says a Montreal paper, who has a vote for a member of Parliament in 41 different places. This is almost universal suffrage!

The Buffalo papers of the 28th, notice the suspension of operations in flour and wheat.—At Cleveland and Chicago wheat has ceased to be in demand except for stores.

A gentleman speaking of a boat which he had built, said that he believed she was sunk; for, said he, the last time I saw her she was out of sight!

A Generous Act.—A stranger viewing the desolation caused by the late gale and flood on the lower grounds near the foot of Church street, in this city, stopped in front of a small cottage which had been washed from its foundation, and kindly accosted the owner, who was busily engaged in making such repairs to his wrecked domicile as he was able, and inquired why he did not procure a room in a house near by, which seemed to offer a better shelter for a family of several small children. "Because," said the sufferer, "I have no money to pay the rent." "But I will pay the rent," said the stranger. "That is very kind," said the poor man, "but this house is mine, and if I can repair it my family can be made more comfortable without farther expense." The stranger drew out his wallet and handed the poor man thirty dollars, and before he could recover from his surprise, the stranger had turned to go away, and upon being pressed to leave his name, he replied, "No, the money will do you just as much good without my name. Use it to repair your house." It is needless to add that materials for the repairs were quickly procured, and one made comfortable and happy by the generosity of a stranger.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

A Nice Operation.—Successfully performed. On Friday last, a lady called at the store of Mr. Gardner G. Tufts, Court street; and, after selecting several articles—among which was a very pretty dress pattern—to the amount, in all of between 17 and 18 dollars, requested that a boy might be sent with her to take the things to her residence, No. — Green street, where she would pay him the bill. On arriving at the door of the house designated, they met another lady apparently just coming out or going in—for she had her bonnet thrown back with a negligee air, upon her shoulders—and as is customary with ladies, the one was eager to see the purchases, and the other equally eager to gratify her curiosity; the package was torn open in a twinkling, and such was the unbounded admiration of the beautiful dress pattern, that the boy was despatched instantly for another "just like it." But when he returned, the ladies had "mizzled," and have not been heard from. The house—of which they had only borrowed the entry, without the knowledge of the occupant—is one of the most respectable in the city.—*Boston Bee.*

A Turkish Governor.—A man gave his neighbor, in a quarrel, a box on his ear: the latter brought a complaint against him before the Defterdar. "With which hand didst thou strike thy neighbour?" asked the tyrant. "With the right," answered the peasant. "Well," replied the Defterdar, "that thou mayest not forget it, I shall have the flesh removed from the palm of that hand." This order was immediately executed. "Now return to thy work," said the Defterdar to the sufferer, who, writhing with pain, replied, "In this state I cannot work." "What!" exclaimed the tyrant, in a rage, "thou darrest contradict me! Cut his tongue out, it is rather too long!" And this operation was almost immediately performed without consideration of the tortures to which he had been previously subjected.—*Hallim's Travels in Kordofan.*

Rev. Sidney Smith's description of himself in a letter to a correspondent of the New York American; "I am seventy four years old; and being a Canon of St. Paul's in London and Rector of a parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living amidst the best society in the metropolis, am at ease in my circumstances, in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing and noise. I dine with the rich in London and physic the poor in the country—passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am upon the whole, a happy man, have found the world an entertaining world, and am heartily thankful to Providence for the part allotted me in it."

"As well might a butcher cry at every stroke of his knife 'Live,' as for one man to drink the health of another, while in the very act of destroying it." We wish every moderate drinker would ponder on this when he is again tempted to partake of the poisonous bowl.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A free paraphrase of the German, by Whittier.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel comes;
No power hath he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again,
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
He micks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O, thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

MARRIAGES.

In N. Bedford, William Gordon, Jr., to Frances M., youngest daughter of the late Henry L. Eastham.
In Barnstable, Freeman Gibbs, Jr., of Sandwich, to Miss Josephine, daughter of Capt. Thomas Harris.
In East Falmouth, Mr. Gustavus Howland, to Miss Clarissa Hatch.

DEATHS.

In Sippican, 9th inst., Mrs. Mary Handy, aged 80 years.
In Nova Scotia, 1st inst., Mr. Edmund F. A. Fanning, formerly of this town.

THE LITTLE STEP-SON.

BY AMELIA.

I have a little step-son, the loveliest thing alive;
A noble sturdy boy is he, and yet he's only five;
His smooth cheek hath a blooming glow, his eyes are black
And his lips are like two rose-buds, all tremulous and wet;
His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter, and in song,
As careless as a summer rill, that sings itself along.
For like a pretty fairy tale, that's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one, that's only five years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch before the day grows dark,
He's up with morning's rosy ray a-singing with the lark;
Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er the grass is green,
With light locks waving on the wind his fairy form is seen;
Amid the whistling March winds, amid the April showers;
He warbles with the singing birds and blossoms with the flowers.

He cares not for the summer heat, he cares not for the cold—
My sturdy little step-son, that's only five years old.

How touching 't is to see him clasp his little hands in prayer,
And raise his little rosy face with reverential air!
How simple is his eloquence! how soft his accents fall
When pleading with the King of kings to love and bless us all;
And when from prayer he bounds away in innocence and joy,
The blessing of a smiling God goes with the sinless boy;
A little lambkin of the flock, within the Saviour's fold,
Is he, my lovely step-son, that's only five years old.

I have not told you of our home, that, in the summer hours,
Stands in its simple modesty half hid among the flowers;
I have not said a single word about our mines of wealth—
Our treasures are this little boy, contentment, peace and health.

For even a lordly hall to us would be a voiceless place,
Without the gush of his glad voice, the gleams of his bright face;
And many a courtly pair, I ween, would give their gems and gold
For a noble happy boy like ours, some four or five years old.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

I love to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time, when voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only,
And song to me is company,
Good company, when I am lonely.

When'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth, in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers,
And song gives birth to friendly mirth
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer His children's sorrow,
Till day shall break, and we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing while yet I may,
Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued psalmist,
Who found in harp and holy lay,
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest;
For sadly here I need the cheer,
While sinful fear with promise blendeth,
O! how I long to join the throng,
Who sing the song that never endeth!

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise;
All's for the best,—if a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove:
All's for the best!—be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man:
All's for the best!—unbaised, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that All's for the best.

RICH AND POOR.—Dr. Channing, in one of his excellent essays, thus contrasts the difference between the rich and the poor:

When I compare together the different classes as existing at this moment, in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical sufferings, so great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food is undoubtedly true; but vastly more in this community die from eating too much than from eating too little; vastly more from excess than starvation. So as to clothing, many shiver from want of defences against the cold, but there are vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are oftener brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked, but they suffer less than among the rich, who have no work to do, interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite craving of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are victims of ennui, a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of exclusive toil! The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the street, ought not to excite the envy of the overtasked poor, and this cumber of the ground is found exclusively among the rich.

The following very appropriate tribute to the memory of one who during his brief public life, caused a great sensation here at Nantucket, was handed to us yesterday afternoon, with a request that it might appear in to-day's paper.

We will state here, for the information of those who may not have heard of the sad event, that the most thoroughly trained of Mr. Bunker's carrier pigeons was shot at Siasconset, last Wednesday, by an individual who mistook him for a crow. He had lost his way while coming from the boat the day before, probably in a snow squall, and appears to have first made the island at Siasconset.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE CARRIER BIRD, WHICH WAS SHOT AT THE VILLAGE OF SIASCONSET.

Little wanderer of the sky!
Never more shalt thou return;
Never glad each anxious eye,
Bidding thee thrice welcome home.

Thou wert first to track the air,
Bearing on thy pinions high,
Messages both rich and rare,
And didst human power defy.

When this feat was first accomplished,
And the news was whispered round,
Men on 'change gazed up, astonished,
"Sure," said they, "some prophet's found."

Some ascend the towering height,
Watch with telescopic aid,
For the palace floating light,
But, alas! no signal's made.

Some who saw thy kind protector
Bid thee leave thy ocean home,
Could not fail to thus conjecture—
"Reason must have left her throne."

When the secret was unfolded,
That the little stranger came,
Showers of praises quick descended,
Such as man would gladly claim.

Thou hast borne upon thy pinions,
Tidings fraught with hope and joy,
Of some cherished, absent husband,
Or some darling sailor boy:

Then of battles thou hast told,
And of daring victories won;
Now, thy little heart lies cold,
Thou to thy long home hast gone.

But, methinks I hear thy mate
Breathing forth some plaintive strain,—
Mourning for thy sad, sad fate,
All to lure thee back again.

O yon god I would speak;
I who nursed and watched thee here,
Ill, should he these lines o'er greet,
Drop with me the tribute tear.

But of him who took thy life,
Ere thou reached thy destined goal,
If his bosom burned with strife,
Deep's the shade upon his soul.

Short thy span of life has been;
Swift and fleeting as a day;
Let it this great lesson teach,
We, like thee, must pass away.

AN UNCONSCIONABLE MINISTER. An ill-fated Scotch collier went to the minister of the parish in which he lived to see about getting his first child baptized. When he got into the minister's house, he was asked how many commandments there were.

He replied, "Twenty!"

"Go away, go away," said the minister; "you must learn your questions better before you come to get your child baptized."

As the collier was going down the avenue leading from the minister's house, he met a fellow miner, going on the same errand.

"Well," said he, "how many commandments are there?"

"Ten."

"O, you needna gang up there wi' ten, for I offered him twenty, and he wadna tak them."

THE PRICE OF A KISS.—A French girl, at store, being solicited to allow a kiss, declined except at the price of a little bag which lay on the enamored cavalier's counter, and which, as he said, was filled with cents. The bargain was struck; but to the surprise of the dulcinea, as her satisfaction, on opening the bag it was found to contain, in the place of cents, good full weight florins. The gentleman claimed the bag; but the girl was unyielding. Thereupon resort was had to the tribunal, the plaintiff alleging that the was evidently a mistake, and that a simple kiss could not, by far, be appraised at such a sum. The tribunal, however, gave the case to the girl—because what is given is given; and 2d, because the value of a kiss cannot be estimated.

"Can it be that I am so terribly brandied?" as the loafer remarked when his Honor sent him up for 4 months.

"Flea away! Flea away!" as the despairing gentleman sarcastically remarked to the companions of his slumbers.

A woman's heart is "licensed to carry not exceeding one, inside."

An Eccentric.—Soon after leaving Knoxville, while slowly ascending a hill, we overtook a very aged negress, well mounted on a beautiful horse. She was dressed in a fantastic manner with an old black beaver bonnet, tied down with a dirty white handkerchief, like the gipsies of Europe, a plaid mantle rather the worse for wear, floating over her shoulders, and a large crooked branch of a tree in her right hand, as a whip. Though her features were African, her complexion was not quite black, but a sort of reddish brown, such as characterizes the mixed offspring of the Negro and Indian races, of which class she probably was. She had not a tooth left, and her voice was loud, hoarse and croaking; though her dark eye was full of fire and expression. As she drew up to the coach-window and accosted us, we thought we never had seen a more perfect picture of the Meg Merrilies of the Northern Wizard.

On her salute of "Good morning" being returned, we asked her how she did; and her reply was, "I'm a young girl yet, though over a hundred years old, and this morning I'm going a frolicking." We thought she must be crazy; but the slave driver and our fellow passenger, who knew her well, said she was an old slave of a planter in this neighborhood; that she was born at Newburn in North Carolina, and she was undoubtedly more than a century old, though vigorous enough to ride on horseback several miles a day; her owner, ever since she has passed her hundredth year, had allowed her a fine horse with a handsome saddle and bridle, to ride about the country. This she decorated, as well as herself, with the most fantastic ornaments and calling herself "The Sheriff," she rode from one plantation to another, hearing and telling the news, delighting in gossip, always finding something to eat and drink, and some one to help her on her horse when she departed.—J. S. Buckingham,

In to-day's Islander, which we happened to peruse yesterday afternoon, we perceive that the waggish Editor makes himself particularly merry and facetious at the expense of our correspondent "Non Appropriatus," and, with the shrewd and gnostic cunning of a man who flatters himself he is a considerable distance out of the reach of gum-game, intimates incredulity as to the "ragged trowsers" and location in a "cooper's shop near the Camels" of that suddenly-distinguished personage. Now, we will state for the particular edification of our funny friend and some of his anxious brethren, that we have seen the man! Having heard that there was a good deal of doubt among the Locos "on the street" of the correctness of the description, which "Non Appropriatus" had given of himself, we called on Wednesday afternoon, in company with a friend, at the cooper's shop designated, and there we saw "Non Appropriatus" bodily, face to face, and conversed with him one minute and three-quarters "by the shop-watch, my Lord." He was, when we called, engaged in the ordinary work of a cooper and was arrayed in the ordinary working habiliments of men engaged in that employment.—The shop alluded to is occupied by our worthy fellow-citizen, Mr Reuben Meader.

As touching the delicate subject of that dinner and that bank accommodation, we have no very sanguine nor undue hopes. Our neighbor however, shall hear of it to his advantage—when we get them.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The South-west breezes play;
And, through its haze, the Winter noon
Seems warm as Summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes—
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The blue-bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze and streamlet free,
"Our Winter voices prophesy
Of Summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the Winter's snow
Lie gems of Summer flowers!

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lorks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all!

The Escape of the Cutter.

On the 20th March, while she (the U. S. Revenue Cutter Hamilton) was close hauled under double reefed sails, the night pitch dark, the sea broken and boisterous, freezing as it fell on her decks, a voice was heard to windward of her, roaring "Hard down! hard down the helm!" and the next minute a large ship, flying before the gale, dashed across her bow, almost touching her. One third of her length nearer would have consigned the beautiful Hamilton, and all on board, to the regions of David Jones Esq.—Boston Post.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."
[DIBDIN.]

Ah! little dreams the landsman
Of the perils of the deep,
When the angry winds are fairly roused,
And the raving billows sweep;
When the starry eyes of Heaven
Are lost to eyes below,
And the strong ship seems a plaything
In the fury of the blow.

See the cutter at her moorings!
Like the halcyon she rides,
While the ripples gently flowing
Break in music on her sides.

See her pennant floating bravely
From its tall and raking mast!
Framed for beauty seeming only,
She has braved full many a blast.

When the winds of March were howling
All along our iron shore,
Rode the little cutter lately,
Safe amid the tempest's roar.
Safe—safe—amid the tempest,
For tho' Death seemed drawing nigh,
And tho' Darkness veiled the Heavens,
Yet the watch was set ON HIGH.

Like the storm-ship of the legend,
There loomed from out the deep
All suddenly a ship that seemed
Up from the wave to leap.
To the windward of the cutter,
Swept by the tempest's wing,
Like a charger to the battle,
Seemed the flying ship to spring.

Say! shall the cutter perish?
Shall the waves her crew o'erwhelm?
Loud and clear the timely warning—
"Hard down! hard down your helm!"
And He that never sleepeth,
Stretched His mighty hand to save;
And the gallant Sturgis and his crew
In safety ride the wave.

"GONE TO AMERICA."

In the course of the present registration in this country, some opposition was made to the retention on the roll of a missing freeholder; but on inquiry the revising barrister saw reason to believe that the absent elector had only gone to America. "Oh," said he, "that is nothing now-a-days. I was in a counting house in Liverpool, a few weeks ago. The head of the firm had just received his American Letters; and on reading one of them, he handed it to his son and partner, quietly observing, you had better go over; you'll settle the matter more readily in person than by letter. The young man put on his hat, and was off to America with his carpet bag the same day!" The learned gentleman, therefore, thought it quite unnecessary to strike the voter off the register, merely because he had "gone to America."—*Gateshead Observer.*

FEMALE INGENUITY.

A young lady newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend:
"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your very friendly bosom, which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various deep sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is one of the most amiable of men. I have been married nearly seven weeks, and have never found the least possible reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure a wife; it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and confidant, and not as a play thing of menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party, he frequently says, ought to obey implicitly; but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, nearly seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old—she is civil to all the surrounding neighborhood, generous and charitable to the poor. I know my husband loves nothing more than he does me, he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication (for I must so call the excess of his love,) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear —, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find with him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy."

INTERESTING CONVENTION.

"Come here, poor little, dear little cunning nieces and neviess. Come and see good old fatty unky! And they s'all hear what the naughty, cross, ugly old bachelor away off in New Bedford, says of the poor dears—so they s'all. On'y just hear, dat's sweet 'ittle honeys!"

Babies are never quiet!—When did you ever know a quiet baby—that's a contradiction in terms. Babies always squall—always.—[N. B. Bulletin.]

That's a mistake, Mr Bulletin.—We are 'uncle to at least half a dozen babies who very seldom squall—very seldom.—[Nantucket Inquirer.]

Oh! you're uncle to them—eh! Probably they are *non compos*—that species we believe are quiet;—every rule has exceptions, and your babies are the exceptionable ones.—[N. B. Bulletin.]

We addressed these remarks to a respectable and very handsomely attended convention of that portion of our highly esteemed infantile fellow-citizens who recline under the broad shade of our capacious unclesdom. When we read the above insulting passage from the Bulletin, a calm and dignified smile of compassionate contempt wreathed the features of almost every gallant baby in the assembly.—Some of the younger members, however, who have not yet learned entirely to curb and subdue their angry passions, were seen to clench their fists convulsively with indignation. A simultaneous and somewhat promiscuous debate ensued, until our youngest but one—our youngest is a very juvenile infant of only five days, and is, as yet, not much accustomed to public speaking—with graceful and appropriate gestures addressed the meeting to the following effect: "Bubble, bubble, ble, ble—la, la! bah! pah! Bulley, looley fooley, um um, gum gum, gammon, fiddle fiddle, la! la!—Pish!"

Which sentiments pleasingly delivered in his own pure and natural language were translated into ordinary English for our special edification, by his affectionate and accomplished mama, as follows:—

Resolved, That we doubt not that the Editor of the Bulletin is well acquainted, from personal experience, with the habits of *non compos* babies—his assertion that a fact ALWAYS occurs, accompanied by the remark that there are some exceptions to the rule, being sufficient evidence for us.

Resolved, That the Editor aforesaid in making such an incongruous statement is guilty of a Bull—that he is a bull—and that we are ready to let in to him, whenever occasion shall require; that he needn't attempt to bully us, as we are not to be intimidated either by bullet or rattle.

Resolved, That we hurl back with scorn the insinuation of the aforesaid Editor that we are exceptionable babies—it being the unanimous opinion of a large and admiring circle of relatives and friends that we are very unexceptionable babies.

Resolved, That we are unexceptionable babies.

These resolutions were carried by acclamation. Whereupon, in a state of highly pleased avuncular excitement, we withdrew, in order to report the proceedings of the meeting.

A TOUGH STORY. One of our exchange papers tells the following story, purporting to have proceeded originally from one of his near relations.

"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the Winter, and arly in the Spring we begun to think of ploughin' on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough for more than a week—I thought I should die. It e'en a most killed me, I van. Why, one day I was holdin' and the plough hit a stump, which measured just nine foot and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my feet out, and I had no sooner done this, than it snapped together again, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course, I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons—nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull all together, and the stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since."

The only reply Snooks made to this was—"I should have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders."

PUMPKIN VINES BY THE ROD. Mr. Jacob Goodnough, of Jay, has raised SIXTY Pumpkins from one seed, this season—twenty-five of them are ripe. The length of the vine and branches from this seed, measured thirty-one rods and a half. We told Mr. Goodnough that this would be a very long story for the editor of a paper, not political, to tell; it is almost equal to the story of the fellow that was chased by a cucumber vine and after scaling a fence found a crop of small cucumbers in his pocket; but Mr. G. says he can prove his story by his neighbors—so here you have it.—*Hallowell (Me.) Gazette.*

MY FATHER'S LEGACY.

You ask me why my images
Are borrowed from the sea?
To you it is a riddle deep,
But I can read it thee.

My father was a sailor bold,
Who loved the pathless sea;
And often in my early days,
He sat me on his knee;

And told me of the perils braved
Upon the trackless deep—
Of the breakers' roar—the waves' soft dash,
Which soothes the sailor's sleep.

He told me that the sun glanced bright,
And flung a shining shield,
As they ploughed the furrows of the deep
Athwart the ocean field:

And when the gentle, cheering wind
Slept in its ocean cave,
His ship would lie a sleeping swan,
Upon the glassy wave.

And then with many oft-told tales,
The sailors spent the day,
And dreamed of absent friends, and home—
Those treasures far away!

He told me of the sailor's speed
When rose the threatening gale—
Like airy phantoms of the storm,
They sprang from sail to sail;

And scudding on before the blast,
They braved the angry storm—
While the wind piped shrill, and lightning played
In every fearful form.

The sky above looked black as night,
And dark the waves below;
The thunder roared—the lightning's flash
Showed breaker crests like snow.

Then, pressing every thread of sail,
They left a foam-lit track—
While mountain billows followed fast,
Like demons at their back.

He told me, when Death's arrow came,
And slew some seaman brave,
The sailors mourned a messmate's fate,
And ocean gave a grave.

No coffin cold encircled him—
A winding sheet had he;
They hung a weight beneath his feet,
And launched him to the sea.

He told me of the sailor's joy,
When port was safely neared—
When land looked bright to those who roamed,
And home at last appeared.

Then do you wonder that my song
Is breathing of the sea?
My father stamped it on my soul—
It is his legacy!

FOMPRET, Conn.

NILLA.

CLERICAL JOKE. A few years since, when the Rev. Doct. Hawes, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, who was about leaving New York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestrymen of a small church in Westchester county, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The Rev. Doctor graciously received the committee, but respectfully declined the proposal, urging as a chief objection that the salary, though liberal for the parish which they represented, would be inadequate for his expenses, having a considerable family of small children to educate and provide for. One of the committee replied, "the Lord will take care of them; he has promised to hear the young ravens when they cry, and to provide for them." "Very true," said the Rev. gentleman, "but he has not promised to provide for the young Hawks."

UNPROFITABLE VOYAGE. The ludicrous activity of the acquisitive spirit of our countrymen is thus illustrated in a London farce. A Yankee lands at Portsmouth, and an English lady who understands that he has been an invalid, asks him if he has been benefited by his voyage. "Benefited!" he exclaims, "no, not at all; I haven't made a dollar by it."

OUR BILLY.

The grand diversion on the Belgian and German rail roads consists in the guards continually asking for the passengers' tickets. I am satisfied it is done for mere pastime; and a most agreeable and exciting one it is. The directors deserve all praise for inventing it—"Votre billet, Monsieur!"

The following scene took place last year, on one of the Belgian lines, says a correspondent of the Dublin Magazine:

"Votre billet, Monsieur!" The guard was addressing the cockney father of a family who knew little more of French than I do of Japanese. He thought the officer alluded to one of his children whose familiar appellation happened to be Billy and he pushed the boy towards the window to answer for himself. "Votre billet," repeated the guard laughing. The Belgians are the best-humored people in the world.

"This is mon Billy."

"Non, non," said the good humored guard.

"I say yes, yes," said the father, and the wife corroborated his statement, put her hand on Master Billy's shoulder, shaking her head and repeating:

"Notre Billy, notre Billy, half price, demi prix, notre Billy, under ten dix anneex," pronouncing the "dix" honestly, every letter of it.

It was excellent fun, and all owing to the ticket system on the Belgian railway.

THE ALPHABET ILLUSTRATED.

BY THE SLATE PENCIL.

We are not, we hope, unduly prejudiced in favor of our own flesh and blood; but the extraordinary performances, in an artistical way, of our eldest son Johnny, have awakened the fond anticipations of a doting papa. We have never seen anything like his work. The school of his drawings we do not know but believe it to be the school of the Rev. Dr. TIKKULHISTOBEE, one of the old masters, of which school he is a regular attendant. Several of his productions have been drawn after BIRCH, and others after a crying fit. These have displayed great freedom of handling—especially on the part of the birch. He has illustrated the Alphabet, after a manner perfectly unapproachable. He made an attempt to illustrate "Puffer Hopkins," but found the task utterly beyond the powers of his slate pencil. "Big Abel" was too heavy to draw. He also drew the likeness of the little boy who attempted to read LONGFELLOW's "Evangeline," as he appeared just before his death, which occurred at the third line of the second stanza. This was designed as an awful warning to rash and desperate people. But the authenticity of the portrait has been questioned. It has been said that a little boy never makes a violent attempt on his own life.

THE ACORN.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst, and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantle shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen (says a correspondent of the Gardener's Gazette,) several oak-trees and also a chesnut-tree thus growing, but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.

ALL ABOUT GLOVES.

We learn from Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, that the custom of distributing gloves at weddings is of ancient date in this country. "We see no ensigns of a wedding here, no character of a bridal," says Lady Haughty, in Ben Johnson's *Silent Woman*. "Where be our scarves and our gloves?" It was a Belgic custom, we are told by Selden, for the priest at a marriage to ask of the bridegroom a ring, and, if they could be had, a pair of red gloves, with three pieces of silver money in them; then putting the gloves into the man's right hand, and joining the bride's with it, the gloves were left on, losing the hands in the bride's possession. Perhaps it arose from the practice of furtively placing money in gloves before presentation, that judges were prohibited to wear gloves when exercising their functions; and thence sprung the custom of giving them when there was no criminal for trial, since the possibility of bribery was removed. Such assizes were termed maiden, and the gloves were white. A passage in Clavell's *Recantation of an Ill led Life*, (1634,) show that pardoned malefactors were in the habit of giving the Judge a pair of gloves. Gloves were also a New Year's present. A lady, in whose favour Sir Thomas More, as chancellor, had decided a law-suit, sent him a pair of gloves containing forty angels, as a mark of her gratitude. "It would be against good manners," said he, "to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift. I accept the gloves, but the lining you will please otherwise to bestow." Gloves were sometimes presented as a tribute, or rendered as a token of tenure. It was customary for the executioner of a signorial lord to pay a tribute of gloves to the justiciary, but the gift has been commuted into a money payment. The manor of Farnham Royal, in Bucks, was held of the Conqueror, subject to the service of providing a glove for the king's right hand, and supporting it, whilst grasping the sceptre on the day of coronation. One Simeon de Mertin granted lands in 1177, as the deed shows, in consideration of fifteen shillings and a pair of gloves at Easter.—[*Frazer's Magazine*.]

IMPORTANT TO MUSICAL CONDUCTORS.

Some of the critics talked learnedly during the Bismarck furore, against the brass instruments being all arranged on the right of the conductor. As the editor's box is on that side, and was always crowded with the critics during Madame's engagement, we are somewhat surprised at the unwonted self-appreciation manifested by these gentlemen.

DECLINING THE SUBSTANTIVE—"OFFICE."

Mr. Brady is about to decline a re-election to the office of Mayor of New York. He says he can't afford to keep the office, since the office won't reciprocate. So, after all, you see that "Money makes the mayor go," which is a worn out old saw for that cunning old file, Mr. Brady.

EPITAPH ON SNOOKS THE RHYMESTER.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM LUCILIUS.

Lo! Harry Snooks below has gone—

Earth none for that the worse is—

But have a care, ye souls in fire,

He brings along his verses.

Ah! where shall people 'scape this bard's

Rhyme-reading malediction?

Since even fiends are doomed to writhe

Beneath its dire infliction.

We learn from a gentleman who was present at the lecture delivered by our friend Col. A. D Hatch, of New Bedford, in Providence, R. I., on New Year's Eve, (the subject being the close of the year,) was listened to apparently with great interest. He closed with the following lines:

How fast the leaves, all brown and sere,
Desert the old and hoary year,
And wither'd fall, to deck no more
The bough their verdure covered o'er;
At last the snow in dazzling white,
Hides them forever from our sight.

Thus from the tree of Life each year
A wither'd leaf will disappear,
And unreturning, like the last,
Haste from the present to the past;
At length the shroud in snowy white,
Hides us forever from the sight!

But far beyond this vale of strife
There grows another Tree of Life;
Its verdure in the realms of day,
Shall never fall or fade away;
And God shall clothe in robes of snow
The blessed souls that thither go.

PETER WINCH: THE MAN WHO ALWAYS HAD A PENNY. BY R. H. HORNE.

There lived at a little village near Redcar, in the North Riding of Yorkshire—a village celebrated for its east wind and gravelly soil—a poor, but industrious labourer, named Peter Winch. He was a strong-boned, sinewy man, and stood five feet ten inches. He always worked from six in the morning till six at night, summer and winter. His usual work was in the limestone quarries and gravel-pits; and sometimes, when work was slack there, in consequence of hard frost, or a heavy fall of snow, he drove a team, broke stones in the road, carried ice for the fishmongers of Redcar, or swept snow and chopped dead wood in gardeners' grounds, while the frozen-out gardeners were begging in the town. In one way or the other, Peter Winch always worked twelve hours a day,—often fourteen hours, never less than twelve,—and he had done this ever since he was ten years old.—He was now in his forty-eighth year. By dint of his constant labours, he had always contrived to live with honest independence, as an English labourer should. In the very worst seasons, he had never once applied to his parish for relief; he always paid his way; never borrowed; hated to run in debt for the least thing; and, from a feeling of providence in his mind, not knowing what might happen in this world, he made it a rule never to spend his last penny.

Peter Winch, when a young man, had often wished to be married; but he was always prevented, by being unable to see his way, in the matter of bread and cheese, and clothing. Young men of the working class—and of classes above them too—scarcely ever seemed to think, beforehand, of how they should support a wife and family. But Peter Winch was a very strange man, for a poor man, in this exercise of discretion and common sense.—‘Those above me,’ thought Peter Winch, ‘can afford to be imprudent, and trust to their friends, or their good luck; but a hard-working man, like me, has no friends that can help him; and as for good luck, he can never expect it. By working twelve hours a day, and sometimes fourteen, I have always been able to support myself without any obligations, without any debts at all,—in short, to obtain sufficient food, and clothing, and lodging, and to stand quite clear with the world. But, in doing this, I have been quite unable to save a shilling. At this very time I have only a penny in my pocket;—’tis true, I want for nothing, except a wife,—but what a want that is! Yet how can I venture upon such a waggon-load of fresh needs, as would be sure to follow; such a long string of cares and sleepless nights? It makes me have so many thoughts, that sometimes there seems enough of them to fill a church. And, if Martha Brown had not such pretty eyes, and little black curls all round the back of her neck, I certainly never would think of it.’

Peter bought the ring the day after his great soliloquy; and honest, hard-working, independent, prudent, poor Peter Winch, was married to Martha Brown. It was done upon the strength of the penny in his pocket; he did not deceive himself, and he knew he was acting very imprudently;—it was the strength of his feelings that carried him away. He therefore determined to risk all his future life upon those pretty eyes, and little black curls. Nevertheless, Peter had not been deficient in sense as to his choice. Martha was a healthy, strong, hardworking, cheerful young woman, who would rather be a help than a burden to a working man. She was five-and-twenty years of age.—Peter Winch was thirty. Among the working classes, an unmarried man, sound of limb, and the age of thirty, is almost unprecedented. Such a personage as an old bachelor, is unknown among the working-classes. With what ease does such a sentence drop quietly out of the pen; but what a world of destitution and misery it involves!

Peter, however, had made a good choice. He and his wife worked hard, morning, noon, and night, and by this means Peter not only paid his way, and supported his wife and three children, without spending his last penny, but they would have been happy, and even comfortable, only for a misfortune. It was a misfortune, that was sure to bring many others upon them. He and his wife contrived to grind on through life pretty well, notwithstanding the three children; but there came three more children—and there came the measles, and the small pox, and the whooping cough; and Martha was often ailing, and could not work, and one child broke its leg, and the eldest girl fell down stairs, with the baby in her arms; and the doctor came, and an unusually cold winter came, and Christmas came—with several bills.

While Peter had been a single man, he never owed a penny—his daily work of twelve hours had always prevented that. While his wife continued well, and strong, and they only had three children, Peter had still contrived to pay for everything weekly, so that he ran no scores. Now it was quite impossible to help it. Besides, he had of late felt unwell himself, and had pains in his joints, and, once or twice, giddiness in the head. He did not ‘lay-by,’ however, or cease his work for a sin-

gle day; he was too poor to afford to be ill, so long as he could stand; he therefore continued to work his twelve hours a day—and sometimes fourteen. He often came home so tired that he sank down upon the bed unable to take off his clothes. In the morning, up before six as usual—and at it again.—He paid everything as far as he could, and when he came to his last penny, he replaced that in his pocket, saying, with a melancholy smile, ‘Well, you do not belong to me, because I owe you to the baker and the doctor; but I will keep you honestly for them, and pay as soon as I can.’ And poor Peter Winch did, in a few years, contrive to pay every penny he owed, and keep one over for himself. He and his wife made a little joke about this fancy of his, about always having a penny. Peter said it made him feel ‘independent like,’ and as if he was not quite reduced to the last extremity.

Peter was now in his forty-eighth year; this was stated at the commencement of his story, and we have thus regularly worked him down to that

period. From ten years of age he has ground his way through life, in gravel-pits, in stone quarries, on hard roads, thorough winter and summer, and amidst breast-biting east-winds; driving teams, clearing ice, and pottering about frozen gardens, twelve and fourteen hours a day; never taking any relief from the parish—always paying his way, with credit to himself, and being considered a pattern for all working men in his parish. As the reward of all this, he has always been able to obtain the bare means of existence—and to wear the uncommon feather in his cap, of having a penny to spare after paying for everything. He has had a beautiful time of it!

Peter Winch was forty-eight. We have said that he was a strong-boned, sinewy man; that he had originally possessed an equally strong constitution, the constant hard labour of eight-and-thirty years is a sufficient proof. However, bone and muscle wear out as well as bricks and mortar; and the strongest constitution cannot expect to set at complete defiance the ungenial influences, gravel-pits, east winds, and the variety of labours performed by the mortal machinery of poor Peter Winch. This man, being now only in what, with anything like fair wear and tear, would have been the prime of his life and strength, began to display signs of a rapid break up. His constitution went first. He often felt unwell; he was quite unable to work more than six or seven hours in the day; his breath grew short. He next found that lifting great weights hurt him; and, somehow, after a few hours carting gravel, he actually had pains in his loins and back. One day, while carrying a sack of potatoes, he fell down; he could give no reason for it. The winters were colder than they used to be eight or ten years ago, and he was obliged to give up carting ice—he always took such bad cold and coughs by standing about with wet feet.—Even the wind—the east one—seemed to get right into his chest under his shirt—he could not make out what was come to him. Poor, hard-worked, honest, worn-out daily labourer! he did not know that it was premature Old Age who had come him. Somehow he could not work as he once did. He would pause at times, and look down upon his feet; and resume his spade or pick-axe with a sigh.

He was taken ill one afternoon, and unable to leave the house next day. As he sat in his chair by the fire, being in his forty-ninth year, the old came up to his face, and showed that it was full of deep lines, and pits, and hard grains. He looked like a dry, tanned, worn-down old man of ninety. He sat silently in this way a few days; he would not send for the doctor; he said it was all no use.

As Peter Winch was unable to work, and as he had never been able to lay by money, because of his family, and because of his honest payment of his way, and because he would never apply to the parish for relief, he was now obliged to run in debt; his family could not live without doing so. Peter paid away all he had, even to his last penny—then began the bills and borrowings. He had always held up his head, and had never yet applied to the parish; his wife was now obliged to apply for out-door relief, and the overseer at the workhouse told her that they should be admitted into the house. Peter quietly refused to go in, and a few days afterwards he died—he had said he knew it was all over with him when he parted with his last penny. It was not because of parting with it—this would have been absurd—he was far too strong-minded a man for this; it was because the parting with his very last penny marked, in his mind, the failure of a whole life of unremitting laborious toils and honest endeavors—the only prospect of which had been the day by day and week by week, means of existence, which he had worked himself out in earning. All his vitality had been exclusively devoted to gravel-pits and roads, and every other kind of hard work that fell in his way, and he had no time for the chance of his mind’s fair growth—no time for domestic affections and little amusement—no time for a quiet communion with his God; his whole physical, mental, moral, and spiritual nature had been kneaded into a mass of clay and clod—such is the result of a life of unremitting toil. Moreover, Peter Winch was a man out of the pale of pity, being in his circumstances

by reason of his unremitting assiduity, a degree above the great majority of his class. He never had troubled his parish, and he always had a trifle in hand (say a penny) beyond his actual and immediate necessities. Who would pity such a man?

After his death the parochial authorities, having directed that his wife and children should be admitted into the workhouse, caused a little wooden board, painted white, to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF PETER WINCH;
BORN 1796, DIED 1845.
HE WAS A LABOURER, WHOSE CONSTANT
HARD WORK, FROM BOYHOOD TO
THE END OF HIS LIFE, ENABLED HIM
TO SUPPORT HIMSELF AND FAMILY
THROUGHOUT VARIOUS PERIODS OF DOMESTIC
TROUBLE, WITHOUT ONCE ASKING FOR
PAROCHIAL RELIEF: TO ACT UNIFORMLY
AS AN HONEST, UPRIGHT MAN AND A
CHRISTIAN, AND ALWAYS TO HAVE MONEY
IN HIS PURSE. HIS WHOLE LIFE
IS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL WORKING MEN.
GO YE AND DO LIKEWISE, SO SHALL YE FIND
YOUR REWARD IN THE
KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. AMEN.

Where else, poor, upright, worn-out Christian labourer, canst thou hope to find thy reward—a reward more worthy of thy noble patience than mere daily bread?

Why must thou choose, Oh, Death, for prey,
The young and lovely, blithe and gay,
The fond and fair?
Could fondest prayer of parents save,
And brothers' tears avert the grave,
Wouldst thou then spare?

The fruit was ripe, and ere the blight
Of sin had killed, or yet 'twas night;
But, full of life,
He called her hence, in health and bloom,
And laid her in the silent tomb,
Ere knew she strife.

Though hard to part, the thought how sweet,
That we again those friends shall meet
Whom here we love,
When we have passed the bounds of time,
And reach that pure and heavenly clime,
In realms above.

UNTIMELY REPLY.—A rather ludicrous circumstance occurred in a parish church not far distant of recent Sunday evening. The officiating clergyman, in the course of his sermon, and when near the close, raised his voice to a higher pitch, and said, "How is it that the Almighty delighteth in the forgiveness of sins?" The clerk, who was fast asleep below him, roused by the higher tone sufficiently to catch the question, to the astonishment of the congregation, instantly replied, loud enough to be heard over the church, "I don't know, indeed, Sir."

BARNSTABLE:

Wednesday Morning, February 9, 1854



The editor of the New York Mirror calls it with Henry Clay on it for President, and S. Taylor for Vice President, a kangaroo ticket, all its strength being in its hind legs.

An ungrateful man is detested by all; every one feels hurt by his conduct, because it operates to throw a damp upon generosity, and he is regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.—[Cicero.]

A person who wished to say something fine of a pastor—a very somniferous man—said he thought an "intellectual pillow," meaning *pilliar*.

"I never judge from manners," said Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civil gentleman I ever met with."

CALL THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.—A fair occurred in a town in Vermont, a few days ago, which, in spite of the seriousness of the subject with which it was connected, must have been exceedingly ludicrous, and which illustrates the necessity of calling things by their right names. A deacon of the church, as usual, went to the store with his jug for some wine for the communion, and calling for it, instead of calling for *wine*, as he should, he said he would take "a little more of that." The store-keeper—very innocently, probably—filled the jug with *oil*, and no mistake, and the deacon went home. The accident was not discovered until the oil went upon the communion table and was taken of by the church—no one wishing, at that peculiar time, to make the result of his discovery known.—[Nashua Telegraph.]

WATER-PROOF BROADCLOTHS.—About three years ago, a method was discovered of making most if not all kinds of cloth water-proof, without altering their appearance or producing that impermeability to air which is so objectionable a feature in India-rubber clothing. It is obvious that a sufficient degree of pressure would force water through the pores in the cloth by which the air circulates. But for all purposes of apparel, the protection is ample, as the cloth may be exposed to severe rain for days in succession, and though the outside may look as if thoroughly soaked, the inside will remain perfectly dry. The inventor was unfortunately an intemperate man, and elated by the lucrative prospect which opened before him on the successful issue of his experiments, he indulged himself so much as to become incapable of pursuing his advantages. Lately, however, the patent right has come into the possession of a company who carry on the business at No. 263 Water street.—[New York Jour. Com.]

Sitting at the cottage window,
Gazing on the myrtle bloom,
Whilst the summer daylight dying
Mantles hill and vale with gloom:
Colder falls the starry evening,
Darker grows the narrow room;
Still she lingers at the casement,
Gazing on the myrtle bloom.
Sudden, like a rose she blushes,
Angellight is in her glance,
Neck, and brow, and bosom flushes,
As a sky doth quick advance:
Sudden pale as any moonlight
Falling on a wintry shore,
Fadeth cheek, and brow, and bosom,
As that step is heard not more!
"Never love nor hope," she saith,
"off a breaking heart ye fear."
Every blush of love betrayeth—
Every breath of hope's a tear!
Thus, unto herself, she moaneth,
Lest 'mid the deep 'ning gloom;
Sitting at the cottage casement,
Weeping o'er the myrtle bloom.

"In one of the companies of volunteers, there was a man who was the butt of his comrades, but who, in the heat of battle, loaded and fired with the utmost coolness, killing a Mexican every shot, until the lock of his gun was broken by a bullet which hit it, when throwing it down, he caught a handful of stones, with which he knocked down several of the enemy, until coming within reach of a gun whose owner had just been shot, he seized it, and did the same execution as before.

THAT VILE BOOK;

—OR—

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"This is a neat little book, Mrs. Emory," said her visitor, Mrs. Long, lifting, as she spoke, a small but very handsomely bound volume from the centre-table, and reading the title aloud.

"It is not only beautiful without, but, like a casket, contains precious jewels within," Mrs. Emory said in reply.

"I never saw the book before. Who is the author?" turning as she spoke to the title-page.

"I do not know the writer. But to me that is of little consequence. I love the truth wherever I find it, and always try to separate it from him who utters it."

"The Heart's Ease." What a quaint title!

"But very expressive. Whoever reads that book aright, and lives up to its precepts, will find his heart, if a weary and heavy laden one, lightened of its burden."

"A precious treasure it must be, Mrs. Emory."

"So I esteem it."

"Are you reading it now?"

"I look into it almost every day. But why do you ask?"

"Because, if its pages contain such rich treasures, I should like to know something about them."

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to loan you the book, Mrs. Long."

"You are very kind. I shall esteem it a very great favor."

"Oh! no. Under all circumstances we are bound to communicate to others the truths that have power to elevate us; that is, if they are willing to receive them."

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes Mrs. Long, having completed her call, for she was only making a brief formal visit to the lady with whom she had no very intimate acquaintance, but to visit whom had become a matter of politeness, arose, and after a pressing invitation to Mrs. Emory to come and see her often, departed with the volume in her hand.

Now Mrs. Long was a narrow-minded, sectarian bigot. It matters not by what name the spiritual body with which she was in association was called. There are such as she in all denominations. Everything that did not meet the square and rule of her confession of faith, was rejected with a pious indignation that burned with a zeal by no means springing from the activity of a truly heavenly principle. She was one of that class whose hatred of what they call error and heresy is so great that they would not hesitate a moment to root out the tares to the imminent danger of the wheat, although the divine injunction is to let the wheat and tares grow together until the harvest, when they will be separated.

Well, so soon as Mrs. Long had put off her bonnet and shawl, she sat down to read her borrowed book. "I shall find out by this what she is," was her thought as she did so, almost audibly expressed.

The reader will understand by this that she was not yet sufficiently acquainted with Mrs. Emory to know whether she were Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, or what she was. And upon this point she was always very curious, for she had a different estimation of friendship according as the religious faith

of the subject approximated or receded from her own. It will also be seen that, in borrowing the book, which, she at once inferred from Mrs. Emory's peculiar expressions in regard to it, contained some exhibition of her religious views, she expected to get a clue to all she wished to know.

So down she sat, and commenced reading with fixed attention.

'Bless me!' she exclaimed, after about five minutes, pausing, and lifting her hands and eyes in astonishment. 'And this is that precious truth she was in such raptures about! Truth! Mrs. Long's manner became indignant. 'Truth! A vile and miserable heresy! To call that truth!'

And Mrs. Long struck her finger with emphatic earnestness upon the page she had been reading.

'Aint it too bad?'

After this first little burst of indignation had passed off, Mrs. Long bent down again over the book, and commenced reading with an attention keenly alive.

'Horrible doctrine!' she ejaculated, in a few minutes, again pausing. 'And can it be possible that Mrs. Emory believes such dreadful things! I really thought better of her. How can any one fall into such insane delusions? But let me look further.'

And again Mrs. Long resumed her reading.

'Goodness gracious! Was there ever such rank and fatal heresy!' ejaculated the amazed sectarian, once more pausing and throwing herself back in her chair. 'Why, this book is enough to corrupt a whole community. I wonder that such a publication is tolerated in a Christian land! The floodgates of infidelity might just as well be opened at once!'

Having thus opened the safety valve of her indignation, and let some of the struggling wrath within escape, Mrs. Long resumed her reading, which was continued for an hour longer, accompanied with rapidly recurring exclamations of—

'Goodness gracious!'

'Dreadful!'

'Infamous heresy!'

'Can it be possible that Mrs. Emory believes these things?'

'Call this precious truth, indeed!'

'Horrible!'

'Call that Christian doctrine!'

'Blasphemy!'

And so on, exhausting the vocabulary of indignant astonishment, in her professed horror of the false doctrines, as she deemed them, which the little volume presented. At last this indignation rose so high that she threw the book from her with a holy horror, or, at least, with what she imagined to be a holy horror of its insane and corrupting delusions.

'Aint it too bad!' she ejaculated, breathing heavily; 'aint it dreadful to think that any one—especially one assuming to be a lady and a Christian, as does Mrs. Emory—should not only imbibe such horrible doctrines, but present them to others in the hope of corrupting them likewise. I can never feel a particle of respect for her after this. It was a downright insult to her visitors for her to permit such a book, with such a lying title, to be seen upon

her centre-table; and worse, for her to recommend it to their perusal as containing high and important truths. But I'll put a stop to any harm that it may do hereafter. I'll let the antidote go with the bane!' she said in a changed and exulting tone, as some suddenly formed resolution found a distinct place in her mind.

She then took up the book which she had tossed so indignantly from her, and, going to her secretary seated herself with the volume in her hand. Opening to the title-page, she lifted a pen and drew a line across the leading title of the book. Then she wrote in bold letters, just above it,

'A false title.'

Turning, then, over to the opening chapter, she read down about half a page, when she paused, underscored a sentence, and wrote in the margin,

'A fatal heresy.'

On the next leaf she blotted out several lines, with this memorandum:

'Too horrible for a pious Christian to read.'

A little further down appeared,

'Shameful perversion of the truth!'

Then she read on a few pages, in which so much of false doctrine appeared, that she despaired of any effectual antidote that her pen could apply. To remedy this evil effectually, she tore half of several pages off from top to bottom, and wrote upon the mutilated parts that remained,

'Insane perversions! Let them be blotted out.'

In this way she went nearly through the beautifully printed and highly cherished volume, which happened to be the gift of a dearly beloved sister in England, making her memorandums on nearly every page, while others were entirely destroyed. The book was, of course, rendered utterly valueless.

It was sometime during the afternoon of the same day that a small package, accompanied by a note, was left at the door of Mrs. Emory. On opening the note, she found it to read thus:

MADAM: I return you that vile book which I received of you this morning. The reading of it has shocked me greatly. Its doctrines and precepts are heretical and dangerous. You must pardon the mutilations which I have made, and the remarks and corrections which I have taken the liberty to append. I could not conscientiously do otherwise. I should have considered myself guilty of a wrong to yourself, and a wrong to any one into whose hands that vile book might have fallen, had I not administered an antidote with the poison. And now, Madam, let me earnestly entreat you to put far from you such horrible doctrines as that book teaches. They will as certainly sink your soul into endless perdition as you are living.

Yours, &c.,

HARRIET LONG.

Such an epistle, of course, took Mrs. Emory altogether by surprise, and shocked her feelings very greatly. But when she opened the package, and saw the condition of her highly prized volume—prized for the pure and elevated truths, apparent to her rational mind, that it contained, and prized on account of the beloved sister from whom it was a gift of affection—she could not help giving way to tears, at the same time that she felt an honest indignation

against the woman who had so far forgotten the spirit of the Christian character as to injure and insult her. It was some time before her suddenly disturbed thoughts became tranquil, and she could feel any degree of kindness towards one who had, although a stranger till within a few weeks, taken a liberty with her and her property that would have been warrantable in a most intimate friend. When her husband came in that evening, Mrs. Emory handed him Mrs. Long's note, and the book with which she had taken such an unauthorized liberty. After he had read the one, and examined the other through, and through, with many exclamations of surprise, could not help smiling, though he felt indignant.

'This certainly is a piece of assurance far in advance of anything that has ever come under my notice. And done, too, in the name of religion, and under the plea of a conscientious regard to duty.'

'She certainly cannot be in her right mind. The act is not that of a truly sane person.'

'She is about as sane as a large class of bigoted religionists, few of whom, however, in this day, have ever the boldness to act out their true sentiments fully as Mrs. Long has done. It is this very principle of intolerance; this very kind of conscious regard to the truth and horror of that which is false, that carried martyrs to the stake. Don't you suppose that, were Mrs. Long fully possessed of the power she would not consider it as religiously her duty to imprison you, or put you to death to prevent your utterance and promulgation of what she thought to be heretical doctrines, as she did to destroy your book today? Certainly she would. She went as far as she dared in the present instance, and in doing so, she had no perception of the fact, that, while she was acting from piety alone, she was sacrificing charity, or the rights of others, that fundamental principle of religion.'

'That is very true. It was my book that she injured; my property that she destroyed. And in that she acted dishonestly.'

Some few weeks subsequent to this occurrence Mrs. Long was relating what she had done, to a group of ladies at a social party.

'You did perfectly right,' said one. 'For my part I would set fire to the publication office of such vile books were I not afraid of being found out and punished.'

'So would I,' responded another, falling at once into the general feeling that prevailed in the group.

'It is our duty,' said a third; 'a solemn duty, to suppress everything of its kind, because its promulgation is calculated to do a most fatal injury to society. If a serpent crosses my path, I am bound to kill that serpent, lest it bite my neighbor. And so with books whose tendency is evil, we are bound to destroy them, or render them harmless, as Mrs. Long has done in the present instance, lest our neighbors be eternally injured. This, to me, is perfectly clear.'

'But every one has a legal right to publish and promulgate his religious sentiments in this country, provided they do not injure others in their person or property,' remarked a listener, who had, heretofore, been silent.

'But a legal right don't always make a moral right, remember.'

'But general principles of law, which give equal protection to all, are high moral principles.'

'And yet it is the very height of immorality to print and publish books that have a tendency to injure the public.'

'Very true, but who is to judge of this tendency?'

'Why such a tendency is always as plain as daylight to one who will look at it.'

'And such tendency you saw in the book which Mrs. Emory loaned you?'

'Most assuredly I did.'

'In what did it consist?'

'Why it consisted in the declaration of most palpable denials of fundamental religious truths. Truths taught upon every page of the Bible.'

'Leading to the practice of immorality, I presume?'

'Certainly. Don't all false doctrines lead to immorality?'

'Does Mrs. Emory believe in the doctrines inculcated in the book you alluded to?'

'Of course she does. She spoke of it as being full of the most instructive and elevating truths.'

'Then the inference is plain, that Mrs. Emory cannot lead a purely moral life?'

'You can draw what inference you please,' Mrs. Long replied. 'As far as I am concerned, I do not

see how any one can fully believe such doctrines, and have a moral principle that is uncontaminated. That which any one believes, must, necessarily modify his character.'

'There is the very lady of whom we were speaking,' one of the little group said, as Mrs. Emory entered the room at the moment. 'I wonder if she will speak to you?'

'I presume not. No doubt I have mortally offended her.'

'Suppose any one had borrowed a favorite book of you, and had treated it as you treated the volume which you got from Mrs. Emory, would you, or would you not, be offended?' asked the individual who had shown a disposition not to approve of either her sentiments or her actions.

'No one would have a right to treat my books so, for they contain no false doctrines. But if I loaned any one a volume containing vile and wicked heresies, calculated to ruin the soul, then I ought to have my book served exactly, as I served hers.'

'If Mrs. Emory were asked about the matter, she would no doubt say that her book did not contain vile and wicked heresies.'

'But it did though.'

'In your opinion.'

'In my opinion, and in the opinion of every true Christian,' was Mrs. Long's emphatic reply.

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Emory herself, who was introduced to the group and mingled in it without immediately perceiving that Mrs. Long made a part of it.

The latter at once drew herself up with a dignified air.

'We were just alluding to you, Mrs. Emory,' said the individual whose conversation had indicated a preference of feeling towards her.

'Ah! Well, I am here now to answer for myself, if required. Is it anything in which I have particular interest?'

'I suppose that it is. Mrs. Long has just been telling us of the manner in which she treated a volume loaned her by you.'

Mrs. Emory's countenance grew at once serious, and Mrs. Long was evidently by no means easy in mind.

'Good evening, Mrs. Emory,' the latter said, with an embarrassed air.

'Good evening, ma'am,' was the mild, but not cordial response of Mrs. Emory.

'I have heard some two or three express an opinion of the matter,' resumed the lady who had alluded to the unpleasant subject; 'and now, Mrs. Emory, I should very much like to learn your views.'

'Of course, as I am a party interested in the matter, I cannot be supposed to be able to give an unbiased opinion. And besides, I do not seriously think it is a subject which ought not to be introduced here. Therefore you will be kind enough to excuse me.'

'The subject has already been introduced and canvassed in your absence. As you are a party particularly interested, and have made your appearance here before the discussion has ended, it is but fair that you should be allowed the privilege of expressing an opinion.'

'I do not think,' replied Mrs. Emory, mildly, 'that I am very much interested in the matter. I am, and have been, altogether passive in regard to it; and still wish to remain so.'

'But you are charged,' went on the persevering friend, 'with loaning a book to a lady that contained vile and wicked heresies, calculated to corrupt the morals of the community.'

'That is altogether a mistake, madam.'

'Indeed, then, and it is not,' spoke up Mrs. Long with warmth.

To this Mrs. Emory made no reply; and Mr. Long resumed,

'It taught the doctrine that—'

'Pardon me, if you please,' Mrs. Emory said, in a mild yet firm tone, interrupting the statement about to be made. 'I object positively to the introduction of doctrinal subjects, in a spirit of controversy, in social parties of individuals from all denominations. No good can positively arise from it, and much harm may be the consequence. Let us, as we all meet upon this common plane of natural good feeling, estimate each other by the known good of life, and not by a comparison of doctrinal tenets.'

'That is all very specious and plausible,' Mrs. Long rejoined, with increasing warmth; 'but who does not know that a religious belief influences the life?'

'Your remark is true to a very great extent,' Mrs. Emory said, in the same calm tone of voice with which she had commenced speaking. 'But it is also true, that we often see two persons professing the same doctrines, whose lives are very different.'

'In that case, the latter, in my opinion, did not really believe what he professed.'

'That is no doubt a true remark. But in my case, I do most solemnly believe the doctrines I profess, and daily endeavor to make my life conform to their precepts. If they are vile and wicked, my life must be vile and wicked also. Is not that a fair conclusion?'

To this Mrs. Long only remarked, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

'Justly said; and now, let us apply that rule to the matter under discussion, or that was under discussion when I came in, and let it determine which of us has the truer doctrines. Mine teach me to regard my neighbor even better than myself, and from this affection to endeavor to do him all the good I possibly can. They also teach me to act justly and honestly to all.'

'And pray, madam, doesn't my religion teach me to act justly and honestly towards all?'

'You did not, at least, I am bound to say, act honestly and justly towards me,' Mrs. Emory replied mildly, but firmly.

'I deny the charge,' was the low, indignant answer.

'Then I stand compelled to prove it. You came to my house, and asked me to loan you a very highly cherished volume—highly cherished as the gift of a beloved, and far distant sister, and still more so for the precious truths to me that it contains. This volume, my property, you so mutilated as to make it entirely worthless. Was that just, was that honest? I leave those around to decide. You had no more right to destroy that book than you had to take from my table a silver spoon.'

'I had a right, and I can prove it.'

'Then vindicate your conduct, Mrs. Long.'

'The tendency of the book was demoralizing, and calculated to harm mankind. I destroyed it as I would a venomous serpent.'

'As to the demoralizing tendencies, I believe you are altogether in error, for its reigning precept is an obligation to love the neighbor, and the Lord supremely. But, admitting your allegation to be true, you would, acting from the principle you have advanced, feel it as much your duty to set fire to our place of worship, as to burn one of our books, would you not?'

'Certainly I would!' Mrs. Long angrily replied, 'if I dared. I should esteem the act as doing God service.'

'By their fruits ye shall know them!' was all the answer that Mrs. Emory made, as she arose and left the little circle into which she had been drawn, and sought in another part of the room more agreeable.

MIND YOUR STOPS. Whilst listening to Sir Thomas Birch the other day, at the Exchange, we were very much offended by his saying,—"Gentlemen,—if there be any amongst you," and then he stopped. We became suddenly savage at his doubting the fact, and were going to do away with all favorable opinions we had formed of him, when he resumed his speech, and we found he merely meant—"Gentlemen if there be any amongst you who entertain such and such opinions." We were appeased somewhat; but must caution the worthy Baronet to mind his stops for the future.—*English Paper.*

BEND THE KNEE.

When the day in pride is breaking
O'er earth and sea—

When from sleep the world is waking,
Bend the knee;

When the storms of life break o'er thee,
Dark and drear,

And no star in life's horizon
Shines to cheer,

Then in holy faith believing,
Bend the knee;

After darkness comes the dawning—
'Twill come to thee.

South the high and holy one,
Turn, turn to me;

I am God—there is no other—
Bend the knee;

I will listen to thy call—
Hear thee ever;

Fear not—on my arm rely—
I will deliver;

When the heart with grief is stricken,
Bend the knee—

When all else on earth forsakes thee,
Trust thou in me.

Earth is not thy dwelling place—
Soul, thou art free;

"Dust to dust" must soon be given—
Bend the knee.

Bitter dregs are in life's cup,
Sin and tears—

Wilt thou, Father, hear us up—
Calm our fears?

Unto thee we homage yield,
Bend the knee—

When life's pilgrimage is o'er,
Save us with thee.

An English traveller in Paris, having occasion for a hair cutter sent for one. At the appointed time, an elegantly attired person arrived; and the gentleman sat down before his dressing case to prepare for the operation. The man walked around his 'client' once or twice, and finally taking his stand at some distance, attentively scrutinized the gentleman's face with the air of a connoisseur looking at a picture.

'Well,' said the Englishman, impatiently, 'when are you going to begin?'

'Pardon me, sir,' was the reply. 'I am not the operator, but the *physiognomist*.—Adolphe!' he cried out, and a sleeved and aproned barber entered from a hall, 'a la Virgil!'

With the laconic direction as to the model after which the gentleman's hair was to be arranged, the artist retired.

A person who accused the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman—'That it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met hard rubs enough to polish any nation on the earth.'

'Some men,' said old Swillguzzle, as he sat toasting his shins at the bar-room fire, after imbibing a strong whiskey toddy, 'steam one day above another, but I steam all day alike!'

A wag used to remark, that the reason why unmarried ladies looked so much at the moon, was the vulgar belief that there was a man in it.

'Man,' says Adam Smith, 'is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another.'

Constancy.—A Song.

Forget thee—or forget

What my heart has so dearly known?

Deemest thou that wholly from earth

All truth and faith are flown?

Oh! write your love on the sand,

And the wave will wash it away;

Or, place your trust in the flower

The next summer sun will decay!

Then take an emerald ring,

And thereon grave the name;

Thro' the lapse and change of years

It still will be the same.

And such my heart—if you fear

That ought like change will be shown;

'Tis I that shall weep for the change,

For the falsehood must be thine own.

The 'Baby Jumper' in Buckingham Palace.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEN AND INK SKETCHES.'

Mr. Roger's history—I mean history in England—I shall rapidly pass over. After a brisk passage to the fast-anchored isle, the Hendrick Hudson sighted Dover, and so anxious was Mr. Rogers and his friends to touch the sod of the old country, that they engaged a pilot boat to put them on shore. They visited Shakspeare's Cliff, the Castle, and the Ship Inn, where they took their first British dinner, and then railed it to that little village commonly called London.

How they got along there, for the first ten days—how they looked about for a settlement—how they visited Westminster Abbey—how they speculated on the probable number of babies, and calculated to a nicety how many Jumpers would go to make a fortune or two—on these deeply interesting points, I regret to say, that history is entirely silent. It is however, a great fact that after a short period, considerable curiosity, I may say excitement, was created by the appearance of a strange phenomenon in the Strand—at No. 137 of that world renowned thoroughfare. This wonderful thing was a shop filled with—what do you think reader? Why, it was constructed of cords, tassels, hoops, and little children's coats, all made of silk and velvet, and glistening with gold and silver. One of these strange articles had a beautiful child in it, (made of wax,) and over the door was the picture of another small bit of original sin, which an inscription led us to believe was in a 'Baby Jumper.' Day after day the window was surrounded by all descriptions of people, and speedily the 'Jumper' jumped into popularity. They sold like hot cakes. At length the Queen hearing of this matter, and thinking, perhaps, that, as her family was fast increasing, and John Bull becoming sore under increased taxation, that a 'Jumper' would save an additional nurse maid, sent her commands to Mr. Rogers to attend at Buckingham Palace, with a specimen of his invention.

Now Mr. Rogers, with that stern independence which characterizes the Republican character, didn't much relish being commanded by a royal lady. He would have gone to Mexico, or indeed to the world's jumping-off place, with Scott, in a military capacity and obeyed his commands to the death. But with a fine spirit of resignation, he remarked, 'When I am in Rome, I must do as the Romans do—now that I am in London, I will be a Londerer. To the Palace I will go.' This decision once formed, he applied his genius to the construction of a 'Jumper' which should astonish the Sovereign, and command the admiration of that country in which it first appeared. It did not take long in its construction; like the palace of the Arabian Tales, it sprung into beauty in a single night. It was a superb article, and the reader may form some idea of its unparalleled splendor, from its brief description. The tunic was composed of Genoa velvet, crimson of course, brocade from the Alleghanies, and lined with Persian satin of the most delicate texture. The wadding used was grown expressly for the purpose in South Carolina. The hoop was decorated with regal crowns of a pure gold tissue, and the American eagle grasped the George Washington tassel. Mr. Rogers had the tassel constructed for the purpose. The young idea, jumping past the crowns, he thought, might catch hold of democracy!

Arrived at the abode of royalty, Mr. Rogers proudly, and in a dignified manner alighted with his 'fixins,' and entered through the porter's gate or lodge.

Porter (bluffly)—What do you want?

Mr. Rogers (smartly) Lady Littleton. Here is a letter from her, appointing me to call this morning for the purpose of seeing the Queen.

The bladder of royalty started at that lifted his heavy eyelids, rose from his well-stuffed arm chair, and waddled to and fro for a minute or so, as if in anxious thought. After a fit of stupid abstraction, he pointed his flabby fist in the direction of a variegated footman, who approached and said, 'This way.' On he went, through the interminable passages, terminable in corridors, then ending in a flight of marble stairs. At length he was ushered into an apartment of great splendor, which we regret we cannot fully describe, for having an eye to the 'jumper,' he began building it. It looked, when all complete, elegant, indeed. There hung, all the looking-glasses reflecting its fair proportions. Rogers has been

heard to say, that if ever pride filled that part of his person which lies immediately behind his waistcoat, it was at that moment. Scarcely was it fixed, when a glass door opened, and Lady Littleton entered. She was struck silent with the attraction. Mr. Rogers pulled his hands from his pantaloons pockets, and made a bow. Such a bow! It would have made a fine subject for an historical fresco painting for the new Houses of Parliament. It might be called, the representative of the American eagle presenting the 'Jumper' olive branch of peace, in the den of the British lion.

For more than ten minutes, her ladyship examined the 'Jumper,' Mr. Rogers all the while explaining its use, when at last she said, 'I will go and speak to her Majesty.' Its all right, thought Mr. Rogers, and he began to give a series of bows once more to Lady Littleton. It is said, that he lost sight of her fifty times, and quite surpassed himself. One of the maids of honor present declared, that his numerous bobbing would have made the fortune of an eastern courtier. Lady Littleton then departed, but soon returned and said, that her Majesty would be glad to see the 'Jumper,' whereupon Mr. Rogers delivered it into the hands of a new set of porters, or rather footmen, who rejoiced in outway coats, silk stockings, bag-wigs, and powdered skulls.

Mr. Rogers followed these gentry through a glass door, up a long flight of marble

stairs, until they reached another apartment, which was furnished magnificently. The carpet was so soft that he sank over ankles in it, and, over head, glass chandeliers sparkled as bright as a Yankee girl's eyes. The Jumper was placed in the centre of the apartment, and Lady Littleton presently entered. She had been to tell her Majesty that all was ready.

Presently, the looking-glass door opened, and in walked the British Queen. She was a pleasant looking personage, with light hair, a fair complexion, the pride of the empire. Mr. R. made a very low bow, indeed, much lower than might have been expected from so rigid a Republican. Her Majesty smiled, and then Mr. Rogers waxed eloquent, and explained everything beautifully. Then the Queen minutely examined the apparatus, and then retired with Lady Littleton, who, however came back soon, and said:

'Mr. Rogers, her Majesty is much pleased with your Baby Jumper.'

'Happy to hear it,' said Mr. Rogers; and he bowed. He was getting quite supple in the back by this time. It is wonderful, how living in a palace softens the back bone. 'And,' added her ladyship, 'the Queen wishes the one you have brought to remain, permanently in the palace, for the use of the royal nursery.'

Twenty-four of the stoutest Democrats, if they had tried altogether, could not have equalled Mr. Rogers bow, that time.

'And,' resumed the lady, 'please send in your bill'—(Mr. Rogers had said something about making the queen a present of it)—'her Majesty makes it a rule never to accept presents.'

And then Lady Littleton, smiling very sweetly, retired, and Mr. Rogers backed out—nearly bursting through a mirror in his exit. The footmen were awful civil to him, and showed him out at the front door: proudly passing beneath the marble arch of the palace, he whistled Yankee Doodle, and went to his store, No. 127 Strand street, where he has been engaged from morning till night, ever since, in manufacturing Baby Jumpers, for his Yankee employer, Tuttle, of New York.—*Reveille.*

ELOQUENCE.—The following anecdote is told of an individual who listened to the splendid argument of Sheridan against Warren Hastings. At the expiration of an hour, he said to a friend, 'All this is mere declamation.' When the second was finished, 'This is a wonderful oration.' At the close of the third, 'Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably.' At the fourth, 'Mr. Hastings is an atrocious criminal.' And at the last, 'Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings.'

Anecdote of Napoleon.

A body of five thousand Austrians received information from the peasantry, that the French troops, having departed in every direction to improve their success, had only left a garrison of twelve hundred men in the town of Lonato. The commander of the division resolved instantly to take possession of the town, and thus to open his march to the Mincio, to join Wurmser.—Now it happened that Bonaparte himself, coming from Castiglione with only his staff for protection, had just entered Lonato. He was surprised when an Austrian officer was brought before him blindfolded, as is the custom on such occasions, who summoned the French commandant of Lonato to surrender to a superior force of Austrians, who, he stated, were already forming columns of attack to carry the place by irresistible force of numbers. Bonaparte, with admirable presence of mind, collected his numerous staff around him, caused the officer's eyes to be unbandaged, that he might see in whose presence he stood, and upbraided him for the insolence of which he had been guilty, in bringing a summons of surrender to the French commander-in-chief in the middle of his army. The credulous officer, recognising the presence of Bonaparte, and believing it impossible that he could be there without at least a strong division of his army, stammered out an apology, and returned to persuade his dispirited commander to surrender himself, and the five thousand men whom he commanded, to the comparatively small force which occupied Lonato. They grounded their arms accordingly to one-fourth of their number, and missed an inviting and easy opportunity of carrying Bonaparte prisoner to Wurmser's head-quarters.—*Gourgaud.*

Mrs. Scruggins' Opinion of 'Progressive Democracy.'

Mrs. Scruggins—with the rest of the ladies, God bless 'em—has turned politician of late, and has been giving her private opinion to several of her gossips. Hear how she talks:

'I have heard a good deal about progressive Democracy lately, and for the life of me, I don't know what to make of it. Some say it's a go-ahead kind of politics, and some say it's for everybody's good, except them as has the offices. I don't believe that, I don't like it any how. What do you think? One of their papers said, the other day, that the Whigs had to git wimin to go to their meetings, as they couldn't shift for themselves!—Now, did you ever! If I was the wife of that editor as wrote that piece, wouldn't I give him a piece of my mind though!

'The Whigs know what our influence is. I went to the Rot-under last Saturday night, and was so overcome with patriotism that I fainted, and had to be carried out for a little while; but my feelins wouldn't permit of my goin' home, although Mr. Skinkle, the boarder with green specs, said it was his opinion I'd better. 'No, says I, Mr. Skinkle, I'll see it out if I die for it. The occasion calls for a sacrifice, and I'll make it. I went in agin, and tuck my seat. Such a crowd I never saw before! Such lovely music! Such gallant speakers! Such immense applause, as the people say! I heard that dear man, Dr. McDowell speak: What a funny creature he is—my goodness! I laughed at his queer faces 'til the tears run down my cheeks. The Doctor is sich a good looking man, too, and so smart! My poor dear gone Mr. S. was jist like him every way, only his voice wasn't cracked. Some people say the doctor's voice is the cause of his cracking so many okses, but I dont believe it, though.

'And then that dear handsome man, every body said they was *Eager* to hear speak.—What a loveable little fellow he is. If I'd only been close enough I'd a kissed him when he talked so nicely about the ladies making their husbands, on Monday, tend to their polls! Well, after every body was done speaking, the meeting gave three extatic cheers for the ladies. I was standing on a cheer at the time, and I thought every body was a looking at me—I was in sich a conspicuous place. Well, going home, we went past the Planter's House, and there was the Democrats screaming and yelling like mad. Somebody, with a red face and sharp eyes, was on top of a omnibus a hollering away to the rest, and they a hollering back again. I asked Mr. Skinkle what the man that was speaking was, and he said he was a *Progressive Democrat*, because he had been a riding round town all the evening on top of that omnibus. I never knew how people came to be called *Progressive Democrats* before. Gra-

cious goodness, if that young scamp isn't sitting over in the corner grinning like a bear. *Git out!*—*Reveille.*

In company, an English lady, half jocularly, of course, attributed a very polite readiness for wine to the daughters of Erin. 'I believe that in Ireland,' she observed, 'it is quite customary for a lady, if she only catches the eye of a gentleman earnestly directed to her at dinner-table, to say, 'Port, if you please.' Promptitude is the order of the day.' 'Yes,' replied the Irish lady, not overpleased with the insinuation, and determined to repay it with interest, 'and promptitude takes another direction in your country.' 'How do you mean?' 'Why, when an English lady finds a gentleman's eye upon her at table, I understand she averts her countenance, and blushing, says, in her gentlest tone, 'You must ask papa.'

THE PRIVILEGES OF LEAP YEAR.—An old lady, of the town of Brighton, a short time since made an agreement with a neighbor to sell a farm on which herself and husband resided; and, after the arrangements were all made she insisted that her worthy liege lord was legally bound to sign the deed, and could not be convinced that she had a perfect right to control not only this matter, but to make whatever bargains she pleased, during the present year, by virtue of the privileges of her sex. The last we heard of the matter the paper had been signed, but the old lady insisted that she was right.—

The Counterfeit—Amusing Incident.

A FEW days since a man from Missouri river, having arrived in our city, at once started off upon a spree, and in his peregrinations he picked up a companion, apparently out on the same purpose. After warming up pretty freely, the Missouri man started his companion into the Bank of Missouri, to get two bills changed—a \$100, and a \$50—in order to have handy material to carry on the glorification. The man entrusted with the bills was not so far gone as to be entirely oblivious, and he thought as he entered the door of the Bank, that the fact of an entire stranger trusting him with that amount of money was rather a suspicious circumstance; however, he presented the bills. As the teller picked up the small specie shovel, to lift some of the metallic, he cast a scrutinizing glance at the holder of the bills, and a terrible thought flashed over the latter's mind in a moment; casting the notes upon the counter, as if they had stung him, he fled. His companion, the note owner, forgetful of everything else but the first movement he had commenced the day with, proceeded to carry out his frolic, and, finally, wound up with falling into the hands of the police, minus his hat, coat, and vest. On recovering, he remembered his companion and the \$150, and gave a description of his friend's person to Mr. Cousins, who guided by this clue, went directly to the man's house. He was an honest carpenter, whose only fault was indulgence in strong drink. The moment the police officer mentioned his business the carpenter turned pale, began to tremble, and declared that he was totally unconscious of the fact, at the time he offered the bills, that they were counterfeit! He protested he didn't know the Missouri river man, and was, with difficulty, prevented from 'pummelling' the man for drawing him into such a scrape. His mind was wonderfully relieved, on learning that the notes were genuine, and that all that was wanted of him was to go with them to the Bank, be identified, and reclaim them.

'What did you run for?' inquired officer C. 'Why,' said he, 'I had a suspicion they were counterfeit, and when the teller picked up that iron shovel, and sot his eye on me, I was sure of it, and I *leaned*. I thought he was going to knock me down, to secure me.' The money was obtained from the Bank, and with a pleasant smile at the termination of the affair, the parties separated. When the Missouri river man was parting with the officer, he remarked:

'Stranger, I'm goin' home, to hev this little affarr out. This town is a dreadful sight too big for a feller to let himself loose in; afore you can wake up all its groceries thar aint a last holler left in you.'

He is screaming homeward, up the Missouri, by this time.—*Reveille.*

It is very foolish for two young ladies to hate each other on account of a gentleman who don't care a fig for either of them.

FATAL EFFECTS FROM THE ABUSE OF CHLOROFORM.—A melancholy and fatal accident has just occurred in the city of Aberdeen from the habitual use of chloroform. The facts are these:—

Soon after Professor Simpson's discovery was made known, Arthur Walker a young man in the employ of Messrs. Souter and Shepherd, wholesale druggists, having occasion to weigh out a portion of the chloroform, found himself so exhilarated under the effects of the vapor that escaped, that he was tempted to use it on his handkerchief as if it were eau de Cologne, until a habit was formed which became a species of intoxication. His father, who was foreman on the establishment, on being made acquainted with these circumstances, endeavored to dissuade the lad from such a pernicious practice, but without effect, and then it was soon observed that his nervous system began to give way. Last week he was left in the warehouse with a younger boy, and about midday, having to weigh an ounce of chloroform to order, could not resist the opportunity of inhaling a dose. Having got very excited, his companion was rather alarmed, and, knowing that he got violent when any attempt was made to reprove him in such a state, he was pleased to see him lay his head quietly down on his arms resting on the table. He was in this state when the principal clerk entered the warehouse, and, on his father being called, it was found as he lifted his head that life was gone. Medical assistance was speedily procured, but though the jugular vein in the neck was opened, no blood came. This case will, we trust, not only act as a warning against the use of chloroform by any person unless under the eye of a physician, but should also lead chemists to allow no inexperienced person to make it up. The deceased was in his nineteenth year.—*English Paper.*

TARS ON SHORE.—The crew of the steam frigate Mississippi, were discharged a few days since, and the whole fleet of them, under full sail, beat up to the Bank, in the neighborhood of our office, and got their checks cashed. This operation being effected, the saltwaters' next step was to charter sundry carriages, cabs, &c.,—of course—and armed with flagons of grog, and long nines, the procession went on a grand tour, all over the town, and terminating their voyage, as a matter of course, near the famed Black Sea in the naughty-cal perlieus of Ann street. Next day we met these sun bronzed men of the ocean wave, straggling over the city, and looking, some of them, as if they had been imbibing to their hearts' content and the entire satisfaction of the keepers of the outskirts doggeries. One fellow we observed, just about an hour after getting his 'check'; he was pretty well slewed, beating against a head wind (or whiskey) down towards Hanover street, and holding carelessly in his huge, horn like fist, a large roll of bank bills, the entire proceeds, doubtless, of his cruise to Mexico. Several sneaking scoundrels, with broad tailed, brass button mounted coats, caps, &c., denoting their vocation, were in poor Jack's wake, like dogs after a sheep's pluck or sharks following a plague ship, and there is hardly a doubt, but that they have, by this time, robbed and perhaps murdered that thoughtless tar. By this time, the sailors have rioted and revealed through their hard earned wages, and suffering from the terrible poison of cheap grog and filthy tobacco, feel more literally 'used up' now than they were at the close of their hard service on board the Mississippi. We suppose there were a few exceptions in the above; some of the sailors may have had the prudence to keep their money and sober senses about them, and devote the results of their labors abroad to some good purpose at home. But, as a general thing, poor Jack's motto is—

'Here's to be saving, when all's spent!'—*Mail.*

CURIOUS LOVE STORY.—A very curious story is told by several ancient writers respecting Egrivard, a secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of that Emperor. The secretary fell in love with the Princess, who at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, his footmarks would be observed and yet to stay would expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however, that from

the window of his bed-room the Emperor saw the whole affair. In the assembly of the Lords, on the following day, when Egrivard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who compelled a King's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through frost and snow, in the middle of a winter's night? They answered, that he was worthy of death. The lovers were alarmed, but the Emperor, addressing Egrivard, said, 'Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give the two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another.'

VERDANT.—Hastings, of the Albany Knickerbocker, is guilty of this:

'We thought that we had heard of a good many green people in our time, but there is a young lady in Pleasantville, Ohio, that beats our time considerably. She got married the other night, and the next day appeared before a magistrate, to enter a complaint against her husband for 'taking liberties with her.' Our hat is at the disposal of the first person that calls.'

A QUERY.—"I say Jim," hiccupped a drunken student last night to a friend.—"I say, fellow, why is brandy like the goddess of Wisdom?"

"Guv it up, Harry."

"Cos—cos—Wisdom is *Minerva*, and— and—brandy is *my nerver*!"

A BRAVE GIRL.—A young girl was present at the last massacre of the Municipal Guard of the post of the Place de la Concorde, when fired on by the 5th Legion. There remained only one of these unfortunate men. 'Mademoiselle,' cried M. de V——, commandant of the firemen, 'you may save this man!' 'What must I do?' 'I am ready?' 'Throw yourself into his arms, and claim him as your father!' The young girl threw herself at the same moment into the arms of the Municipal Guard, and weeping, cried, 'Gentlemen, in the name of heaven spare my father, or kill me with him!' at the same moment the muskets of the assailants were lowered, and the Municipal Guard, protected by his liberatrix, was saved.

Go it while you're Young.

A proud and bright ephemera,
Its head all backward flung,
March'd across a leaf and said,
Go it while you're young!

A butterfly launched on the wing,
And fluttered in the sun;
Then with a warning voice exclaimed,
Go it while you're young!

And up the stumbling road to fame
Are painted guide boards strung,
So plain that he who runs may read,
Go it while you're young!

A bachelor while musing sat—
These words escaped his tongue:
How cheerless all!—oh that I had
Gone it while I was young!

A maiden sighed—and when
A pretty tear-drop hung
Suspended on a wrinkle, cried,
Oh! Go it while you're young!

And now, once more let me return,
And then my song is sung
And that extreme poetic phrase,
Go it while you're young!

A GOOD LESSON.—'My son,' said an engineer, 'come here, I want to show you something.'

'Well, father, what is it?'

'Do you see this kettle bail?'

'Yes.'

'There,' standing it up perpendicular on the table; 'do you see that?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, there,' laying it down upon the table; 'do you see that? Well, it is no further round that bail, as it lies flat, than it is over it when it stands up. So, when you come to a *hill*, remember, it may be no farther around the base than over the summit, while it is a great deal easier.'

The Queen of England has celebrated the revolution in France and the threatened rebellion in her own domains, by presenting her subjects with another dear little princess. Mrs. Partington, according to the Boston Post, was much interested with this expected event:

'Is the steamer signified sir?' asked the old lady, at the telegraph station. 'Yes'm,' replied the clerk, who was busily engaged turning over the leaves of his day book. 'Can you tell me,' continued she, 'If the queen's encroachment has taken place yet?' 'Some say she is encroaching all the time,' said the clerk, looking pleasantly at the old lady, and evidently pleased with his own smartness. 'That isn't possible,' responded the venerable dame; 'but,' said she to herself, 'how could he be expected to know about such things? and yet there is no reason why he shouldn't, for all the bars to science, 'notamy and them things is let down now-a-days, and Natur is shown all undressed, like a poppet show, sixpence a sight!'

Reveille.

LOVE.—'I am in love!' says the young lady to herself, after receiving a hundred delightful compliments from a handsome and agreeable partner at a ball. 'Am I in love,' asks the disappointed bride, when the handsome and agreeable partner at the ball, who had made her his wife, neglects her, seeking enjoyment out of doors. If young ladies were not to fancy themselves in love so suddenly as many of them do, there would be fewer unhappy brides pining in neglect, fewer disappointments, and not near so many broken hearts.

VANITY IN ANIMALS.—The learned philosopher, Dr. Gall, in his remarks on the organ of love of approbation, says that in the south of France they decorate their mules with bouquets when they travel well. The most painful punishment which can be inflicted on them is to deprive them of their bouquet and tie them to the back of the carriage. I have, he says, a female ape; whenever they give her a handkerchief, she throws it over her, and takes a wonderful deal of pleasure in seeing it drag behind, like the train of a court robe.

'Will you give me them pennies, now,' said a big news boy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. 'No I won't.' 'Then I'll give you another pounding.' 'Pound away, you fool. Me and Dr. Franklin agrees; Dr. Franklin says, 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

During the protectorate, a church of England clergyman, warmly attached to the house of Stuart, was wont to use the following prayer, which by proper emphasis was rendered significant enough:—'O, Lord, who hast put a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, put it into his heart also—to do thy will.'

'Fruits and nuts are very proper eating,' said a Grahamite to his hopeful niece.

'Well, uncle, I am very fond of nuts.'

'I'm glad to hear it. Which kind do you prefer?'

'Why, I am great on dough-nuts.'

THE CASE OF GEN. PILLOW.—This celebrated "case," says the New York Daily Book, is destined to be known as "The Pillow-Case," and a very dirty case it is.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

A jeweller of this city, who shall be nameless, was lately applied to by a nice looking man, to make a gold ring for him, having in it a blade, very delicate and keen, concealed except on a narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring. The bargain was made to furnish for thirty dollars. On the appointed day, the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was fobbed very complacently, and with an air of high satisfaction put it on his finger. The jeweller of course very innocently asked what he wanted to do with such an article, to which the reply was, to cut open pockets with.

'Ah,' replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, 'how can you do such things with such an instrument, and not be detected?'

The performer replied, that his art consisted in diverting the attention of the people from everything that looked like a design upon them—that he rubbed his forehead, adjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came too late. He then bade him good morning and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he walked round the counter, was accosted by the clerk. 'Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to tear them so?'

'Nothing that I know of,' was the answer.—

'Where?'

'Why, just look!'

When lo! his pocket was found to be cut by the

artist, with his new instrument, and his pocket-book gone, with not only the thirty dollars just paid, but four hundred besides. Verdict of the public: Served him right.—Tribune.

Anecdotes of Napoleon.

His Cutting Reproof of his Soldiery.

Napoleon having retreated to Verona, after an unsuccessful attempt against the Austrians, visited the positions of Rivoli and Corona, where the troops were stationed which had been defeated. They appeared before him with dejected countenances, and Napoleon upbraided them with their indifferent behaviour. 'You have displeased me,' he said. 'You have shown neither discipline, nor constancy, nor bravery. You have suffered yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of brave men might have arrested the progress of a large army. You are no longer French soldiers. Let it be written on their colors—'They are not of the army of Italy!'' Tears, and groans of sorrow and shame, answered this harangue. The rules of discipline could not stifle their sense of mortification; and several of the grenadiers, who had deserved and wore marks of distinction, called out from the ranks, 'General, we have been misrepresented. Place us in the advance, and you may then judge whether we do not belong to the army of Italy.' Bonaparte having produced the necessary effect, spoke to them in a more conciliatory tone; and the regiments which had undergone so severe a rebuke, amply redeemed their character in the subsequent part of the campaign.—Montholon.

Instances of strong Attachment to Bonaparte.

Napoleon seems seldom to have had occasion to upbraid his soldiers with want of courage or affection. The following instances of self-devotion, or rather self-destruction, contrast the scene brought before the reader in the above anecdote:

'At the siege of Acre,' said Napoleon, 'a shell thrown by Sydney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since then lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life,' continued he, 'have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, 'Vive l'Empereur!''—O'Meara.

Look Upward.

When sorrow and darkness

On thy pathway intrude,

And no brighter to-morrow

From the valley is viewed—

O, feel that the tempest

Will soon be o'erpast,

And with an eye upward

Bend—bend to the blast.

If friends shall forsake thee

In poverty's vale,

And turn from the scorning—

Unheeding thy tale—

To Heaven look upward

And bear with thy lot:

Though others forget thee,

Thy Maker will not.

Look upward—look upward—

Whatever thy doom,

And the Spirit of mercy

Will thy bosom illumine;

The Spirit of mercy

Thy fears will allay—

Give wings to thy sorrows—

Turn darkness to day.

A. Y. O.

Mr. Timid and his "Dogtype."

PASSING an hour or so, in the Daguerrian Gallery of our townsman, Mr. Lamson, a few days since, in examining the many fine specimens of the art there displayed, we witnessed a little incident which was the source of a hearty laugh, and which we propose to chronicle:

The gentle, cat-like tread of Mr. Timid, upon the stairs, attracted our attention; and in a moment the door opened noiselessly, and the tall, gaunt form of our friend was present with us. Being a man of "manners," he doffed his beaver, which he held in his left hand, while he rested the right on the back part of his coat. Then, with as much nicety and precision as a Corporal exhibits on a training day, he took up his line of march round the room, and feasted his eyes till his curiosity was satisfied. Then came the great errand of his visit.

"Do you take dogtypes of folks here?"

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to sit for yours?"

"I kalkelate on it, if you please."

Lamson prepared the plate—invited Timid into the operating room—placed him properly in the chair—told him he must sit perfectly still, and look natural—and then stepped to his camera, to adjust it for a capital likeness of his customer.

The moment Mr. Timid's eyes fell upon this (to him dangerous looking) instrument, he was struck with a sudden tremor—the perspiration started freely, and the operator raised it gently, so as to bring the brass tube containing the lenses to bear on the man's visage, Timid, taking it for the muzzle of a deadly weapon, and suspecting some design on him, bounded from his unpleasant position in the twinkling of an eye.

The operator saw at a glance the true state of the case, but his position would not allow the indulgence of his risibles. It required some minutes to calm Mr. Timid, explain to him the harmless nature of the instrument, and to satisfy him that that was the way "dogtypes" were taken, and that no harm would befall him.

Being satisfied that he could "see clean through it," he seated himself again, and behaved very well until he heard the click of the lid, and saw the operator draw his watch and step back, when he closed his eyes and shook like an aspen leaf. After the plate had remained a sufficient length of time to secure a picture—and such a picture!—it was withdrawn. Poor Timid was not aroused until after we had given our cachinatory machinery a full run. The picture was so far finished as to give the original a view of it. One look was satisfactory; and, promising to call again for the purpose of obtaining a better "dogtype" of himself, Mr. Timid made a very sudden exit.

A GENUINE CHARACTER.

We commend to the attention of Dan Marble a report in the Boston Daily Advertiser of the case of M. Maynard vs. Litchfield, to recover damages for the loss of a valuable cow. The testimony of one witness (Dr. Stoddard) was as follows:

"I live in Scituate, and am sixty years of age. I am a cow doctor. I have followed the business these forty years. I doctor sheep, hogs, and horned critters. I set broken-bones, joints, etc. I never read no books on critters. I took the business kind of nat'ral. I doctor in Scituate, Hanover, Hanson, and all about. Mr. Maynard and Mr. Litchfield came to me about this cow. I told them to give her a pint and a half of castor ile, and if they had'n't got that, to give her a pint of lamp ile, or a pound of hog's lard. I went down to see her the day afore she died. I gave her a dose of thorough-stalk tea, strong. I went to see her agin on Saturday, and dosed her agin. I thought if I could start her ideas up a little, and kind of jog nater, she might get along. She revived up a little, and I left her. I went down agin on Sunday morning, got there about half-past ten, and found her as dead as a herrin. I was mightily struck up. We skinned her, and snaked her out upon the snow. I then cut her open and examined her. She had what I called the overflow of the gall. I found a bushel basket full of fox grass hay, and nothin' else, in her intrils. I found a peck more in the mainfold, all matted down and dried on. My neighbors used this kind of hay. It will do for young critters that browse, but I never see any livin' critter touch it growing. Even grasshoppers will run from it for life. I took some spirits down with me, Sunday morning. The cow having no further use for any, I took a dose my self."

PAT AND THE STEAM ENGINE.

The following which we find in Boston Bee, is capital. If the editors have any more of the 'same sort' left, we hope they will send them along.

An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore was intently gazing at a steam engine that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hole of a ship, quicker than you can say 'Jack Robinson.' Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, and then shaking his fist at the 'tarnal critter,' he exclaimed:

'Choog, choog, spet, spet—stame it, and be bothered, ye ould child o' Satan, that ye are! You may do the work o' twenty-five fellers—ye may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth—but, by the powers, now, ye can't vote, ould blazer, mind that will ye!'

WONDERS OF ART.

There is a man in London who has a glass eye and spectacles, a wig, one arm and both legs of wood, a nose which is fastened to the skin of the forehead, a lower jaw of silver, an artificial set of teeth, a part of the skull of caoutchouc, and a palate and both ears of the same substance, as well as a large part of the abdomen. We learn that he was formerly employed to supply a steam engine with coal and in an explosion of the boiler was most horribly mutilated. Dr. Kemble succeeded, almost by a miracle, in saving his life, and made him what he now is—almost an artificial yet breathing man.

An Epigram.

On seeing a young lady writing verses with a hole in her stocking.

To see a lady of such grace,
With so much sense, and such a face,
So slatternly, is shocking:
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your poetry and pen lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking!

VEGETABLE INFIRMITY.

A lady of this city sent to a provision dealer for some potatoes which she understood were particularly good—a great desideratum at this season of the year—and a boy soon made his appearance, clad in the customary white frock, and and bearing the desired vegetables in a basket on his arm.

The lady examined them, and was much disappointed at their quality.

'Why?' said she, 'they are half rotten.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said the boy. 'This years potatoes is remarkably consumptive.'

A fact.

We have heard of many fine compliments being paid to ladies, but we think the following from 'Jack,' is the most exquisitely turned of anything we have ever heard or read:—

A sailor was directed by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having performed his errand, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the countenance of the lady, for she was 'beautiful exceedingly.' 'Well, my honest man' said she, 'for what do you wait? there is no answer expected.' 'Lady,' said the sailor, 'I would like to know your name.' 'And why,' she replied, 'why should you seek to know my name?' 'Because,' said he, 'because I would call upon it in a storm, and save some ship from sinking.'

RATHER EMBARRASSING.—The lady who, in giving her consent to a faithful lover, lets two artificial teeth drop out with her words, may be said decidedly to be in a very embarrassing situation.

'You have got thin shoes,' said Caroline's mama to her daughter, 'and they will wear out right off.' 'I got them to wear out, right off,' said she, as she thrust her arm under that of her beau, and swartwouted.

LITERARY CROCKERY WARE.—A distinguished lady writer in the east in speaking of her heroes, says, that after nature made him she broke the mould. Nature, then, must have killed his ma'ma.

GOING TO BED.—Going to bed we have always considered as one of the most sober, serious, and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty-four hours. With a young lady, it is altogether a different thing. When bed time arrives she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and—if she had pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head. The candle is placed on the toilet, and her luxuriant hair speedily emancipated from the thralldom of combs and pins. If she usually wears 'water-curls,' or uses the 'iron,' her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead, and the whole mass compactly secured; if, not, why then her lovely tresses are soon hid in innumerable bits of paper. This task accomplished, a night-cap appears, edged, maybe, with plain muslin, or maybe with levy lace, which hides all, save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the strings, probably she takes a peep in her glass, and half-smiles and half-blushes at what she sees. The light is out—her fair, delicate form gently presses the couch—and, like a dear, innocent, lovely creature, as she is, she falls gently into sleep, and with a sweet smile on her still sweeter face. A man of course, under the same circumstances, acts quite differently. Every moment in his chamber indicates coarse, rough mould of his fallen nature. When all is ready, he snuffs the candle out with his fingers, like a cannibal, and then jumps into bed like a savage. For a few moments he thinks of all the peccadilloes he may have committed during the day—vows a vow to amend *soon*—groans, turns over, stretches himself, then all is silent, and then the heavy breathing of the slumberer. Is there not something preternaturally solemn about sleep? a something about it of dread and apprehension? the recumbent position, the closed eyes, the parted lips, the pallid countenance, the operations of the mind suspended, and the half-heard breath alone indicating the vital principle!

A MODEL ARTISTE EXHIBITION!—It is stated that, previous to the expulsion of Lola Montez, the mistress of the King of Bavaria, from Munich, a party of students from the University broke into the palace given her by the King, and seized the unfortunate courtesan, and in the presence of her king-ly admirer, laid her across a table, and stripping her to the waist, gave her such a spanking as she never received since the day she left her mother's arms.—*Reveille.*

TRY IT.—Dr. Baily, in a letter to the Springfield Gazette, recommends ten or twelve drops of Aque Ammonia, largely diluted with water, to restore consciousness when the patient remains too long insensible from the use of chloroform.

The Confession.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresses me,
This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear!
My lands are broad and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear;
My kin are real and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But, O! 'tis not a kingsman's hand
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my laboring breast;
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate, and can't digest.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SIMPLETON.—The young gentleman puzzled which to choose, mother or daughter, is generally accounted a considerable simpleton.

SAILORS' LIO.

Loafer's Complaint.

Another 'orrid month is gone,
And still to Fate I'm bending,
As down the hill I'm forced to keep
My crooked pathway wending.

My garments vonce were neatly made
By Wilson, Brown and Cole,
But now, by Ginger, all is rags,
'Tis 'ard upon my soul.

Upon my vord I 'ardly 'ave
Von shirt to screen my back,
My pants are rags, my boots are gone,
And all things else I lack.

My bed is now the broad hi'vay,
My quilt a ragged coat,
But the vatchman like a bed-bug comes,
And drives me from the spot.

And ven at daylight 'Charlie's' gone,
And I chance to find a bunk,
Old 'Dexter's' sure to pop along,
And swear that I am drunk.

He says upon the city rights
I never should encroach,
And heartless gets me sent away
In the city's country coach.

I wish I vas a chameleon,
To live upon the air,
For 'pon my vord for thesetwo days
It's been my only fare.

Philosophy I've told is good
To mend life's stormy ways,
But ven my stomach twinges me,
I laugh at all it says.

I ain't not now a single friend
To offer me a 'nip,'
Vot shall I do—vot shall I say—
Who'll lend me a 'Fip'?

Fish.

The various kinds of Fish to be found on the coast of New-England, poecally described in 1639.

The king of waters, the sea souldering Whale,
The snuffing Grampus, with the oily Seal;
The storm-presaging Porpoise, Herring-Hog,
Line shearing Shark, the Catfish and Sea-Dog,
The scale-fenced Sturgeon, wrymouth'd Holli-

but,
The founcing Salmon, Codfish, Greednut;
Cole, Haddock, Hake, the Thornback, and the Scate,

Whose slimy outside makes him self in date;
The stately Bass, old Neptune's fleeing post,
That tides it out and in from sea to coast;
Consorting Herrings, and the bony Shad,
Big-bellied Alewives, Mackerels richly clad
With rainbow color, the Frostfish and the Smelt,
As good as ever Lady Gustus felt;
The spotted Lamprons, Eels, the Lamperies,
That seek fresh water brooks with Argus eyes;
These watery villagers, with thousands more,
Do pass and repass near the verdant shore.

SHELL-FISH.

The luscious Lobster, with the Crabfish raw,
The brinish Oyster, Muscle, Perriwig,
And Tortoise sought by the Indian's squaw,
Which to the flats dance many a winter's jig,
To dive for cockles, and to dig for Clams,
Whereby her lazy husband's gus she crams.

Trees.

The following is a poetical description of the Trees in New-England, written in 1639.

Trees both in hills and plains, in plenty be,
The long-liv'd oak, and mournful cyprus tree;
Sky-towering pines, and chesnuts coated rough,
The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough;
The rozin-dripping fir, for masts in use,
The boatmen seek for oars, light, neat grown spruce;

The brittle ash, the ever-trembling asp,
The broad spread elm, whose concave harbors wasps;

The water spungy alder good for nought,
Small eldern by the Indian fletchers sought;
The knotty maple, palled birch, hawthorn,
The horn-bound tree that to be cloven scorns,
Which from the tender vine oft takes his spouse,
Who twines embracing arms about his boughs.
Within this Indian orchard fruits be some,
The ruddy cherry, and the jetty plumb;
Snake-murth'ring hazel, with sweet saxaphrage
Who spurns in beer allays hot fevers rare.

BY HARRISON

CAPRICE; OR, FLORENCE ASTON.

'Which is he, Charley, which is he?' said Florence Aston, as, springing to the side of her cousin, she eagerly made the interrogatory—'What—that proud, stern, dark man? I'll never marry him,' said the bright lady, very decidedly; and with a pretty look of determination on her child-like face she walked on.

'Really, Florie,' returned her cousin, laughingly detaining her, 'you form your resolution upon slight premises indeed. Besides, you have nothing to do with the matter. It is Mr. John Denham, who has the honor to be your grandfather, my sweet coz, who is the arbiter on this important question of whether you will or not. So do not walk off so fast, I pray you, Miss Florence Aston, as it is not interesting or polite, but stay and be introduced to Mr. Stanley.'

'I do not desire to,' said Florence, almost weeping in her vexation. 'Do you think that grandfather really means to marry me to his ward—this cross, disagreeable Mr. Stanley, Charles?'

'Most certainly I do,' gravely returned her cousin, regarding her with a mirthful, malicious expression.

'Do you think it will make him very angry if I do not, Charley?' interrogated she.

'Ay, verily, that I do,' continued her tormenter.

'He was very angry with me once,' returned Florence, and there was a faint indication of smiles. 'You know Aunt Morrison, so stiff, so proper, so tiresome? She came to make us a visit, and grandfather desired me to behave my prettiest, and proper, too. But you know, Charley, that is one of the impossibilities; I could not do it, and grandfather really quite scolded me about—but he broke down in the midst of his harangue, for I made what the children call a 'face,' the fac-simile of Aunt Morrison's grim, starched visage, and he laughed till he cried.'

'Miss Florence Aston,' interrupted her grandfather, in his sternest, most dignified tone, 'permit me to present you to my ward and much esteemed friend, Mr. Stanley.'

And Florence to her no small chagrin, was obliged to turn and walk between them in a very serious and proper manner to the house. To be sure there were a number of apologies to be made for her. Mr. Stanley's bow was not what it should have been to the spoiled, petted beauty. It was not an admiring bow, it was not a particularly deferential bow, nor by any manner of means a modest, diffident bow. Therefore with Miss Aston—who had been approached as a divinity, admired, beloved, wondered at—surprised and mortified. His bow was the essence of indifference and nonchalance; he might have inclined thus to a spinster-aunt, or a portly old uncle—but to this charming young lady this pretty Florence, it was positively insulting. That she who had been loved by all the world, although she had condescended to love nothing but her birds, flowers and her grandfather, and looked at so coldly by this man, it was surprising.

'I'll never marry him, Charley,' she reiterated, as she bid that gentleman 'good night.' 'Yet will not grandfather be enraged either; he shall relinquish me, not I him.'

Her cousin opened his eyes in assumed doubt, wonderment and admiration; and with a smile of triumph she disappeared.

Florence Aston, so fearless, so light, so agile, became suddenly very cowardly, and very troublesome. Little could Mr. Stanley profit by fine views and charming excursions. Miss Aston's horse behaved as did never horse before, and Miss Aston's self declared she would positively swoon or die in her extreme terror. Therefore was the cavalier obliged to quiet the one and soothe the other, neither of which being very successful tasks. When they walked, infinite were the number of Florence's delicate fatigues and nervous dilemmas, capricious and fantastical, everything unlike herself. Yet did she by most admirable generalship cause all these fantasies to afflict and annoy but one individual. Really her grandfather's ward had a stock of patience far exceeding Job's much boasted commodity; yet strange to tell, his gentle, quiet manner, did not mollify his tormentors. There was a touch of sarcasm about it, there was an understanding, half-humorous expression in his eye—indeed,

such an inexplicable thing is a woman's imagination when once upon the alert—Florence translated it at length into contempt. After a long ride, the bright lady would not canter up the avenue as of yore, and, wild with the exhilarating exercise, fling herself into her grandfather's arms. No! she rode gravely, decorously, nay, almost sadly up; her large full eyes cast down, and not a glimpse of a smile around the lovely mouth. What could Mr. Stanley talk about? He did not flatter or make tender speeches? Most certainly not.

'This will never do, Charley,' she said one evening, to her cousin, after despatching Mr. Stanley for a missing glove to one apartment, a fan to another, and, lastly, to pluck a bouquet in the moonlight, from all which expeditions he returned in the most amiable humor. 'This will never do; there is no tiring him out; he is an old campaigner. I must change my tactics.'

The cousin looked incredulous.

'Ah! you will see,' she returned to the glance. 'I have two or three plans in prospect; victory shall, must be mine; for I never will marry this man, Charley.'

The next day there was a drive; and Mr. Stanley, it appeared, who had been chained to Miss Florence's apron-string, was now as free as air. She was for the buggy, and a *tele-a-tele* with her cousin. Her grandfather appeared inclined to remonstrate, but she laughingly seized the reins, and with flashing eyes, and heightened color, drove through the gates. Absolutely she declined dancing with Mr. Stanley twice that evening, and danced each and every time with her cousin. She would not sing a certain song for the first gentleman, yet performed it afterwards with all the spirit and effect in the world, for the last. Moonlight strolls and morning rambles, all were tried without the least effect. Mr. Stanley was not to be moved by caprice or distracted with jealousy. Secure in his nonchalance, he remained invulnerable.

'What can I do, for I will never marry that man, Charley?' exclaimed the beauty at the end of a fortnight, with a despairing face. 'There's Anna—Anna can make a stone love her; will she not him—ah, Charley?' she asked with a smile.

Florence's last plan appeared in a fair way of success. Miss Anna Denison was a very charming young lady of the genus—flirt and Mr. Stanley became, apparently, her most devoted admirer. If Florence had coquetted till she was weary, with her cousin, little would Mr. Stanley have heeded; if she had broken her neck through the prances of her Rosinante, he would have been all unconscious. Miss Aston did not appear as elated as a young lady should, who had lured from the pursuit an unwelcome lover.—She grew melancholy, lost her laughter, her smiles, and her bloom, and began to hate very desperately Miss Anna Denison. It was astonishing how sharp-sighted she became to that lady's defects. Miss Denison had the most beautiful little hand in the world, and the darkest, most luxuriant hair; and she would draw one over the other with a pretty affectation of weariness. Florence looked daggers, while Mr. Stanley looked admiration. Miss Denison had a petite, fairy-like figure, and would dance wild Spanish dances, with castanets, in a manner most bewitching to behold. As the little foot lightly and airily descended, and the graceful, ethereal creature had sunk, in utter weariness on a tabouret which Mr. Stanley had placed, Florence turned with a look of disgust to her cousin, and protested that she abhorred such displays.

'Florie, my bird of beauty, my starling, my pet, I have not heard the sound of your voice to-day; what is the matter, my child?' Thus said Mr. Denham, one sunny afternoon, to his pretty grand-daughter, who was sitting alone on the piazza, perhaps watching the shadows on the grass, certainly in much melancholy musing.

'What is it, dearest?' he repeated. 'You need not marry Mr. Stanley—eh, jewel?'

Florence did not speak; the rich color mounted to her cheek, and the large, dark eye spoke volumes.

'You shall not marry him,' he continued, coaxingly, 'and he is coming to-day to tell you so.'

Before the bright lady had time to ask the meaning of this peculiar announcement, Mr. Denham had taken himself off with a celerity and consideration most unusual in a

gentleman of his age, and Mr. Stanley was at her side.

'What your grandfather has told you is indeed so, Miss Aston,' he said in his most dignified (Florence thought, crossest) manner. 'The days for forcing young ladies into disagreeable matches are over. You are your own mistress, and can make your own decision. Do you choose to marry me or not?'

Florence was convulsed with a variety of emotions, indignation being predominant—only a polite get-off, thought she.

'I do not,' returned the beauty, in a clear, distinct tone.

Mr. Stanley bowed and left her. Why did Florence, as his last foot-step died away, fling those curls on her lap? why did she sob? why did she weep? Grandfather's pet did not make her appearance at tea that evening, in spite of her release. 'She had a headache.' She could not bid Miss Denison good by. 'She was sick.' The first person she encountered in the morning was Mr Stanley.

'Good bye,' he said, extending his hand, 'I am going.'

'I supposed, of course, you would have left yesterday, with Miss Denison,' returned Florence.

'Why?' said he, coolly.

What a cruel question, thought poor Florence. She could not lift her eyes—they were filled with tears, and she felt that her cheeks were glowing.

'Why?' he continued, in the same ironical tone, 'did you suppose me a lover of the lady's? How could I vow fealty to two fair dames at once?' he added sportingly. 'If you will condescend to remember, Miss Florence, I was your lover till you dismissed me, so unceremoniously, last evening.'

'I do not remember any such thing,' said Florence, with a touch of her former spirit; 'that you intended to marry me, I admit—that you loved me—never.'

'Really,' he said, 'my some-time betrothed, we must understand this matter better.—I had nothing to do but to be presented, disliked, rejected—and now I must depart and forget—if I can.'

His tone was sad. Florence became agitated.

'Good bye,' he repeated, after a moment's pause, and held out his hand.

His companion was blind, however, and did not see it. She was leaning over her plants, and picking a bud to pieces. She stole a glance at his face, and her own crimsoned.

'Must you go, Stanley?' she said at length, timidly.

Who could resist those eyes? The carriage drove to the door, and how often, infinite, were the 'halloos' after its proposed occupant, but Mr Stanley was wandering deep in the woods with Florence Aston. Florence might have sat that evening for the personification of Euphrosyne, Spring, Morning—everything redolent of youth, hope, life, beauty, happiness. On eye, cheek, lip, the sunshine danced. Her head rested on her grandfather's knee, and the old man bent over her, enraptured.

'Ah!' he whispered, 'Florie, will Mr. Stanley's departure return your smiles; how delighted I am that I sent him off. It would have been a shame to have married you, darling.'

'Grandfather,' said Florence, in charming confusion; 'I knew that your heart was set on the match, so I conquered my aversion—and—and—' Mr Stanley appeared just then in *propria persona*. Mr. Denham (the wise old man) understood it all, and spared Miss Florence's blushes.

'I really think, after all, that I shall marry this man, Charley,' she whispered, as she bid her cousin good night.

her grief. But as if kept by a sort of fascination to the place, she remained at Wiesbaden for many months.

One morning when she was at the spring, a gentleman hastened with unusual civility to procure a glass for her.—The next day as she was sitting with her baby, teaching the little thing to crow for a rose, a card was brought to her with the name of 'BARON ERIC DE SCHOMBERG.'

'Who can it be?' exclaimed Gertrude.—'I know of no such noble.'

The polite incognito of the medical spring entered and bowing, said in a considerate, thoughtful manner, 'If I intrude, lady, I will retire.'

Gertrude pleased and flattered by such uncalled for civility and respect, desired him to remain, thanking him at the same time for his civility a short time before.

The visit of the Baron lasted half an hour. He was intelligent, kind-hearted and respectful to the verge of chivalry.—As he rose to retire, he solicited permission to call again.

'Certainly; I shall be happy to see you whenever you call during my short stay.'

The Baron kissed the proffered hand, and with a usual grave, scholastic bow, retired.

Strange to say, within the half hour of Baron's visit, Gertrude's desire to stay had entirely vanished, for now she wished to depart.

The Baron called the next day, and so on for a week—yet always haying the considerate civility to send in his card, that, if Gertrude did not wish to see him she might decline. This, however, did not happen, for he was always welcomed by Gertrude. Alone, in a strange land, his kind, his almost fatherly consideration, deeply affected her.

One morning when he entered her private parlor he heard her say to her maid.

'Jane, have your things and mine ready to start to-morrow!'

'She leaves to-morrow,' thought the Baron: 'I cannot lose sight of her so soon.'

He advanced towards Gertrude with his usual courtesy, and having kissed her hand, said, without any embarrassment or confusion,

'Lady, it is but a short time that I have known you; but in that time I have discovered so much fairness in your character, combined with your beauty and grace, that you indeed have captivated me. I would fain know, lady, if you will accept of my estates and become my bride.—Perhaps you will think it too soon, after the death of your husband, to propose your marrying again; but since I hear you tell your attendant to prepare for immediate departure, I resolved to ask you at once. I am willing to wait a year, or even two, if you wish, but answer me at once.'

'Your kindness and attention to a stranger pleases me,' replied Gertrude calmly. 'I have been flattered by your civility, and feel a great esteem for you. But I cannot marry you. My heart is in the grave of my dearly loved husband. Yet I feel I even married him too young; and now nothing should induce me to marry again, or at least for years to come. I esteem you for you, but not love. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, so let us be friends—Eric—friends, but no more.'

She gave him her white hand which he pressed ardently to his lips; but his expression lost none of its stately calm as he responded.

'I well understand, lady, the feelings of your heart. I grieve deeply for your resolution, but I shall not press you to alter it. But without impertinence, I wish you to give me a lock of your hair as a keepsake. I shall never marry any but you, and I shall keep this tress as a memory.'

Gertrude could not refuse this earnest request so delicately proffered. She esteemed the Baron, and wished to mitigate the pain of a refusal, so she severed a lock of fair hair from her abundance of sunny curls.

'Farewell, now, lady, for we shall never meet again I fear.'

As Gertrude bade him farewell, Eloise, the baby, crowed and held up a withered rose which the Baron knew to be one which Gertrude was playing with on the day of his first visit. He gently took it from the infant, and then with his own stately step left the room.

A curious incident occurred during the carnival at Paris. Gertrude, of course, did not wish to join in the festivities; and in order to pass about with more freedom, she did not mask, and assume the dress of a nun. The hotel in which Gertrude lodged, had a balcony running in front, and one evening Gertrude was sitting there with a favorite spaniel. The favorite ran

INTERESTING TALES

[From Neal's Saturday Gazette.]

GERTRUDE ELTON; OR THE YOUNG WIDOW.

CHAPTER I.

GERTRUDE ELTON was but eighteen when she became a widow. Her husband was a gentleman of good family and fortune, but the victim of hereditary consumption. He died at Wiesbaden in Germany, whither he had gone for his health, a month after Gertrude became a widow. I shall not attempt to describe

to the other end of the balcony, and as Gertrude was afraid of losing the little creature, she rose and pursued it. It was dusk, and the balcony was quite long.—The little favorite ran on and on—Gertrude called, whistled, and coaxed in vain.

At length she saw a tall figure approaching. A stately figure whose face was completely concealed by a black velvet domino. In silence this person caught and returned her dog.

'Could it be? no! yet it must; the retreating bow so like, so precisely Eric's.'

It was indeed the Baron. Not a word he spoke, and Gertrude merely curtsied, smiled, and said, '*Merçi, monsieur. Je suis bien obligée.*'

It was too dark to recognise the face even had it been unmasked; but the height and good proportions of the figure, and the stately step, at once struck Gertrude as belonging to the Baron, and impressed her with certainly as to who it was.

CHAPTER II.

Reader! now imagine yourself in an elegantly furnished boudoir, where a young girl of about the age of Gertrude when we first introduced her to you, is sitting with a young man some four or five years her senior.

'Dearest Eloise,' said he, 'you do then love me!'

Her eyes spoke much more than her lips.

'And we shall be married?'

Eloise blushed.

'You consent! you consent! What happiness!'

She continued to gaze at a flower she held in her hand. How wonderful is the intercourse of lovers! Eloise had answered him without speaking, and he understood her better than if she had made an eloquent discourse.

At this moment the door opened, and a lady of a calm, amiable appearance entered. She was about thirty-seven. Her figure was eminently graceful. Her hair still lay over her pure forehead in waves; the curls were there no longer; they were carefully twisted at the back of her head, and she wore a very small, elegant cap. In fact, behold Gertrude! Her girlish beauty had not fled, but had merged into matronly dignity. She would have been considered by many more lovely than in her youth.

'Ah! Mrs. Elton,' exclaimed the young man, rising, 'Eloise has answered that question, that important, long deferred question, and entirely to my satisfaction.'

'I congratulate you then, Rudolph, for you have found, let me assure you an excellent wife. I am not proud of Eloise because she is my only daughter, I only do her justice.'

'The marriage,' said Rudolph, 'must at least be put off until next summer. My uncle—'

'What uncle?' exclaimed Gertrude and Eloise.

'Did I never mention my uncle to you?'

'No, never.'

'Strange. Well, no matter. When I finished my education, my uncle, who is my only relation and guardian, thought it was best for me to travel. I leisurely wandered over Spain, Italy, France and England, he being my companion and monitor. But when we arrived in America he said he would remain at Niagara Falls, while I took my tour through the States. If I write to him he will immediately come on, but as he is an artist I knew he wished to take the winter scenery about Niagara and I will not acquaint him with all this until May.'

'Is your uncle married?' asked Gertrude.

'No. He has been in love though, as is apparent from his always wearing a locket round his neck containing a tress of fair. A withered rose, the gift, no doubt of some white hand, he keeps carefully under a glass on a velvet stand.'

CHAPTER III.

The long-wished for May at last arrived; slowly, of course, because it was expected with impatience, but surely; the letter was despatched, and an answer arrived stating that the expected uncle would arrive the day before the wedding.

Oh the marriage week! what vexation it brings. One bridesmaid did not want to stand up, 'with that sly, awkward Alfred Norton. It was too hard.' And there was every reason to believe that she would not be bridesmaid at all, but she became amiable again. Then about the wedding cake; Gertrude thought one recipe the best; an acquaintance (a notorious house-keeper,) was sure her receipt was much the better, but this affair was settled. And last, but not least, was a dispute about the wedding costume. Eloise

thought a bonnet became her better than a veil, at which every one cried out. Rudolph settled that matter by admiring the veil, and declining to express any opinion about the bonnet, so the veil was fixed upon. The day before the wedding they were all assembled in the front drawing-room, Gertrude, the bride, the bridegroom, and the wedding party. A carriage drove to the door—why did Gertrude's heart beat so tumultuously? A firm even step was heard in the hall—what made Gertrude at one moment red, at the next pale? The door opened and the uncle entered.

'Eric!' exclaimed Gertrude, 'you here!'

He started, but immediately recovering himself, advanced. 'Yes, lady, Eric de Schomberg. I little thought to meet you here!'

In some confusion Gertrude now presented him, 'the Baron de Schomberg,' daughter Elosie—the bride.

'Ah! is it possible? When I last saw you, you were a baby, Eloise,' said the Baron.

'Uncle Eric! where did you meet Mrs. Elton?'

'Mother, I never knew you were acquainted with the Baron de Schomberg.'

'How extraordinary,' cried the first bridesmaid.

'Can it be possible?' exclaimed a second.

'Now you don't say,' said a third.

'A singular coincidence,' observed Alfred Norton.

'Very,' was the concise answer of both groomsmen.

Drawing Gertrude apart from the party, Eric avowed—'Lady, eighteen years ago, when we parted, I thought never to have met you again. I saw you at the carnival, but as you did not appear to recognise me, I did not address you. I have cherished your memory ever since. The locket containing your hair I wear next my heart. I love none but you, and I have loved you truly. I love you now as truly as ever. You once refused the offer of my hand; I offer it to you once more. Will you refuse it now?'

Could she refuse it now? No, oh no. She had a woman's heart, and did not refuse the offer of a faithful heart which she felt was all her own.

The next day there was a double wedding.

MINNA.

The Sailor's Love of his Mother.

BY D. RADFORD.

"The following Poem,"—sung at the Boston Baptist Bethel Society,—"was written by a sailor to his mother while at sea. In a few months after he had composed it, he fell from the yard-arm, and found a watery grave."

[TUNE—"Sweet Home."]

I think of thee, mother, when each low-rippling sea,
As it sweeps 'cross our prow, seems to whisper to me,—
"There is one whose sad thoughts thou only canst smother;
Then think of that one,—oh, forget not thy mother!"
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother.

I think of thee, too, when there's nought to be seen
Of the land I love best, and its bright sunny green;
When the mirror-like surface of the pure crystal water
Reflects to my fancy *thine* image, my mother.
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother.

And I oft think, too, when the sea's bright foam
Is sparkling amid the mermaid's dark home,
Of my sister's thanks for the return of a brother,
And the fond tears that shine in the eyes of my mother.
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother.

When the deep voice of thunder, and the hoarse winds I hear,
Mid the bright lightning's flash, that illumines the sphere,
My thoughts often tell me the heart of another
Never possesses the feelings expressed by a mother.
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother.

In the bright sunny land of th' Italian's fair clime,
Mid beauty and splendor, I'd hasten the time
My voyage will be ended, and the home of another
I leave for the home which contains a fond mother.
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother.

I think of thee, mother, when hardships attend;
When far o'er the seas, from dearly loved friends,
Each voice of the sea-breeze still murmurs to me,—
"Oh, think of thy mother! her prayer is for thee."
Mother, mother, fond, fond mother,
I think of thee, mother,—thy prayer is for me.

Should the dreams wrought by fancy's conjectures prove false,
And some foreign malady deaden my pulse,—
Were my sentence held forth in death's cruel grasp,—
I would think of thee, mother, while life's moments last.
Mother, mother, fond, fond mother,
I would think of thee, mother, while life's moments last.

When our bark is enshrouded by the dark shade of night,
As she seeks her rough path by the phosphoric light
Of the wild-dancing waves, that seem chasing each other,
My thoughts are all wandering to the home of my mother.
Mother, mother, kind, kind mother,
My thoughts are all wandering to the home of my mother.

I think of thee always, though time, in its flight,
Has taken thy home and thy form from my sight;
And though long, weary days of toiling are mine,
My heart's meditations and thoughts are all thine.
Mother, mother, kind, kind mother,
My heart's meditations and thoughts are all thine.

AN EPISTLE FROM "N. JUNIOR," SHOWING HOW A CANAL BOAT MAY BE BROUGHT TO IN A GALE OF WIND.

Dear "Spirit."—When you publish in your spirited paper an article that may be sent you, is it not natural for the writer thereof to get courage, feel proud, and try it again? It is so with me, at any rate, and I feel elevated three degrees above par; (he not being a very literary character, by the way)—my step is lighter, I assume the moody, dreamy, poetical attitudes of an author, and already see my writings sought for, and double the amount of "Monte Christo's" treasure awaiting me (but alas!!) in the "dim vista of futurity."

Have you ever been in a storm, dear "Spirit?"—not a gale at sea—not a hurricane on the Sound—not a sirocco on the desert—but a bona fide storm on a canal? (!) No, you have not. There is but one man living of those who composed the crew of the gallant Bellerephon, and he, I am sorry to learn, died some time ago of the "delicious tremblings"—the relation of his perilous adventures calling forth too many "treats" from his friends. The others—that is, the captain and cook—have both paid the debt of nature.

'Twas in the year —, that, wishing to see a little of my country, I determined to go to Erie, via the Canal. I took passage on board a boat yeapt the Bellerephon, and amidst boxes, barrels, and bales, made my way on deck, carpet-bag in hand, and took up my quarters in a dirty, smoky, narrow contracted hole called the cabin. I was the only passenger, fortunately, or the Lord knows what I should have done—the vessel was to start in an hour—the horse was getting his oats—the captain just coming on board with a "stone jug" in hand, and everything betokened a speedy departure. I hastily donned a complete suit of sailor attire—tarpauline hat, short monkey jacket, greased boots, breeches forty inches around the bottom (round the foot, I mean,) and all the paraphernalia of a sailor, not omitting even an umbrella—for I had been told it sometimes rained on the canal.

The hour was up—the poles were out—the horse trotted calmly on, and slowly and majestically the Bellerephon left the dock amidst cheers and wavings, &c. I had never been to sea before, and all those little misgivings and fears which I had read appertained to all people leaving the land for the first time (and the Erie Canal the captain had told me was so dangerous) that though generally a courageous youth, they now took possession of me.

About dinner time I felt very unwell, and a nauseous sickness at the stomach prevented my eating anything. I retired to my cabin and lay me down, but getting worse, I called the captain and told him my feelings. "Oh," said he, "I'll soon cure you," and went on deck. I heard him call out to some one in a loud voice, but did not hear what he said. He soon came down again, and asked me "how I felt?" It must be confessed I felt better at the time, and I told him so.

"Ah! that's it," said he, "I always cures 'em so."

I was curious to know what he meant.

"Why," said he, "you were a little sea sick, that's all, but I've told Toby not to gallop the horses, so you see the boat don't pitch so much, does she?"

"Oh," said I, "I now perceive the boat don't pitch so much, and I attributed it before to my dizziness."

I was soon on deck, and taking a view, observed that it was very dark, and that a black looking cloud hung directly over head. Distant murmurings and mumblings betokened thunder. I asked the captain (who was dressed completely a la matelot) "what he thought of the weather?"

"Stormy," says he.

But already it was upon us—the clouds grew blacker—the wind increased—and the rain fell in torrents. Presently I heard the captain's voice raised to its highest pitch, giving forth orders, and as they may be of service to some unfortunate traveller like myself, I will relate them as nearly verbatim as I can, and show how a canal boat may be brought to in a gale of wind.

It must be remembered that, owing to the horse having taken fright at the thunder, he had run away, and we were ploughing the waters most furiously; he had pitched his rider, and our case seemed desperate.

"Forward there, you Jim!" shouted the captain—"bear a hand, and make a sheep-shank in that tow-line, and be darned to you!"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Jim; "all done, sir! but 'tain't no use, no how. Toby's dowsed, and Cephy's (the name of the horse was Bucephalus) got the bit atween her teeth, and 'tain't no use, no how—we're did fur!"

"Go lang, you land shark!" said the captain—"she'll stand it like a fairy; now, mind your eye, and when I sheers up and puts the helm over the fence, jump ashore, and put Cephy's tail hard-a-port, darn her, and shear her into the bank!"

The comparative steadiness of the boat showed that the plan adopted was a good one—the horse I saw was restless, and his tail was firmly lashed to the right, and fastened to one of his legs—the tow-line having been shortened by what the captain termed "a sheep-shank," we were near the side of the canal; but the storm was not over—the horse very skittish—and to crown all, the lashing of the tail giving way, he sheared around, and started off full speed.

"There we are!" groaned the captain—"there we are! gone coons, by jingo!"—then turning to me, he says, "'tain't no use, Mr. Passenger, we'm did all we can, and 'tain't no use; she wouldn't lay to, so now we must take in all sail, or we're gone suckers, and food for mullets."

Jim, the deck hand, was evidently awaiting orders; the captain hailed him, and told him to get his sledge hammer ready.

He sheared the boat up, and Jim jumped ashore.

"Take in all sail!" said the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Jim; and starting off at full speed, managed to get ahead of the horse, and swinging his sledge around at arm's length, struck the poor animal on the forehead; he immediately fell—the boat shot ahead from the impetus, and in turn became the tower, dragging the poor horse off the bank into the water—his weight soon stopped the boat, and anchored us.

"There, Mr. Passenger," said the captain, drawing a long breath—"we'm safe to anchor—all sails in—but Cephy's a goner, by jingo!"

Yours, &c.,

N. JUNIOR.

You bromish now, you goot man dare,
You stands upon de vloot,
To hab dish voman for your vife,
And lub her evermore:
To feed her well mit sour crout,
Peas, puttermilk and sheese,
And in all tings to lend your aid,
Dat will bromote her ease.

Yes, and you woman standing dere,
Do bledge your vord fish tay,
Dat you vill dake for your husband,
Dish man, and him opey:
Dat you vill ped and poard mit him,
Yash, iron and ment his clothes,
Laf ven he shmites, veep ven he shights,
Dus share his shoy and voes.

Well now, widin dese valls,
Mit shoy, and not mit krief,
Bromonce you both to be one mint,
Von name, von man, von peet:
I boobish now dese sheared pants,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Before my vife, Got, Kate and Poll,
And all dese gazen eyes.

And, as de sheared skripters shay,
Vot Got unites togeder,
Let no man dare ashunder put,
Let no man tare dem sever:
And you bridekroom tare, you shlop,
I'll not let go your kolhar,
Before you answer me tish ting,
Dat ish—were is mine tollhar!

The old Bachelor's Defence.

I do not blame a bachelor
If he lead a single life;
The way the girls are now brought up,
He can't support a wife.

Time was, when girls could card and spin,
And wash and bake and brew;
But now they have to keep a maid
If they have aught to do.

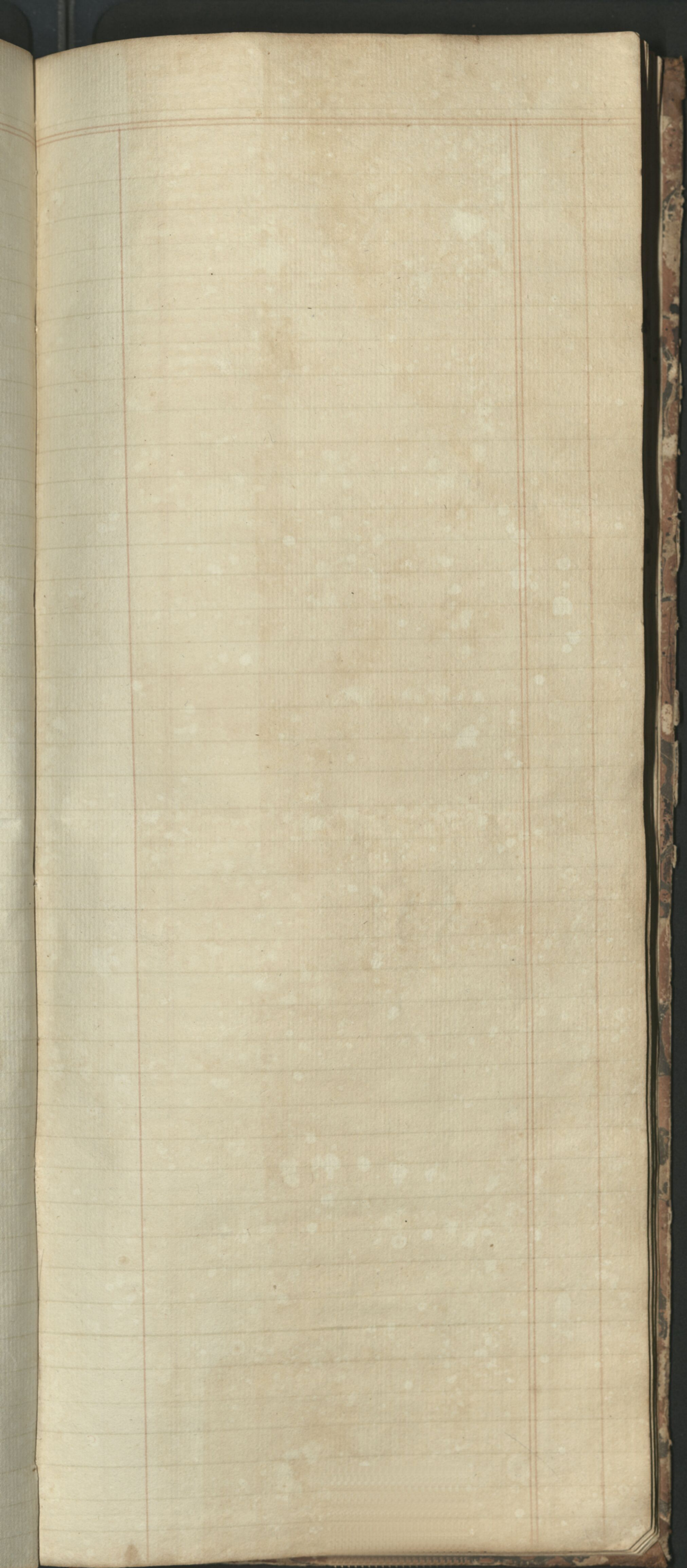
I do not blame the bachelor!
His courage must be great,
To think to wed a modern Miss,
If small be his estate.

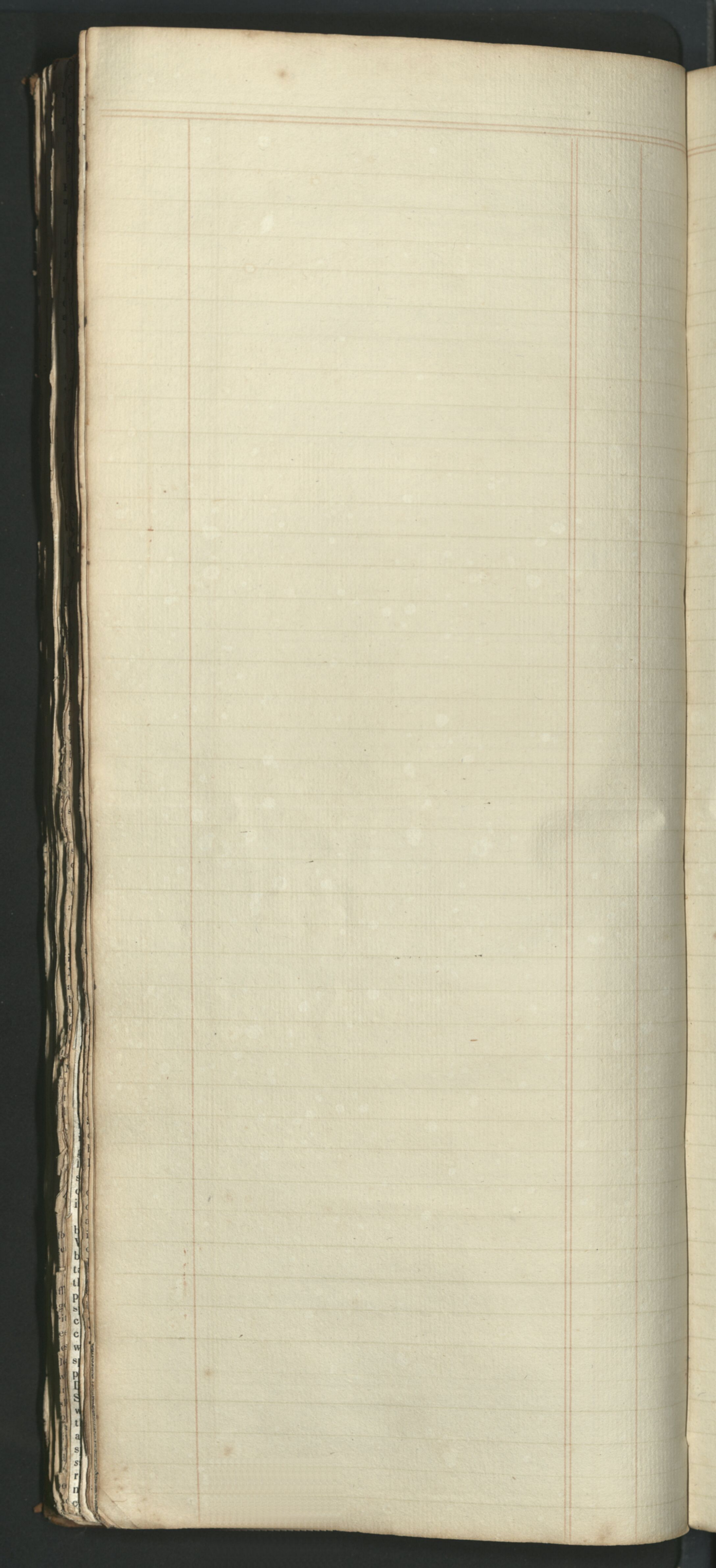
Time was, when wives could help to buy
The land they'd help to till,
And saddle Dobbin—shell the corn,
And ride away to mill.

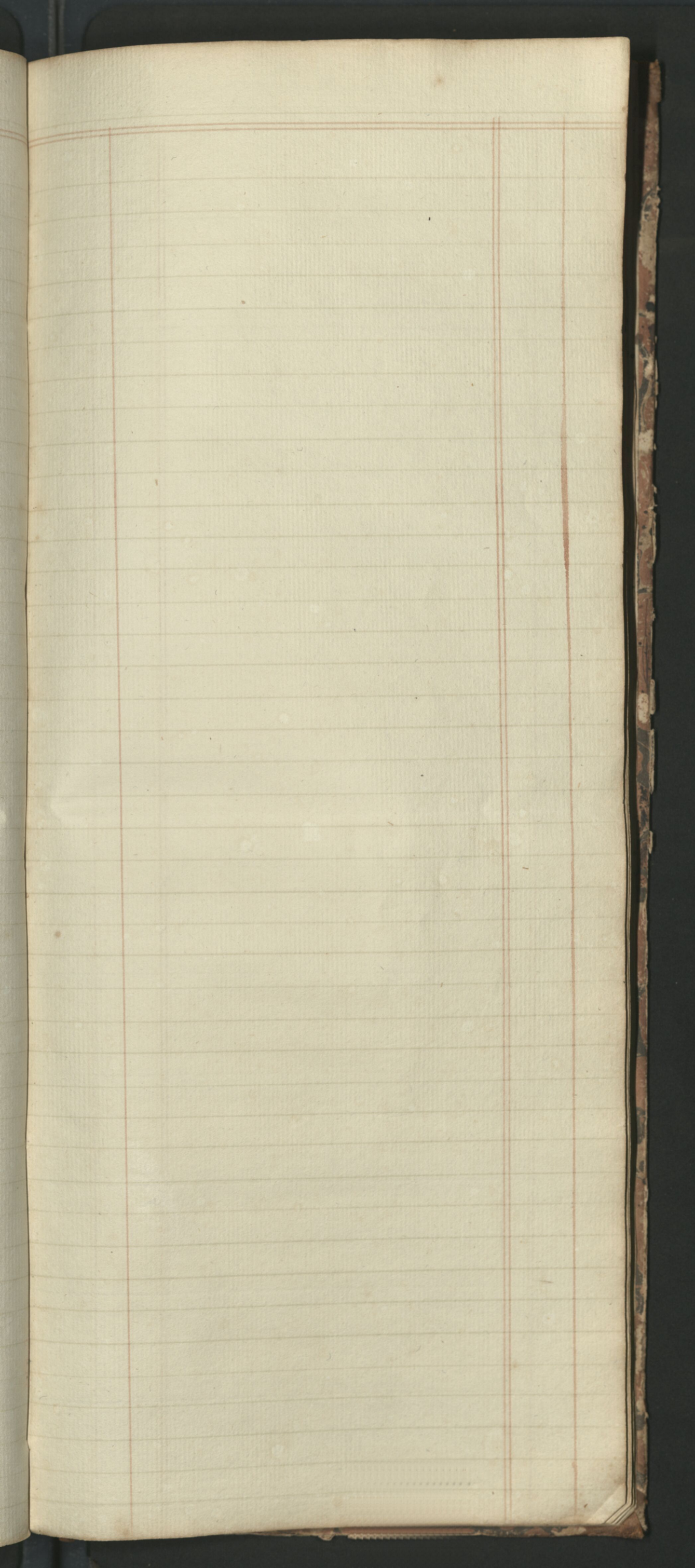
The old bachelor is not to blame:
If he's a prudent man,
He now must lead a single life
And do the best he can.

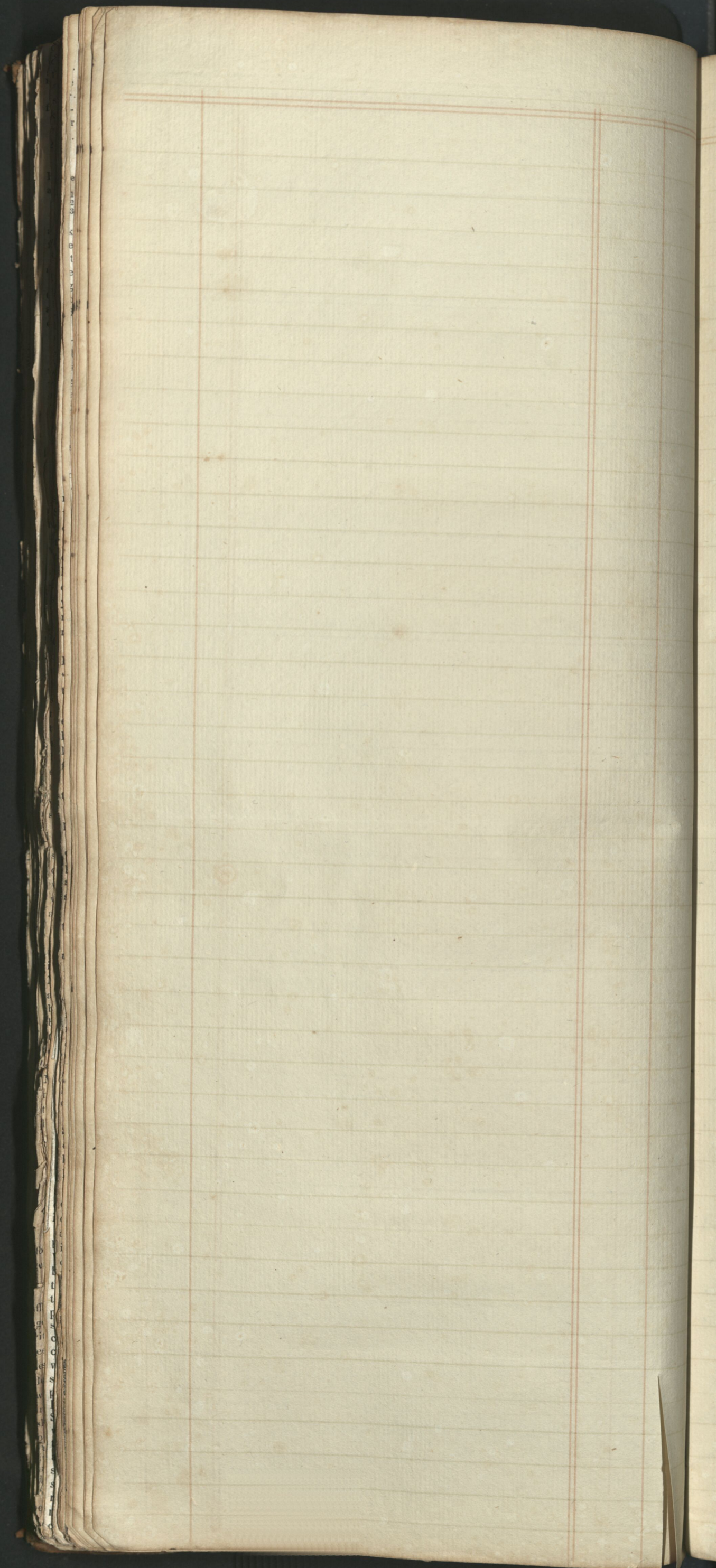
THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

AS READ BY SQUIRE GABLE.









Through steers of stormy weather;
 But summoned by the Bount above,
 Well harbor in the port of love,
 And all be moored together.

The Watcher

The night was dark and fearful
The blast went whirling by
When a watcher pale and trueful
Looked forth with anxious eye
How earnestly she gazes
No gleam of moon is there
Her eye to heaven she raises
In agony of prayer

In yonder dwelling lonely
Where want and blackest death
Her precious child her only
Lay groaning in his pain
And Death alone can free him
She fears that this must be
But oh for magic to see him
Smile once again on her

One hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fine
As a many feet are clanking
They laugh not morning there
Oh gay and joyous merriment
One lamp of pleasure and gayety
Could give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more

The morning sun is shining
She heareth not his rays
Beside the dead reclining
That pale dead mother there
A smile her lips rises wringing
A smile of hope and love
As though she still was breathing
The is lights - for us above

The Sea-Boy's Farewell

Wait, wait, ye vessels! till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet—

Whose station is at home:

Then cast the sailor's simple prayer,

And let it oft be whispered here

While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to Father! revered father!

In spite of meek—spite of bold,

Soon may his cattle stop;

Yet while the parting tear is moist,

The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,

For duty to the ship.

Farewell to Mother! first class she!

Who launched me on life's stormy sea,

And rigged me fore and aft;

Now Providence has timber spare,

And keep her hull in good repair,

Be true the same her craft.

Farewell to Sister! lovely girl!

But a little she'll be missed as yet,

I cannot now perse;

May some good ship a tender prove

Well furnished stores of truth and love

And make her sister see.

Farewell to George! the jolly boat!

And all the little craft afloat

In home's delightful bay;

When they arrive at sailing age,

May wisdom give the weather gauge,

And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all in life's such train!

Perhaps we once shall meet again,

Through steers of stormy weather;

But summoned by the Bourn above,

Well harbor in the port of love,

And all be moored together.

